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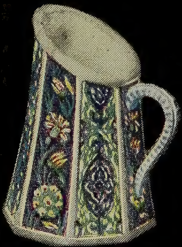
CANADAINK

ALL BLACK NUMBER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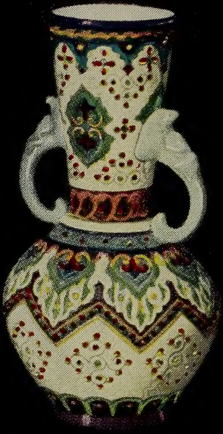
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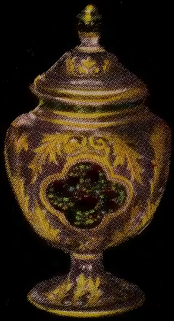
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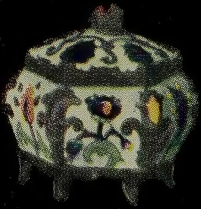
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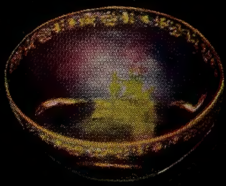
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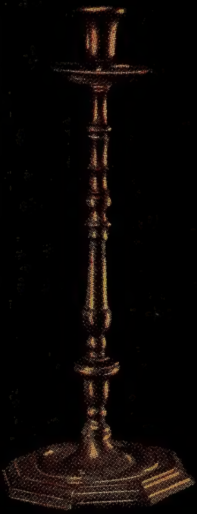
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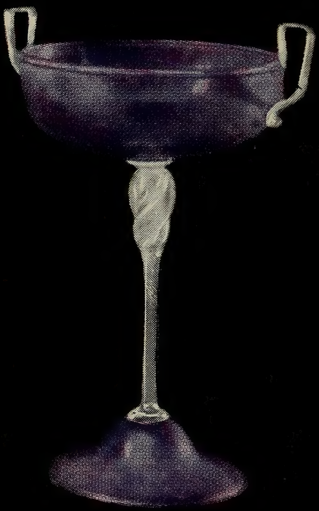
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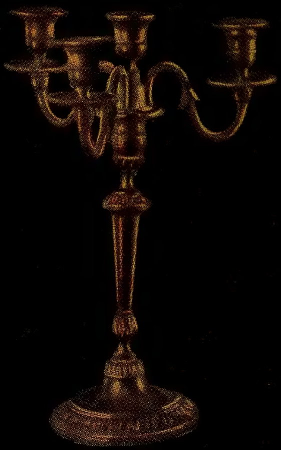
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Four Color Engraving—Courtesy of T. Eaton Co. Toronto.

CANADAINK

BEING ISSUED OCCASIONALLY BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, FOR PASSING ALONG ITEMS OF INTEREST TO USERS OF INK

March, 1927 Number Twenty-Nine

Bill says: "There is no time like the pleasant."

◆

OUR new Litho Offset Black is a splendid bit of ink. It is a rich deep color, and is exceptionally strong.

◆

WHEN you have one of those "wanted-immediately" jobs, there is a feeling of surety in the use of Heavy Bond Black No. 519. Made to dry rapidly.

◆

THE four-color illustration on inside front cover of this issue is a very successful treatment of small articles for effective display. It was used in a beautiful brochure issued by The T. Eaton Co. during the holiday season, and was printed by Rous & Mann, Ltd., who kindly arranged for our use of the plates.

◆

THROUGH long years of experience we have become familiar with the right Inks to work on varying paper surfaces. Because of this we are called upon to solve many pressroom problems, with a resultant saving in temper and time. This is only one of the reasons why printers are finding it profitable to establish a connection with us.

◆

EVERY day the printer may give the workaday world things of wonderful beauty and value. His is a great privilege, full of responsibility. Every material he works with—whether Ink, type or paper—should therefore be selected with discerning care so that his product may reflect the highest ideals of culture and education.

AND now we present the spring issue of *Canadaink*, which we have dubbed our "All Black Number." The cover treatment is unique, and is, we think, suitably appropriate to the subject matter. In our enthusiasm, we have also given an "all black" atmosphere to "The Noon Hour." The entire work is Canadian throughout. The type is ten point Monotype Bookman. The paper for inside is Byronic Book, white 25 x 38—80; while for the cover we have used Embossing White. The cover is printed with our Dull Black No. 24759, and the inside pages with Antique Black No. 549. The Red Ink on the cover is our Seal Red No. 399. The Inks may be ordered by number direct from our factory, or from our selling agencies—Sears Company Canada Limited, Montreal; Miller & Richard, Winnipeg; Smith, Davidson & Wright, Vancouver; Buntin, Gillies & Company, Limited, Hamilton.

❧

IF you have any "promised-delivery" work—don't take chances with unsuitable Inks. Our Bond Blacks are made to give you an assurance of dependability.

❧

A GRACEFUL APPRECIATION

WHEN I was a small lad, the difficulty of saying "Thank You" acceptably was more or less of a problem. If it was said too formally, it always seemed to be a staid and foolish mannerism, and if it were too informal, it seemed to lack sincerity. Now there really is nothing in the world nicer than to hear someone say "Thank You" and make it expressive of a flowing measure of goodwill and gratitude. When we look back over the stack of letters containing compliments on the last issue of *Canadaink* (also our new calendar), we are conscious of the necessity of saying "Thank You" gracefully. We are very appreciative of all these kind expressions, more especially since some of them were accompanied by orders. We get a lot of fun out of making *Canadaink*—it is a nice hobby—but after all, making CANADA INKS is our real mission, and we submit that you will find more profit in using CANADA INKS than in reading about them even in the best issue of *Canadaink* we may produce. Again we say "Thank You."

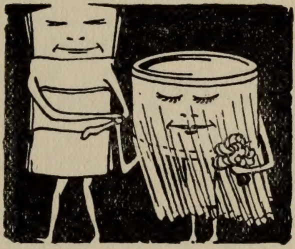
A WEDDING CEREMONY

BOTH the paper maker and the Ink maker have been victims many times of criticisms from printers who have failed to recognize the fact that the wedding of paper and Ink is quite frequently fraught with as much trouble and expense, as hasty weddings in the social walks of life.

There are other analogies in the wedding celebration of paper and Ink. Paper—like the groom—is usually accepted as a matter of course. It is a commodity of fixed composition and finish, and must be accepted by the printer "as is." Ink on the other hand may assume the characteristics usually assigned to the bride—beautiful, but temperamental, changeable or even fickle.

Ink is more than a commodity, it is a service. Its character may be changed and its composition altered.

Its character may be changed by using it on different grades of paper, and its composition altered by the addition to it of varnishes, dryers, reducers, compounds, or other ingredients freely supposed to make the printing process run smoothly, with the hope that paper and Ink will live happily ever after.



❦

OUR illustrated "Story of Printing Ink" has been presented several times during the past few months. Our secretary, Mr. Conquergood, gave it before the Kiwanis and Progress Clubs of Toronto, and Mr. Sharpe before the Canadian Lithographers at their meeting at Montreal. We also loaned the pictures to Mr. John Ellison of Lewis Roberts, Inc. of New York, who gave a talk before the Rotary Club of Newark, New Jersey.

❦

WE are glad to see that the centre pp. insert in the December issue of *Canadaink* has been used in display by some engravers and printers to sell more color. It was also referred to in the leading article by Mr. H. L. Rous in the January number of Printing Review.

SYMBOLISM OF BLACK

"The black and doleful ebonie."—*Spenser.*

THE symbolic uses of Black have been quite opposed to those of white, as might be expected. It has signified woe, gloom, darkness, dread and death, and in a severer aspect, terror, horror, wickedness, and crime. When used with white, the latter appears to rid it of its baseness or to tone its severeness. In this combination it has been variously used to symbolize humility, melancholy, resolution, solemnity, secrecy and prudence. Among civilized people it has been for ages the ensign of woe, mourning, and death. It is the most retiring of colors, and in painting it has been used to express solemnity, profundity and endless extent. The "black sheep" signifies an individual different than the rest and usually in an uncomplimentary sense. This color is variously applied as "black tiding," "black Friday," "black aspect," "black augury," and "black books." The black flag is associated with piracy and with warfare when no quarter is to be given. Spenser clothes idleness in a "habit black."

It is said that the ancient sculptors executed statues of Jupiter, the terrible, in black marble and of Jupiter, the mild, in white. Pluto's chariot was supposed to have been drawn by black horses, and black sheep were sacrificed to him. Odin, a great and severe god in Northern mythology, rode a black horse.

It has been stated that ancient poets and painters represented Hesperus, or evening, "as a double investure of light and shade." As Lucifer and Phosphorus they give him a white horse, and as Hesperus a black one. Black has been associated with witchcraft and from its association with mystery arose the term "black art."

Black is one of the most important pigments to the artist. It combines well with all colors and this characteristic has sometimes led to its symbolical use occasionally in a harmonious sense seemingly inconsistent with other uses if this attribute is not recognized. It harmonizes well with the gayest colors and the representation of the goddess Flora in a black mantle is appropriate in this sense.

Whether or not these ideas will be supported by scientific investigation, they are prevalent, and have been woven into mythology, art and literature for many centuries.—*Luckiesch*

❦

PUBLISHERS News Ink is made for weekly newspapers desirous of producing a clean readable paper. It is dense in color and has splendid working properties. Can be shipped in convenient containers.

❦

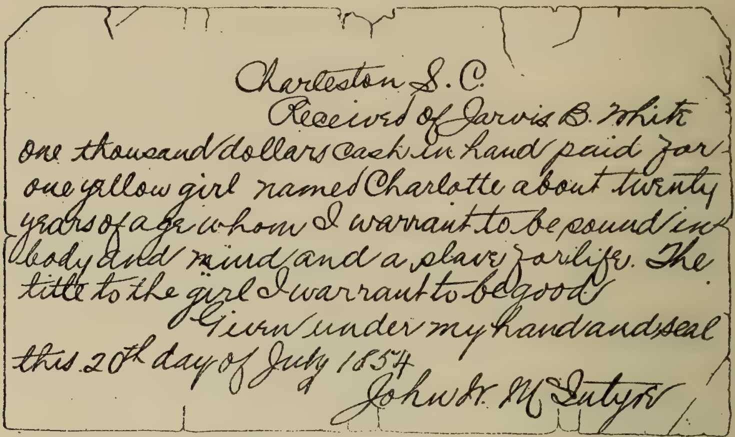
DIXIE Black is another one of the best and most serviceable book Inks at the price. It works splendidly on all varieties of m.f. and s.c. papers. It's good printing qualities are planned in its manufacture.

❦

The Fable of the Smart Aleck with the Inflated Ego, and How he got in Dutch with the Boss.

ONCE there was a "You-Know-Me-Al" who had a Pipe Dream that he could Improve Anything ever sent out by an Ink Factory. Everytime he Handled a Job he used to Jack Up the Ink with a Little Something he Knew About. He Couldn't be Wrong because he had Read About it in the Makers Printed Matter. "He Didn't Care if it did Change the Shade of the Ink—What Difference did it Make Anyway!" One Morning the Boss came down Early with a Large Grouch. He was Shy on Kind Words, and was Generally Peevish. When He saw the Botch that had been Made of a Picture Sheet, he Flew Off the Handle, and Canned Mr. Wisenheimer instanter. All That Morning the Growl Bulletins Came out Regularly Through the Private Transom. "There is Too Much Doping going on around Here to Suit Me"—"Run the Ink Straight without any Monkey Business" —"If it doesn't Pan Out Right I can Hang it on the Ink Man" —"When It's Mussed up with Goshknowswhat, I haven't a Leg to Stand On." After the Flare-Up there was a Falling Off in Wasted Time.

Moral—"A Little Knowledge is often Dangerous."



Charleston S. C.
Received of Jarvis B. White
one thousand dollars cash in hand paid for
one yellow girl named Charlotte about twenty
years of age whom I warrant to be sound in
body and mind and a slave for life. The
title to the girl I warrant to be good
Given under my hand and seal
this 20th day of July 1854
John W. McIntyre

A very interesting reminder of "befo' de wah" days when the children of Ham were sold into slavery. This is a receipt for $1,000 dated 1854, paid for a female slave.

* * *

THE father of all newspapers is the venerable Pekin Gazette, which is over one thousand years old. It is a small ten-page paper with a yellow cover, has no stories, no advertisements, no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains official notices of the Government.—*Exchange.*

* * *

SPEAKING of permanency of Inks, I happened across an incident not long since that is worth telling. A Western Ontario printer had printed some out-door display cards for a certain fall fair and on which he purposely left off the year date. One of these cards was tacked up on a wall of a country church driving shed, exposed to all the climatic changes of the four seasons. This year the secretary of the fair wanted the year date placed on the cards, as he explained to the printer "that he saw one of the previous year's cards, and as the Ink and printing was still quite clear and strong, he couldn't tell which year's fair was being advertised." So he was having the year date placed on all his advertisements. The Ink in question was our Permanent Poster Red No. 411.

A BLUENOSE HOLIDAY

A FEW issues ago I had the temerity to print a short screed about a fishing trip I previously had in Nova Scotia. Becoming emboldened by its apparently friendly reception I am going to tell about another trip last fall down in the same province—but in another locality. During the twenty odd years I've been going down there for business (so my firm thinks) I've met a host of good fellows and have spent many a pleasant day on lake and stream where the gamiest wild trout in the world are still to be found in great numbers. So when the church warden (?) suggested that on my next visit we try some new territory, I was perfectly agreeable and anticipated that it was going to be an "extra special" trip in more ways than one.

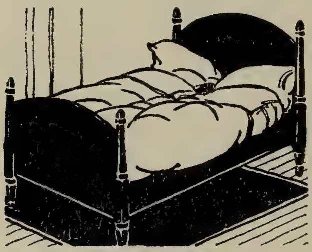
Making the necessary arrangements I arrived at our starting place late one night last fall, where everything was in readiness (including the bait).

Routed out of bed at five o'clock on a "September morn," —with just a touch of frost in the air to bring a deeper appreciation of a hot breakfast—we started on a seventy-mile trip in an open "sea-going craft" with the skipper at the helm. I'll not say anything about the road, with it's rocks and ruts, it's twists and turns,—of the times we took the wrong turning —of the skipper's masterly handling of the car after the brakes went "blooey"—of the stops for refreshment and otherwise at the wayside springs,—of the wonderful scenery along the way—these all belong to memory. But that road was sure a crooked one. A snake would have a headache trying to follow it. Be-that-as-it-may, shortly after 10 o'clock we reached our destination and found "Mac" the guide waiting for us with everything in readiness.

After a few minutes at the oars our guide turned into a small cove where a little stream entered the lake. Rods were speedily connected and casts made ready, and it was there I got the first "boil." The skipper was as excited over it as I was—but just then he got a strike and for a couple of minutes we were quite busy. Gee! It was great fun. This was the sport that we had so eagerly looked forward to. Four hours wonderful fishing followed. But alas! We had not allowed for the vagaries of a Maritime climate, for about four o'clock a chill easterly wind swept across the lake bringing rain with it and spoiled that day's sport for us. We stuck it out for a while longer but as none of us had brought slickers or oilskins, we soon became wet and chilled. "Mac" landed us on a small island and started a fire around which we gathered, and steamed our clothing. A couple of sandwiches and a shot of something (?) hot soon improved matters. The rain showing no signs of a let-up, and as we had a long row down the lake—whose wooded shores were already becoming blurred and dim through the mist and rain—we beat it back to our headquarters.

A splendid hot supper followed by a pipe of Imperial, soon restored us, and we gathered around a crackling wood fire, warm and well fed, at peace with the world. We "hit the hay" pretty early that first evening, for another day's sport was in store for us on the morrow, and we wanted to make an early start.

Light heartedly I bade my companions good night and carefully ascended the stairs to my room, dimly lighted by an oil lamp (for the Hydro is yet unknown in these remote places). Alas! little was I aware of what awaited me. For that fearsome bogie of the Ostermoor worshippers—a feather bed—lay in readiness to enfold my tender anatomy in its incestuous embrace. Resignedly I stretched out on its slithery bosom and slowly sank out of sight in the feathered depths. Sleep was long denied me. In vain I struggled to entangle myself from its elusive and shifty presence. Every once-in-a-while I came up whale-like, for a breath of air, and then slowly sank again with a deep sigh of resignation and despair. Morning came at last and found me weak and exhausted after a long night's struggle on its lubricous bosom.



When the sounds of breaking dishes below stairs warned me that breakfast was in the offing, I arose and thankfully fled from its pestilential presence.

The next day was an ideal one for fishing—warm and cloudy. The wind had veered around during the night, and the rain had magically disappeared. We started right after breakfast for another lake, where our guide had a boat in waiting.

There was a little flicker of wind, just enough to slightly ripple the surface of the lake, and temper the rays of the sun, which even in late September, is no respecter of a "school-girl complexion."

I'm not going to tell you everything that happened on that trip, though I'd just like to mention that the skipper landed a beauty that morning, that was 15¾ inches long and pulled the scales down to the two and a half pound mark. In addition we had over twenty that were twelve inches and over in length (and no torture can make me divulge the name of that lake). Now I'm just waiting like a maid for her lover, for the time to come around again when we can visit the same lakes, and put up at the same old comfortable quarters —minus that feather bed. Selah!

❧

Bill says: "Price Cutting is a poor way to establish confidence in your goods."

❧

USED in nearly all of the best and largest pressrooms, CANADA INKS hold a preference by their perfect working qualities and high color content.

❧

THE WORTH OF A FRIEND

THERE are those we meet in our daily toil as life's dull round we wend, who never smile in a friendly way or a welcome hand extend. They look at life through a dollar sign which fills their greedy souls, and miss the smiles of the friendly folks who past their doorways stroll. I would not change my humble lot for their treasures of costly worth; let me go my way, with the chaps I like, where happiness finds its berth; where each day sends its smiles and deeds to brighten someone's life, and I find delight in the simple things that lighten care and strife. It isn't a matter of hoarded wealth that makes our lives worth while, but the loving friends we make and keep through years of tested trial. Let me wander with those wonder souls—the friends that fortune tried—who stood by me through care and trial when others turned aside. Then I'll know I'm rich in the things that count above the treasures of earth, for the friends that are true to themselves and you, are better than money's worth.—*B.I.L.L.*

USING BETTER NEWS INK

THE use of the full picture-page, now in vogue in so many daily newspapers, is but another evidence of the progressive desire of the everyday press to give their readers a bettered presentation of happenings of news interest. We believe that it will eventually result in the use of News Inks of better quality and greater depth of color. Many of the English dailies are getting almost a magazine effect on rotary presses by the use of blue-toned News Inks. Several of our Canadian papers are also using it with splendid results. Newspapers are ever striving to improve the appearance of their pages in order to make them more readable. It is good business to do so. More readers means more circulation and revenue. Yet I sometimes wonder why in face of this ever-insistent desire for improvement there are yet some publishers who neglect the one important and essential factor of Ink.

I remember one newspaper publisher in particular who invested a considerable amount of money in a new press and mechanical equipment. This also necessitated the employment of two extra men, whose wages materially increased the pay roll. When I suggested that he use a little better News Ink, more in keeping with the paper's new dress, he couldn't see it. He willingly increased his pay roll several thousand dollars a year, and yet frowned upon an additional expenditure of less than half the amount on something that would immediately give him a better and more easily read paper.

It seems such a "penny wise and pound foolish" idea to economize on a small item of expense like News Ink, and then spend huge sums on machinery, news print and wages. Owing to manufacturing economics and keen competition, News Inks are being sold today at very close prices, and another couple of cents per pound makes a very noticeable difference in appearance. There is an almost uniform manufacturing cost for milling, handling, shipping and containers. These items are exactly the same on News Inks of varying prices. The difference in price is almost entirely due to the material costs.

THE OLD PRESSMAN SAYS:

—That Ink cans should not be left laying around where they can accumulate dust and grit. Keep them in a cupboard. Clean Ink is a help to clean printing.

—That dried-up Inks are practically worthless. To prevent this, keep them tightly covered, and in a moderate temperature. It costs money to replace Inks that have dried up. Save Inks and save money.

—That cleanliness is essential in mixing all colors, especially delicate tints. Use a glass slab and see that it is thoroughly clean and free from the slightest amount of other Ink before using.

—That as a rule stiff-bodied Inks should be used on hard finished papers, and soft flowing Inks on papers with soft or porous surfaces.

—That where a regular Ink makers' spatula is not obtainable, a very good mixing knife can be made by squaring the end of an ordinary table knife.

—That when Inks show a tendency to "pile" on the plate or form, the trouble can usually be overcome by the addition of a small amount of No. 4 Varnish. Where a soft stock is being used, it is advisable to use No. 2 Varnish, which has less viscosity. "Piling" trouble usually results from using an Ink where the pigment has been ground in a varnish that is too short and is not suitable to the particular stock. The proportion of Varnish to use is about 1 oz. to a pound.

—That a full body of color should be carried when printing permanent colors, which are to be subjected to outdoor exposure. The thicker the film of Ink the greater its resistance to the action of light and weather.

—That rollers should be washed two or three times (or as often as necessary) when delicate tints are being printed. The pores of the roller have become impregnated with the inks of previous use and it is practically impossible to remove them with one washing. The old color works out with the action of the press and materially affects the tint.

—That every pressman should have a type high guage for testing mounted plates and a micrometer for measuring the uniformity of paper thicknesses.

The Day's Work

THE warm humid days of summer are very vexing and disturbing in their actions on the atmosphere of pressrooms, more particularly when the pressrooms are located in basements. Rollers, Ink, paper, etc., are all affected by the excess moisture content of the air. Rollers become swollen and greasy; Inks—which are mixed with the correct amount of dryer for average or normal conditions—slow up in their drying properties and are more liable to offset. It also affects the consistency and flow in the fountain. It has been proven by numerous experiments by chemists and paper makers that humidity materially affects the bulking and size of sheet, as well as disturbing to its printing surface. These conditions, "like the poor" are always omni-present.

❦

WE had a recent criticism from an out-of-town customer about some Halftone Black being so slow in its drying that two days elapsed before the sheet could be printed on the reverse side. In this case we are thoroughly convinced that excess humidity was the cause of all the trouble. For two days previous to printing there had been several heavy showers. It stands to reason that printing any Ink in such weather conditions would develop difficulties. Had we been familiar with the working conditions it would have been possible to have made an Ink to meet these unexpected difficulties. Weather conditions will often compel a delay of sometimes several days before work will be dry enough to handle. This can be avoided by the addition of a small amount of dryer. The average individual does not realize the radical changes caused by humidity, and its direct relation to a variation in daily production. Some consideration should always be given to local conditions. Our formulae are compounded with chemical exactness, and are made with every degree of carefulness to ensure perfect working results under average conditions. Perfect results are only obtained from the intelligent handling of any product.

WILL THE INK DRY

THIS question is always a most important one, and should always receive consideration, especially if there is the slightest suspicion that paper may be "green or unseasoned." The Ink maker sends out his product containing dryer enough to suit the average working conditions. Not being familiar with the varying atmospheric conditions, which exist in the different parts of the country, as well as the different locations of pressrooms, or having any knowledge of the finish or absorbing qualities of the many hundreds of varieties of paper, it is impossible for him to rightly determine the exact quantity of dryer necessary. The amount of extra dryer to be added will be entirely a matter of judgment in the pressroom, aided by past knowledge or experience with Ink and papers. Newspaper Inks dry by absorption, or penetration, and seldom contain any drying agent. Nearly all other Inks dry by oxidization or evaporation. The harder the texture and surface of the paper the more drying agent will be required in the Inks. Very hard papers such as bonds, ledgers, glassines, etc., require Inks that dry rapidly, since there is practically no chance for any of the Ink to penetrate. If any doubt exists that Ink may not contain enough dryer a very simple plan is to pat out a small quantity of the Ink on a sheet of the stock on the day before presswork begins. On the following day it will be quite easy to determine whether extra dryer is required or not. A little precaution in this matter may save time and money, and bad language in the future.

* * *

A VERY simple but effective way of testing the permanency of Inks is to make a solid print of it on some of the stock to be used. This printed surface should then be cut into two parts, and one part of it exposed to bright sunlight for two or three weeks or more if necessary. A comparison can then be made between the exposed and unexposed pieces, when any variation in shade can be easily detected.

* * *

THE pressman will find in our Sterling Black a real incentive to high qualities of craftsmanship. Made of the purest and best materials only, its use is indicative of "perfect satisfaction."

The Noon Hour

RASTUS—"Quick, Sam, a wildcat jes run into yo' house where yo' wife am."

Sam—"Well, he'll jes' hab to git out de bes' way he kin—dat's all."

❦

THE old negress viewed with misgiving the large amount of sugar cane being eaten by her six-year-old grandson.

Eventually she warned the boy: "Chile, chile, ain't I tol' you time an' ag'in that you'se eatin' too much cane? Don't you know, chile, cane killed Abel?"—*Tit-Bits.*

❦

RASTUS—"Nigger, ah sho does believe in dis evolution theory; you sho does look like you 'volved from a monkey."

Brown—"Nigger, ah believes in evolution, too, an' nigger you looks liked you ain't 'volved yet."

NOT THE SAME MAN

THE Judge—"So you name's Joshua, eh? You're not the Joshua that commanded the sun to stand still, are you?"

Eben Holden—"Lor', no, Judge. Ah'm de man dat made de moonshine!"

HER REASON

"I HEAR you've got a new baby, Mandy. What have you named him?"

"Oh, we calls him Veto, Miss Smif."

"Veto? And why?"

" 'Cause when the doctor came he says, 'Well, well, if it ain't another little black bawl'."—*Washington Unif. Dirge.*

❦

A NEGRO stoker was crossing the Atlantic for the first time. One day, when he came up on deck to get a breath of air, he looked out over the broad expanse of water with no object in sight, and said in disgruntled tones:—

"Gosh, we is right whar we was dis time yistaday!"

❦

A COLORED lady had accompanied her mistress to an entertainment where a medium had aroused much interest by reading a newspaper through a thick black cloth while blindfolded. At this juncture the colored lady got up to leave.

"You are not going, are you, Aunty?" asked her mistress.

"Ah suah is," replied Aunty. "Dis heah am no place foh a 'spe'ble cull'ahd lady wid nothin on but a thin calico dress."

HIS GOLDEN WEDDING

EPHRAIM had put on a clean collar and his best coat, and was walking majestically up and down the street.

"Aren't you working today, Ephraim?" asked one of his acquaintances.

"No, suh. I'se celebratin' my golden weddin', suh."

"You were married 50 years ago today?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate it?"

"My present wife, suh," replied Ephraim, with dignity, "ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's de fo'th."

GOOD DIPLOMACY

A GUEST of a small Southern hotel was awakened early one morning by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called drowsily without getting up.

"A telegram, Boss," responded a negro's voice.

"Well, can't you shove it under the door without waking me up so early?"

"No, Suh," the darky answered, with his mind on a tip, "it's on a tray."

A CHARCOAL SKETCH

Negroes Unloading Coal at Midnight

* * *

"WELL, sah," said Sambo after being asked what kind of chickens he preferred, "all kinds has dere merits. De white ones is de easiest to find in de dark; but de black ones is de easiest to hide after you gets 'em."

A CHEERFUL GIVER

A COLORED revival was in full blast, and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously.

"Look what de Lawd's done fo' you-all, bredren!" he shouted. "Give him a portion of all you has. Give him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"

"Amen!" yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory to de Lawd! Give him mo'. Give Him a twentieth!"

—*Exchange.*

When You Want

A flat bed News Ink of dense color, with splendid printing qualities, use our PUBLISHERS NEWS INK.

A splendid Book Ink at an attractively low price, one that will work clean and dry so that work may be handled without delay—try DIXIE BLACK.

A Book Black for use on Trade Papers where type and advertisements, with an occasional halftone, are required to be printed clean and Black use JOURNAL BLACK No. 2866.

A Book and Job Black of Good Quality, with dense color, made with long and short body for platen and cylinder presses use EBONY BLACK.

A really high-quality-cheap-price Black that will print sharp, clean and give a dense black appearance to illustrations use our GOLD SEAL BLACK—It is one of our best products.

A splendid "rush delivery" Black Ink for use on bonds, ledger and other hard finished papers, try either of our BOND BLACKS No. 555 or No. 519. Dries with a lustre. Made with a short heavy body for platen presses.

A beautiful clean working Halftone Black, dense color on solids and clean in the high lights—use our STERLING BLACK. Is really one of the most popular Halftone Inks.

A fine Halftone Black with a Reflex Blue undertone that dries with a beautiful sheen and finish that gives de luxe effect use DOMINION BLACK.

◆

WE welcome at all times the visit of customers and others who are interested in the manufacture of Printing Ink. Our factory is generally recognized as a model of cleanliness and efficiency. We believe that these factors are reflected in the high standard of our product. Come in and see us at work.

You Can Get Canada Inks

in **MONTREAL**
Sears Company Canada Limited

in **WINNIPEG**
Miller & Richard

in **VANCOUVER**
Smith, Davidson & Wright

in **HAMILTON**
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❦

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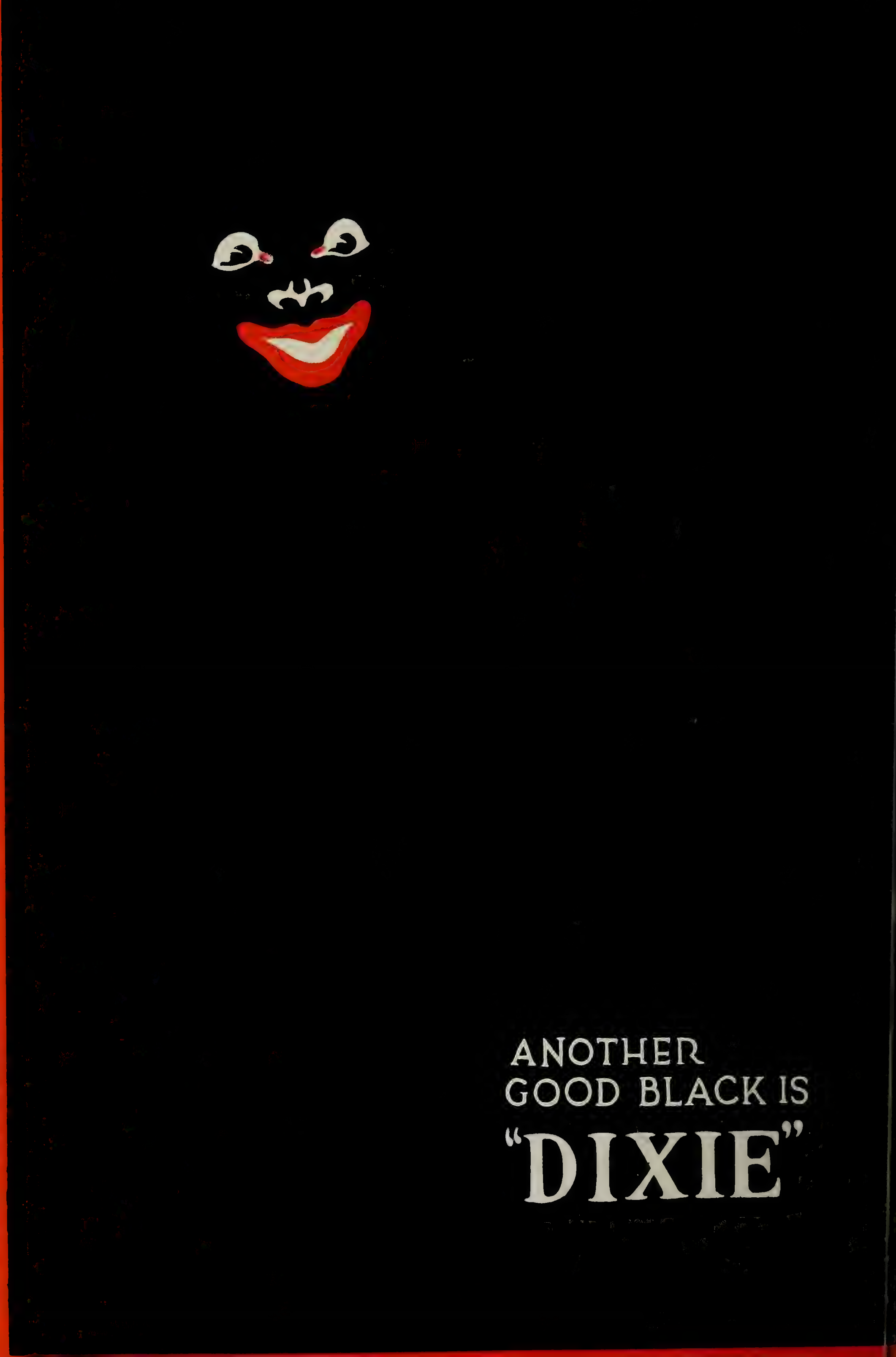
Our Factory, 15 Duncan Street
TORONTO 2


ANOTHER
GOOD BLACK IS
"DIXIE"

ARTHUR KEELOR,
Canadaink

THE RED PARLOR of THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO

CANADAINK

BEING ISSUED OCCASIONALLY BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, FOR PASSING ALONG ITEMS OF INTEREST TO USERS OF INK

JUNE, 1927 NUMBER THIRTY

BILL says: "An ounce of service is worth a ton of promise."

* * *

WHEN it is finally settled that the thing is impossible, watch some fellow do it.

* * *

OF all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn.—*Ruskin.*

* * *

THE article on "Newspapers at Confederation" in this issue was specially written for us by Louis Blake Duff—one-time editor of Welland *Telegraph*. We unfortunately had to trim Louis' article down to fit our limited space. It is too interesting to be entirely lost so we sent the complete copy up to *Printer & Publisher*, where it will appear in their June issue.

* * *

ATTENTION of our readers is called to announcements in the trade press of the Graphic Arts Exposition to be held in New York for two weeks commencing September 5th. We would be glad to supply information to any one writing us. The annual conventions of the Craftsmen's Clubs and the United Typothetae will be held during the two weeks of the Exposition.

Canadaink *for* June, 1927

OUR office boy is a postage stamp hunter and eagerly pounces on all mail from overseas bearing foreign stamps. Our overseas business has been steadily growing, and many printers in the Antipodes are quite appreciative of the quality and working properties of CANADA INKS. We are grateful for their trade and value it as a tangible tightening of ties of Empire.

* * *

WITH the gradual clearing of the forests, those picturesque figures of our Canadian woods—the old-time lumberjack,—with his bright colored mackinaw, calked boots, colossal appetite and pagan wickedness—is becoming a creature of the past. Equally at home in the depths of snow-filled forests or riding logs in the spring drive, adepts in the use of the broad-axe or peavy, they were the backbone of the lumber industry, which has contributed so much to Canada's commercial prosperity. Our cover design by Arthur Keelor fittingly depicts their insouciance and reflects the very spirit of our vast forests.

* * *

THE years that followed Confederation were trying ones, and the story of the early settlement of Canada reads like a romance—full of human interest and heroic in its struggles and conquests. Settlers from the older countries began arriving in ever-increasing numbers to courageously face the pioneering hardships that are ever attendant on the development of newer places. Within a few years there grew up a new, strong national spirit. With a liberty-loving people welded together by common sacrifice and endeavor, built on foundations of freedom—free state, free church, free schools—with the promise of future greatness, and with the gradual development of her great natural resources there came to the new nation a consciousness of strength and high destiny.

To-day we stand in the bright brilliance of world light. The eyes of the nations are watching our development. As Sir Wilfred Laurier once said, "The twentieth century shall be Canada's." Inspired by the deeds and sacrifices of the past, and a pride in our priceless heritage of race, the future years are faced with high courage, and a faith as strong and enduring as "The Fathers" had in the days of old.

A Land of Promise

Deuteronomy, 8th Chapter

7: For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land; a land of brooks of water, of fountains and of depths that spring out of the valleys and hills.

8: A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil, olive and honey.

9: A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

10: When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

* * *

THE use of any of our regular advertised Printing Inks is really an equivalent to sharing in the years of practical experience of other printers. A great many practical suggestions made by the printer or his pressman have been incorporated in our product. We are always studying and working to maintain our very high standard of workability. Everything that can be done to improve the quality and the "bettered service" features of our Inks, is carefully studied, and the final results must be tested over periods of practical use, before they are offered to the trade. When you buy CANADA INKS, you get high grade goods, plus practical working experience, which is something that should be of considerable value.

THE RED PARLOR

THE subject illustration on our inside front cover has been closely allied with the history of our country ever since the birth of Confederation. It is that of the famous Red Parlor of the Queen's Hotel, and, with its faded red panels and velvet upholstered furniture, is probably one of the most romantic spots in Toronto. It has lived its life with princes, prime ministers and prima donnas. Political traditions cluster thickly around it, and memories of famous people haunt its walls. The Red Parlor was the sitting room of a royal suite of rooms built in 1867, the year of Confederation.

Although it has many other romantic associations it will likely be better remembered by its close connection with Sir John A. Macdonald, for it was the reception room of the suite of apartments he always occupied when in Toronto.

The Red Parlor heard the early plans for the development of Confederation and saw the birth of the National Policy. Out of its dingy hangings one could shake secrets of all the issues which have agitated Canadian politics during the past sixty years —the Louis Reil controversy (which almost caused a civil war), the Manitoba School question, the Jesuit Estates, or the Lord Dundonald question. The room has rung with the heated words of political quarrels and sounded with the pleasant popping of champagne corks (one of the fondest of memories) during the reconciliations.

In 1873, after his defeat in the house following the Pacific scandal, Sir John came to the sanctuary of the Red Parlor to meet the leaders of the Conservative party in Ontario, and to formulate plans for a return to office. It was from it that he went on that Sunday in February direct to his railway train and his death bed at Ottawa.

After Sir John's death it was occupied by all the successive Canadian premiers. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Stanley, Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Minto, while Governor-Generals, also put up in this room, and their autographed pictures still hang on the walls. Lord Lisgar and Lord Dufferin stopped in it when in Toronto, and the Royal coat of arms on the door marks the stay of Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General.

Outside of politics and governments, the Red Parlor is brilliantly cosmopolitan in its outlook. Around the walls, on either side of the large oil painting of Sir John, hang pictures of the famous stage stars who have lived there—Patti, Albani, Jenny Lind, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt. Sir Henry Irving made it his stopping place while playing at the old Grand Theatre, and in it Richard Mansfield dined and wined the dramatic critics. Around the Red Parlor could be written the whole political, social and theatrical history of the past sixty years in Toronto.

The Queen's Hotel is soon to be torn down, being replaced by a modern C. P. R. hotel. We understand it is the intention to reproduce this historic old room. Its passing is the closing of a romance, the severing of a last connecting link with an interesting past.

* * *

WHEN I was a lad at home we had a Maltese cat that answered to the unusual and rabbit-like name of "Bunnie." She was the most motherly old thing imaginable, and was always wanting to fulfill her feline duty. On one occasion, when she had no offspring of her own, she brought home a strange, scraggly kitten that she had found somewhere in her nocturnal wanderings, and upon which she lavished all her maternal affection. I mention this to show that she was a cat with an instinct of indiscriminating maternity. She had her mind on her work. She was a specialist. Our coal man was one Jerry Ryan, who owned a brindle bull terrier—a holy terror among all the cats and dogs of the locality. On one particular occasion when he was delivering coal the dog followed Jerry into the shed and poked his nose over the edge of a box in which "Bunnie" was peacefully attending to her motherly duties. Straight into that dog's face the cat hurled herself, with every claw in action, and without a thought of odds. He got the surprise of his life. He was four times as big and ten times as strong but he never had a chance. He was beaten in the first round. What did it? I'll tell you. Quick thinking, quick action and intensity of purpose. She put everything she had into action. That's how success is so often won. The little man in business to-day is winning out against the big problems of commercial life by tackling them with every ounce of ability and strength. The odds in size can usually be equalled by quick thought and action.

NEWSPAPERS IN 1867

(Written specially for this issue of Canadaink)

BY LOUIS BLAKE DUFF

THE year 1867 was the birth year of the Dominion, and it was the birth year of a new kind of Canadian newspaper. An epoch ended with Confederation and an epoch began. The union of the separated colonies gave the fourth estate some glimmering that it was working for a nation and that fact lent tone and color to the sheets. But another ferment had begun working in the press. The journalist was taking a new view of his function. Exactly two centuries before, in 1667, when the first paper to be printed in English, The Oxford Gazette, was but two years old, the word newspaper was born. Lord Arlington, the postmaster-general, in a letter to Sir William Temple, concluded with the phrase—"for the rest I must refer you to our newes papers," and the term stepped at once into the English language. There were really no newspapers in the sense that we now understand the word—a daily publication setting out to serve up all the news and serve it hot. The London Times took four days to find out and one hundred and one words to tell that the battle of Waterloo had been fought, and it was sixteen days before they printed the news about Trafalgar.

With the passing years mighty world changes were taking place. The railway had begun to thread its way to the corners of civilization. The telegraph was coming into general use. The cables were building or were built. The press maker was searching for speed; the paper maker for cheapness. A dozen factors were focused on the newspaper and made it a new sheet, new in its aims, new in its effect. The organs of views were supplanted by the organs of news. Confederation year saw the fledglings of the new press trying their wings in Canada.

The British North America Act found Canada with little more than two hundred papers. A tally made a few years previous showed 20 dailies, 18 tri-weeklies, 15 semi-weeklies and 156 weeklies. When the worthy editors of the Upper Canada papers gathered at the provincial exhibition at Kingston, in 1859, they formed an organization, which they called the Canadian Press Association, with William Gillespy of the Hamilton Spectator, as the first president.

In Confederation year the gathering was held at Goderich on a fine August day. In the chair sat Thomas Sellar of the Montreal Echo. Born in Elgin, Scotland, in 1828, he had come to Canada in 1852 and had entered the counting room of the Globe. Five years later he purchased the Brampton Times which he conducted for a short time before establishing the Echo in Toronto. He moved the Echo to Montreal and published it until his death. The Goderich meeting was the last he was to attend for he died that very year. Another prominent figure at the Confederation meeting was David Wylie, of the Brockville Recorder, long known as the father of the press. A reporter on the Liverpool Mail, his ownership of the Recorder dated back to 1849. He was president in 1864 and delivered his presidential address in verse, a piece of originality which, happily, did not develop into a custom.

When the editors gathered the elections were still in progress, for that was the day before simultaneous voting. Mr. Sellar spoke patriotically of the birth of the new Dominion, an event which a few weeks before had been marked by the booming of cannon from the sea to Lake Superior. A new era, he pointed out, should dawn with the new nation, when broader sympathies and views would prevail, and men would call themselves Canadians rather than Nova Scotians and Ontarians.

Of the editors who were members in 1867, at least three were trying their fortunes with the electors to win places in the new parliament. James Young of the Dumfries Reformer, Galt, was successful in Waterloo. Successful too, was Rufus Stephenson of the Chatham Planet. He weathered also the three election gales that followed. Thomas White, who with his brother Richard, had come from the Peterborough Review in 1865 to buy the Hamilton Spectator, went down to defeat in South Wentworth. Not long after, the White's went to the Gazette in Montreal. Some of the papers which were in existence in 1867 have weathered the storms, while many others have been absorbed, amalgamated, or passed into memory.

* * *

THE slogan of the National Confederation Celebration Committee is—"Unity for Canada and a broad Canadianism."

OUR ATLANTIC PROVINCES

I AM very partial to our Maritime Provinces and to their people. I have been going among them for a good many years now and each visit but strengthens my original impression that many of the finest chaps living are what the unwashed proletariat facetiously term as "herring-gutters." They have a small population but are large of heart and rich in educational and political potentialities. They have given us three premiers, and almost every university of importance on the North American continent has one or more "bluenose" professors on its teaching staff. The first European settlement north of Florida, was in Nova Scotia, and it was also the first British Colony to obtain representative government. The Maritimes had the first highway in Canada, were the first to found a University, to publish a newspaper and to inaugurate steamship connection with Europe. A very creditable list of "first" things accomplished. They also grow Gravenstein and Pippin apples of wonderful flavor, and the most of the finnan haddies we get for Friday evening suppers come from their prolific waters. Their seed potatoes are justly famous and are in demand by the Southern U. S. growers of the succulent "spud." They have a few fall months of the most glorious weather in the world, but also have a mean, dirty winter that hangs on so long in the spring that it should feel ashamed of itself. Cold and variable as its climate may be, it is more than offset by the warmth and hospitality of their people, for no kindlier folk are to be found anywhere. They shower courtesy on the stranger within their gates and seem glad of his visit. Should he come on business they take him at his own valuation, and when he proves worthy they take him to their hearts and homes with a real maritime welcome (which oft-times includes liquid comfort of much potency). They are very loyal and considerate in their business relations. I speak of their many qualities with a deep sense of appreciation.

◆

BILL says: "There are a lot of printers who don't realize they are working for their competitors."

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

With wealth of mind and heart they strove,
To weld together strong and free
The loyal sons of different tongues
In bonds of trust and unity.

Unswayed by selfish thoughts or deeds,
Serene and sure they laid the ways,
In simple faith and pure desires,
Above the mete of tinselled praise.

Time's passing change has richly blessed
The land their faith and vision wrought;
Their sacrifices live enshrined
In valiant deed and loyal thought.

Their pride of race is still our boast,
Their sacred faith our holy light;
Grant that their sons who rule us now
May guide our steps in ways of Right.

And in the golden years to come
Our Canada will ever be
A land of Justice, Truth and Right,
Crowned in Honor's cleanly light,
By their unchanging loyalty

— B.I.L.L.

THE PASSING YEARS

THIS is Jubilee Year of Confederation, and celebrations are the order of the day. We also have been indulging in a little celebration, that is particularly our own. A very interesting event recently happened in our home, which has served to remind us that the years have slipped by with almost lightning rapidity and that another stage in life's journey has been reached. Regular meetings of an Admiration Society have been held in our guest room, with a small, wrinkled, red-visaged young gentleman (age 9¼ lbs.) as the centre of attraction. Yep! A grandson. Another "Bill" has arrived. The city is growing. Its population has been increased by one. Heigh ho! how the years speed on. It hardly seems possible, and yet it is thirty-seven years since I turned my back on the scenes of my childhood, packed a celluloid collar and a pair of home-made sox in a paste-board valise and started out into a cruel world, with my toes pointed in the direction of this city, where comps. were then getting the almost unbelievable amount of $11.00 per week, for only 54 hours of work. I had been raised on a working week of 60 hours or more (principally more), was unsophisticated and as green as the verdant sward of a city park—but I was willing to work. In a country printing office there was always lots of work but darn little money, and a quarter in those days looked as big as a manhole cover. My yearning ambition at that time was to get a whack at some of those princely wages. For this I was fortified by a full measure of bubbling and youthful optimism and the ability to set an average of one thousand brevier ems per hour, provided I got a chance. Those were the days of hand composition. If a comp's preference run to "straight matter," he could get "piece work" at 30 cents per thousand. When he had no steady job there was always a good chance to get a couple of days' "subbing" on a newspaper and earn board money anyway.

Worked in different cities and offices during the next few years, as job hand, stone-hand, foreman, finally superintendent. Then met Mr. Corcoran—and so into the Ink game. During the twenty-five years I have devoted to the disposal of this necessary commodity, I have acquired a portly form, a home with a mortgage, a red-headed wife and seven children, a son-in-law that actually works, and a grandson. I have managed to keep out of the poor house, am one jump ahead of the sheriff, and on good terms with my tailor and the income tax collector. I think my teeth are good enough to last the rest of my days, and I have never been operated on for appendicitis. Silver threads are sprinkled through my one-time raven thatch, but te deum laudamus, I have never had a cigar or a paper collar named after me and my name (as yet) is still absent from a police court calendar. Who knows but perchance one day I'll own a second pair of suspenders and be able to play a decent game of golf. So after all, life has its compensations.

◆

THE Schofield Paper Co. of St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., are now carrying Publishers News Ink (50 lb. tins) in stock at their warehouse in St. John. We believe our Maritime friends will appreciate this effort to give them a better and quicker service.

◆

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same wherever you go (and sometimes more so). People are so apt to forget the good service that is given—taken as a matter of course—but they have long memories if anything should go wrong. The vital force of business to-day is the desire to render service. It is the big business builder. Behind this ambition is honesty of purpose, courtesy, co-operation and consideration. However, as long as the human element enters into any transaction there will always be opportunities for errors in judgment and labor. How to minimize these chances becomes a real problem to every manufacturer. "Eternal vigilance being the price of safety" is an old aphorism, and it contains a wealth of wisdom. It is only by constant watchfulness and striving that we can hope to reach perfection.

◆

PADSIT—cold padding cement—is not affected by weather changes, works equally well in summer or winter. Always smooth and adhesive.

THE DAY'S WORK

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know something about permanent Inks, and when and where they should be used.

—Permanent colors should be used on all printed matter likely to be exposed to light for any length of time. Whenever it is possible the printer or lithographer should obtain all the information regarding the length of time and conditions under which the piece of printing is likely to be exposed. This knowledge should then be passed on to the Ink makers, so that proper inks be made up. Many troubles have been caused by work having been printed without definite information as to whether the Inks used were fast to sunlight or not. The majority of the Inks of to-day will stand a reasonable amount of exposure, but there are yet a few very clean, bright colors which have only a slight strength of resistance to sunlight.

Labels on cans and bottles for display in merchants' stores require Inks of stronger permanency than for advertising mailing pieces, etc., which have a shorter period of existence. Outdoor posters, which are exposed to all elements, sometimes for months, will require colors of the most permanent kind. Advertising matter and other pieces which are placed behind glass windows, with direct exposure to sunlight, require Inks of great permanency and with resistance to heat.

While Permanent Reds in many hues, may now be obtained, it is advisable to test them, as many are obtained from aniline sources. The Yellows and Greens with a few exceptions, stand up well under exposure. All the Bronze Blues are permanent to light but are destroyed by alkali contact. The Siennas and Umbers are all very permanent to light. In fact, with the exception of Brilliant Peacock Blue, all of the standard shades shown in our specimen book are fairly permanent and may be used with surety.

During the past few years we have given a great deal of time to research work in the direction of greater permanency, and under our lamp test all fugitive Inks were discarded. They were replaced by Inks of greater permanency.

PROCESS COLOR PRINTING

PERFECT Process printing requires a careful consideration of several factors which exercise a decided influence on the finished result. All paper stock should be well seasoned, otherwise there will be trouble throughout the run caused by shrinking or stretching of the sheet because of atmospheric conditions. Damp weather enlarges the sheet and dry weather contracts it.

A cold pressroom is another abomination, as it affects the Ink and causes the paper to pick or peel. The thermometer should stand at about seventy-five degrees for perfect results.

Close attention should be given to the consistency and drying properties of process Inks, so that the colors following in sequence will "take" properly.

When used in "wet" printing the requirement of the first Ink printed—which is always Yellow—is that it be full bodied and strong color. This allows the Ink to be run spare in order that the second color takes properly. The second color for over-printing is made soft, so as to avoid any lifting of the first color.

In "dry" printing, where the Inks have been allowed to dry before over-printing, the consistency of the Inks are usually the same. The Yellow is the first color printed and should dry slowly so that subsequent colors will take properly.

Trouble is frequently encountered when too long a time lapses between over-printings, which allows the Ink to dry to a hard glassy finish. This effect is what is termed in color work "crystalizing." When the succeeding color is printed over this, it simply lies on top and cannot penetrate the hard film, especially on the solids.

Where the pressman has a long run, and a week or more may lapse before the subsequent over-printings, it is advisable to notify the Ink man and have the first Inks made slower drying.

Inks made for two-color presses may be run on one-color presses, if they are printed in the sequence for which they are made. Inks made for one-color press will not work to advantage on two-color presses, unless some change is made in their consistency.

In order to avoid any possibility of trouble it is advisable to use Inks only for the press and method for which they were made.

THE NOON HOUR

A SINCERE word in praise of a task well done is the best producer of still greater efforts on the part of the worker.

◆

A BOSS is a boss, but a good-looking stenographer is an asset to any business.—*Medley*.

◆

"PA, what do you call a man who runs an auto?"

"It all depends on how close he comes to hitting me."

◆

"OH, Abie, Abie, such extravagance! At four o'clock in the afternoon you buy already an all-day sucker."—*Oil News*.

◆

"SHE wanted to have a finger in the pie, but I smelt a rat and nipped it in the bud."

"Lor' Mrs. Burgess, 'ow you mix your semaphores!"

MAJOR OPERATION

"OH, look at that scarred old hillside," exclaimed the gushing young thing.

"Yes," said the prosaic companion, "that's where it was operated on for gravel."

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

TEACHER—"Johnnie, what does 'note' mean?"

Proverbial Johnnie—"It means girl."

Teacher—"What makes you think that, Johnnie?"

Proverbial Johnnie—"Well, the other day the nurse comes in and says to pa, 'It's a girl,' and pa says, 'That's a hell of a note'."—*Moonshine*.

UP TO HER OLD TRICKS

"WHO was that peach I saw you with?"

"She wasn't a peach, she was a grapefruit."

"Why grapefruit?"

"I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye!"

—*Grinnell Malteaser*.

CLARIFYING

"THE collection this morning," observed the vicar, "will be taken on behalf of the arch fund, and not, as erroneously printed in the service papers, on behalf of the arch-fiend."—*Tit-Bits.*

VERY DETERMINED

"I TOLD my wife that if she bobbed her hair I would leave her," confided a man to his friend.

"But she bobbed it; and you're still living with her."

"You bet I am. I'll show her she can't bluff me."

SUNSET AFTER RAIN

DICK says the rain has wet the sun;
I really think it must have done;
Just look how all his colors run;
Pink streaks and stripes in every place,
Like Bella's when I washed her face;
Most of her pink when I had done
Was on my hankie, but the sun,
With no one near his face to dry,
Spills all his color on the sky.

—*Selected*

EXPERT CRITICISM

A GOOD story was told recently by Sir John Lavery, the distinguished portrait painter, concerning an old gardener in the employ of a friend of his, who went one day to an exhibition of pictures in London.

Amongst them was one labelled, "The Fall."

The gardener surveyed this so intently that his employer, happening to pass along just then, was moved to ask his opinion of it.

"I think no great things of the painter," was the reply. "Why, sir, Eve is tempting Adam with an apple of a variety that was not known until about twenty years ago."

* * *

"THERE'S no present like the time," remarked the incorrigible punster as he gave his wife a wrist watch.

FATHER'S NOMINATION

VISITOR—"So you have triplets at your house? Has your father names for them yet?"

Willie Willis—"Yes; but I don't think any minister would baptize them with what pa calls them."

BILL says: "There's always business where there's a good competitor."

⁂

VANDYKE BROWN No. 485 on India Tint Paper is a very beautiful and harmonious treatment for booklets and brochures.

⁂

PADSIT—cold padding cement—does away with the old style melting pot, the open gas burner or expensive electric heater. It is always ready for instant use.

⁂

THE Rolland Paper Co. have issued a very handy scale showing the use of "point system" to a number of standard rulings for blank book headings and business forms. We understand that quantities, imprinted with printer's name and address, will be furnished on application.

⁂

A PIONEER INK FIRM

TO be one of the pioneers in the manufacture of Printing Inks in Canada is our fortune. Confederation had been realized but thirteen years, for it was away back in 1880 that we began to manufacture Printing Inks for the printers of Canada. Those were the days when type was set by hand by the light of oil lamps, when cylinder and hand presses produced only a few hundred impressions an hour and when newspaper presses took many hours to run off their daily editions. Printing was mostly black on white and there were but a few who realized the tremendous advertising value in the use of color. Many things have happened since Confederation sixty years ago. The great Canadians who shaped and guided Canada's destiny have all passed away, but they left behind them high ideals which make for bigger and better things. So too, the earnest founders of this business—who also have passed on—developed an institution that was started right and keeps on growing through the years. To-day every modern facility for making Printing Ink is installed in our plant. All that an alert and progressive organization has learnt about Ink making and Ink usage during every working day for forty-seven years is here. And it is here for your service and benefit.

CANADA INKS
may be obtained from

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY, CANADA, LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

or direct from our factory
15 Duncan Street, Toronto

Agents for New Zealand:
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, LTD., CHRISTCHURCH

PRINTED IN CANADA

CANADA
PRINTING INK
CO., LIMITED

*Makers of
Fine Printing &
Lithographing
Inks*

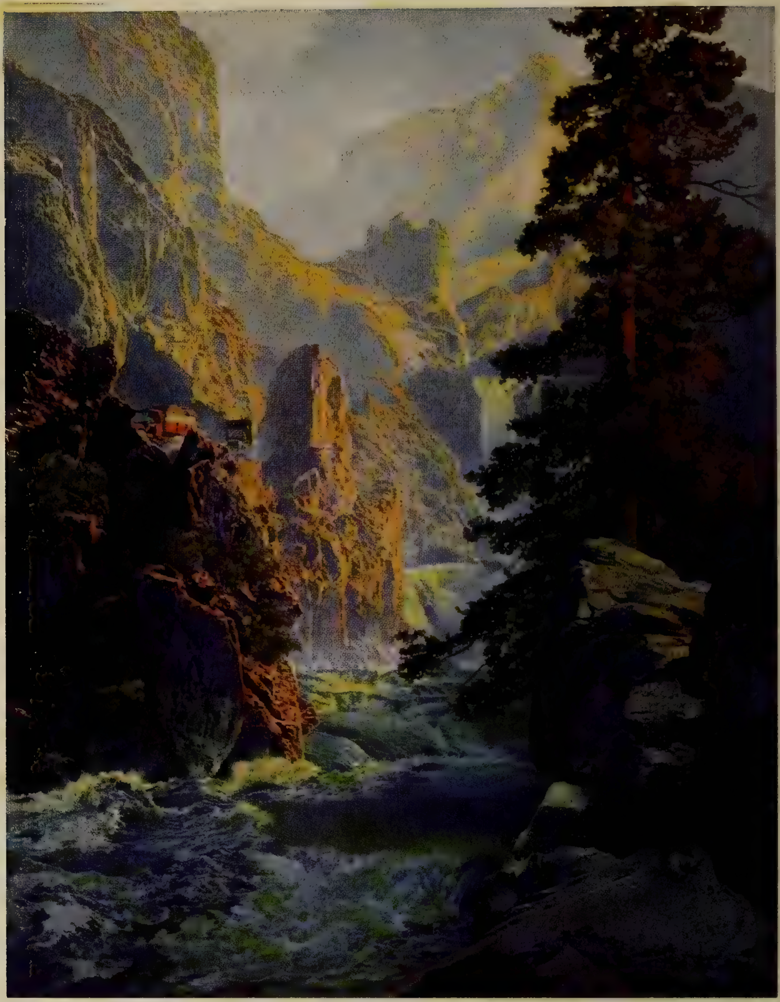
TORONTO

FOUNDED IN 1880
(ONLY THIRTEEN YEARS AFTER CONFEDERATION)

OUR History is a record of forty-seven years of service in the development of an idea that Canadian Printers are entitled to the best Canadian Printing Inks

MAIL YOUR ORDERS

CANADAINK



"Westward, the course of Empire takes its way"

BEAUTIFUL & ARTISTIC TREATMENT
BY QUADRI-COLOR PROCESS

CANADAINK

BEING ISSUED QUARTERLY BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, FOR PASSING ALONG ITEMS OF INTEREST TO USERS OF INK

SEPTEMBER, 1927 NUMBER THIRTY-ONE

BILL says: "A fool and his foot are soon in it."

* * *

IN this practical age nobody can hold a job without delivering the goods except the weather man.

* * *

THE influence of "better Inks" is emphasized by the bettered relations between the printer and his customer.

* * *

PUBLISHERS News Ink is now being carried in stock by Schofield Paper Co., St. John and Halifax. Publishers News Ink is our own brand, with our own label, and sold only by our regularly appointed dealers. Maritime orders should be mailed to St. John, N.B.

* * *

AGAIN we emphasize the merits of Sterling Black. This reliable Ink still maintains the outstanding high qualities which made its wide spread reputation. Its clean working properties and richness of color gives beauty and character to all picture printing. Worth more than it sells for, which is only one dollar a pound; special price in quantities.

STERLING
BLACK

BILL says: "The best contentment comes from doing work that you really like."

* * *

"*GET* the confidence of the public and you will have no difficulty in getting their patronage. Inspire your whole force with the right spirit of service; encourage every sign of true spirit . . . Treat them as guests when they come and when they go, whether or not they buy. Give them all that can be given fairly, and on the principle that to him that giveth shall be given. Remember always that the recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten. Then your business will prosper by a natural process."

—*H. Gordon Selfridge*

* * *

POSSIBLY you have a job that will require a little different color treatment. It may be a colored insert, or a peculiar shade of Ink that your customer fancies, or it may be an artist's sketch that has to be matched on special stock—whatever it is we can be of service. Send samples of stock to be used, and, if possible, an idea of colors required, and they will be made to suit your special requirements. Our workmen are skillful in solving pressroom problems and in suggesting new and proper color combinations. This is part of our regular Canada Ink service, and we want you to share it.

* * *

NOT long ago, an exchange magazine contained a definition of salesmanship as "co-operative merchandising" and the comment that "the salesman is the connecting link between the source of supply and the source of consumption," emphasizing that salesmanship on this basis is as important to the producer as to the merchant and consumer.

There is salesmanship in every walk of life, though it may not be called by that name. The workman sells his skill and energy, the manufacturer his product, the professional man his technical and scientific knowledge, the business or industrial executive an ability to "produce the goods." Sometimes this is mere order-taking, sometimes much more. We owe much of our progress individually to our ability to sell ourselves.

Canadaink for September, 1927

"IF Canada is to prosper and expand we must work," said Sir Joseph Flavelle, while addressing a recent Bond Dealers' Convention in Toronto. His words coming at this time should make our business men pause and consider—"Are we doing everything possible to make business bigger and better?" We have just fittingly celebrated the Jubilee of Confederation, and we take courage and high resolve from the splendid progress we have made in the past. We look forward to greater progress and development in the years to come. Our destiny lies largely in our own hands. Business conditions are what we make them. It is no time for the man who loafs on the job. It is the time of times for the courageous consistent builder. Expansion and progress are the handmaidens of effort and energy.

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ALL business that really amounts to anything is based on the foundation of giving value and receiving something of corresponding worth in return—either goods or money or services. In my grandfather's time—he was an early pioneer—barter was the usual basis of their transactions. I remember hearing how, in the early days, men would carry bags of grain on their backs for miles through the woods, sometimes following a blazed trail, in order to trade at a general store for other goods. Even in my own early days—when I was an apprentice in a country printing office—it was the custom to bring in cord wood or vegetables in payment of subscriptions. With little or no money in circulation barter was the common method of exchange. The basis of their trading was "Something for Something." With the exception of the varying mediums of exchange, that foundation of business has never been altered through the passing changes of time. Whether it is buying andirons or automobiles, printing or pyjamas, the principle is the same. Every sale or purchase, every business transaction, must be governed by the motive of giving value and rendering service. If this is faulty or neglectful, men will find it out. Their verdict will determine the growth and expansion of any business.

A MATTER OF PRICE

WHENEVER I start writing anything about buying Printing Inks I am confronted by the ever-pervasive influence of price—and rightly so. But it does not necessarily follow that when one says "price considered" it should mean the lowest. Not by an earful. Take the matter of price in clothing. You can get a ready made suit for $25 or you can pay $75 for one that is specially hand tailored. Did you ever see a ready-made hand-me-down suit of clothes that gave you the same pride in your appearance or wore as well as one that was specially made and fitted by a first-class tailor at double the price of the ready-made? If you take any pride in your personal appearance you will choose the tailor-made clothes every time. It's only human nature that you should. That same quality appeal can be applied to every piece of printed matter turned out—with just as big a contrast in results. When printed matter is dressed in appropriate type and Inks its business appeal is far greater than when handled without any regard to style and appearance. Every piece of printed matter can build or destroy goodwill. We believe the wisdom of only using the best will be admitted. The best Printing Inks with us are, naturally, our own.

* * *

AIM high in every thought and deed and ever strive to do your best, it lifts the mind to higher planes and gives to life an added zest. It is the things we plan and do—the products of the hand and brain—that mark the current of our lives, and bring a touch of joy or pain. Around each struggle that we wage the breath of victory ever clings, and we can make each simple task a stepping stone to higher things. To noble aims let us aspire as we fight on with will to win; to make our tasks a brave desire, and take each loss with lifted chin. And when we reach life's evening years, and labors tasks are almost done, we'll find our greatest comforts come from work that's well and truly done.

—*B.I.L.L.*

Canadaink for September, 1927

CONSIDER THE DIPLODOCUS

ACCORDING to a recent article in Toronto Globe, the diplodocus was the most gigantic animal that ever lived. It was estimated to be about 85 feet long and weighed scores of tons. Yet, despite its tremendous bulk, it had a brain like the size of a crab apple.

Millions of years ago the diplodocus flourished, but when climatic and other conditions changed it was unable to adapt itself to a new existence. Other animals, smaller and less strong, but more intelligent, invaded its domain and so, with the unceasing march of progress, its race died out and vanished.

It is just as necessary today as it was in the Upper Jurassic period to keep abreast of the times. Conditions are changing under our very eyes and new angles of thought, new inventions, new products are constantly being brought forward to make life easier and happier. While this is essentially true of all lines of endeavor it is particularly applicable to the printing industry. Within the memory of many of us there have been revolutionary changes brought about that have altered the entire conception of the craft and given it a new sense of importance and domination. Some of these changes have been extremely rapid and radical, while others have come about more gradually; but they have all been as far-reaching and effective in their results as were the organic changes that caused the disappearance of the diplodocus.

Let us take just one example—the new attitude to the use of color. While the tendency for some years past has been towards greater speed, increased production and lowered operating costs, there has been developed a conscious desire for more beauty in the printed appeal. Color was recognized as the all-important ingredient. The artist and his creations found a place in the new movement. The successful marketing of hundreds of household articles in cartons and packages is very largely due to the beautiful and striking color effects used in their appeal. It is now conceded that the use of color intelligently is the most dominant factor for focusing attention and compelling sales.

THE "QUEER" PEOPLE

EARLY in the summer I made an extended visit to the eastern part of the province. Among the places visited was one operated by two good friends of mine who have made quite a success of their business. Now there's not a bit of connection between these chaps and the subject of this article. They're not that queer. But when we were discussing a mutual acquaintance and his idiocyncrasies (good word, this), one of the chaps remarked that "he was a queer fish—he did things differently." That started me thinking how much truth was in the remark. For it is the "queer" people who do things differently.

The average run of individuals are pretty much alike—perfectly content to slip along the same old groove made smooth by countless millions of others before them—and not making much of a fuss unless their placid existence is interfered with. It's only the "queer" ones that rebel against this kind of a living. For some crazy reason or other they fly off at a tangent and get out of the rut. They start doing things differently. All of their ideas may not be accepted, but many are—which is what we call progress. Sometimes such folks have been called fools—by those who didn't understand them. And we're mighty apt at calling things foolish, when they're beyond our comprehension.

Some years ago, a young man strung stove-pipe wire along the township fences near Brantford. An old lady is reported to have said: "I've heard tell of many things, but the idea of a man stringing a wire through the country to talk through, is the silliest piece of tomfoolery ever was. He's clean daft." That "daft" young man was Alexander Graham Bell, with his first telephone. The stories of these "queer people" can be multiplied a thousand-fold. How the world needs them!

For they are the brave souls who dared to dream beyond the drab confines of their narrow lives. Their minds were fixed on greater things and their thoughts roamed out to unguessed lands. The trails of the world's progress are marked with the blood and sweat where these unknown pathfinders have passed. They have gone blundering, staggering on—daring all—braving all—for the sake of an idea or a principle. Many of their dimly-glimpsed truths are living actualities of today because of their courage and adventure. Every community has some of these individuals—these strange disciples of genius—whose ways are misunderstood and whose thoughts can not be measured by stale and dried patterns—who are dubbed "queer." Yet it is from their ranks that come our poets, artists, inventors, scientists, authors, and all the vast army of those who glory in "blazing the trail" to newer and different things.

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GETTING MORE BUSINESS

WHEN chairman Ad. Lewis, of the U. T. A. Marketing Committee, began the active work of a campaign to help printers sell their product and develop new business, it marked the evolution of one of the biggest and most beneficial ideas of a generation. A revolution had taken place in the industry and printers everywhere awakened to the necessity of better marketing methods for their product, and the elimination as far as possible of ruinous and ignorant competition. In some communities were to be found successful printers who were operating their plants at a profit. They held their heads high with other successful manufacturers and were in good standing with the supply houses. The secret of their success lay in the idea of *selling* their product rather than *taking* orders for printed matter. These firms were far sighted and progressive, and by carefully studying and analyzing the needs of merchants and manufacturers had gone to their clients with suggestions and ideas that proved to be of real value. It marked the development of the idea of selective selling. The trade soon recognized that this was an educational and helpful movement to secure business by other means than by taking it away from the other fellow. The Marketing Committee is aiming to supply practical, successful ideas so that printers may in turn pass them on to customers to help him sell more goods. These ideas are not visionary, but have been tested and worked in actual practice by other printers. There never was a time when printers will be so richly rewarded for extra effort and thought as right now.

THE NINETEENTH HOLE

THE people of Auld Scotia have been guilty of some very questionable inflictions on civilization. They have given us haggis, bannocks, short kilts, long sermons, deoch-an-doris'; and started the habits of eating oatmeal porridge and potatoes in their jackets. Then to somewhat amend matters they gave us golf, for it is now generally admitted—even by her enemies—that the game of "gowf" originated in the land of 'haggis and whuskie.' Bob Croft, in a recent issue of his house organ, even blamed them for originating the bag pipes—but I'm more charitable than he is. I have too kindly feelings for them and for some of their products.

Vaudeville comedians and others are continually "taking a crack" at the Scotch race for being close and tight-fisted, especially over the spending of money. We'll admit that they are somewhat careful in monetary matters, and yet it seems almost a paradox that one of the most expensive and popular pastimes should owe its origin to this overly-cautious and canny people.

There is a very common expression in Scotland that "sooner or later everybody will want to play golf." We are prepared to accept this statement at par if it could be modified by the insertion of the word "at" between the last two words. A lot of people play *at* golf, but very few attain that enviable state of proficiency which gets a laudatory mention on the sporting pages of the daily papers.

Golf is the modern destroyer of home ennui. It has prolonged useless lives, retarded senile decay and forced men, women and children into the wide, open spaces where tiring, healthful exercise has been their portion. It has turned sour old grouches into gay capering youths, and many a grandmother has regained much of her girlish pulchritude by following the wee, white pill o'er fairways and greens.

Golf has been called nearly every name that the mind of man could conceive of and some of them have been fittingly appropriate. It is played with a few clubs and a lot of language—

and a novice will stand amazed and bewildered at the amount of venomed feeling that can be crowded into some of the simple expressions which accompany a lost ball or a broken brassie. It is usually referred to as a game—but that is a misnomer. It is not a game—but an industry—at which many, many people (sane and otherwise) put in a damsite harder work and longer hours than they do at their own business. Like many other popular pastimes it has its own rules of conduct, language and code of morals (although some may query the latter). Golf has a vast number of devotees, who, without reason or conscience, blindly follow the "gutty ba'" throughout the seasons regardless of weather, business, or jury summonses. It is a combination of skill, luck, contrariness, allurement and weather perversities; all of which contribute to its ever-verdant popularity.

Many other games are played on grounds within the range of the naked eye. Not so golf. It is a long range proposition and, according to Hoyle, should take in enough cow pastures, retired real estate sub-divisions, and abandoned farm lands to make a couple of townships. If (in the parlance of the game) it comes to be known as a "sporty course" it will consist of hills, hollows, hazards and holes. The playing will be over nine or eighteen holes, according to personal inclination, after which comes "the nineteenth hole"—the most popular of all. This is where so many of the players congregate after the games, to brag, boast and lie like Sam Hill about the number of strokes and the quality (?) of their game, etc., etc. Here the atmosphere is all "Scotch," and one meets such socially prominent Highland families as Dewars, Buchanans, Haigs, Usshers and others, whose names have been associated with the game for years.

As this dissertation is somewhat in the nature of a personal confession, this should be about the right place to say that another victim has fallen for its fascinations. For years I looked with both envy and sadness on the many chaps of my acquaintance whom I used to meet summer afternoons on their way to the "three-forty-five" or the "four-ten" with a bag of

golf clubs under their arms and a suspicious bulge on the hip. At times they spoke a language that was entirely strange and unintelligible to me—all about niblicks and waggles and foozles, etc.—and they seemed to have forgotten for the nonce that sordid business ever existed.

But passing time works many changes and now on sunshiny summer afternoons, a certain pleasingly-rotund, middle-aged gent may be seen lightly tripping athwart the lea or taking a picturesque stance, wonderfully and fearfully apparelled in the regulation golfing disguise of snakeskin sweater, plus fours and glory hallelujah sox—a literal fulfillment of the Scriptural passage: "They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." This costume is very distingue and chic and gives a slight accentuation to the not-unpleasing enbonpoint, which so many elderly players possess.

Up to the present my endeavors have resulted in an accumulation of blisters, callouses, falling arches and a perennial thirst. I have lost scores of balls and in the search thereof spent untold hours and walked thousands of miles. I have also added to my vocabulary a number of explosive and sulphurous expletives which are the horror of my wife and the wonder and envy of my friends.

Needless to say this golfing weakness of mine has been the subject of a great many remarks (many of them far from complimentary) from my wife and family. But their jibes moveth me not. I go my way serene and content, a convert to this strange disease which tradition tells us was started on its hectic career by a Scotch shepherd's crook and a handfu' o' sma' stanes.

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The printer with a high understanding of the use and value of color will be a specialist in his work. He will have a very decided advantage over those of his own calling who ply their trade regardless of the changes that are taking place around them.

THE OLD PRESSMEN SAYS:

That rollers should be thoroughly cleaned before using transparent or light colors.

That where a tint made with Mixing White prints mottled or "crawly" it is usually caused by using too much Ink.

That when mixing tints always place the lighter color on Ink slab first, the darker colors being added a little at a time.

That it is foolish to wait until new rollers are needed before ordering. Have them made in lots of time to become properly conditioned before use.

That if Inks mixed to dry by absorption are printed on paper which contains an excess of moisture, it is logical that the paper cannot absorb the Ink as it should, and there will be a tendency to off-setting.

That Cover White is used for opaque tints; Mixing White is used for making semi-opaque tints, or tints that are to be run first; and that Transparent White or Tint Base is for tints that are to be run over other Inks.

That reducers and dryers for printing Ink are necessary in every pressroom, but they should only be used when absolutely needed, and only with the utmost care. The right kind of Ink, properly used, will need no dryer or reducer.

That solid tint blocks will require considerable pressure especially in the centre when it looks as though the plate was "dished." Do not use too many tissue patches to bring it up. Better to use a sheet of 80 lb. coated, cutting it slightly smaller. For antique paper use a heavier overlay.

That in working color plates, care should be taken to carry the same amount of Ink as on the progressive proofs. With the exception of Yellow, process colors are transparent, and results are materially influenced by the amount of Ink used. A lighter shade than sample is caused by using a less amount of Ink and a darker shade is from using a greater amount.

∴ THE DAY'S WORK ∴

"*WE* want suitable Inks—black and red—for printing on Linen Tags. What do you suggest?"

—We recommend the following for your purpose: Black, No. 8007; Red, No. 481.

* * *

"*WHAT* is meant by safety cheque or fugitive Inks?"

—Safety cheque or fugitive Inks are made to safeguard cheques, drafts, tickets and other like forms from alteration or forgery. They are made so as to be susceptible to the slightest attempt at alteration or erasure.

* * *

"*I WAS* particularly impressed with the smooth laying Black Ink that was used in printing the cover of your Black number of *Canadaink*. Will you inform me if this is one of your standard stock Inks or was it specially prepared?"

—The Black Ink referred to was specially made to suit the cover stock. We aimed to produce a soft, dull, velvety effect which would not show gloss or bronze sheen, and could also be given considerable handling without showing signs of finger marks. It was worked without slip-sheeting.

* * *

"*I ENCLOSE* a sample of letter heading which was printed recently, and which gave me considerable trouble before I got rid of a slur on top line. Will you be good enough to tell me what usually causes this slurring."

—Slurring on platen presses may be the result of several causes. Form may be locked too tight which would cause it to be "springy." Grippers may not be laying perfectly flat on sheet. Tympan may be loose or baggy, or form may be locked too close to side of chase which throws the form too far off the centre of impression. Any of these may cause a slight slur to appear.

Canadaink for September, 1927

A CORRESPONDENT, in writing us, states that he has read several suggestions in "Days Work" that have proved to be of much practical value. He now wants to know something about "frisket" printing, what it is used for and how prepared.

—Frisket printing is quite an old idea for printing parts of a job in colors, usually where the run is small. It is made by securely fastening a piece of strong bond paper or light cardboard across the grippers on a platen press. An impression of the form is printed on the frisket, and the part that requires to be printed is then cut out. By this method an extra touch of color may be given to a piece of printed matter without the expense of color plates or separation of the type form.

◆

WILL you advise us if it is possible to make standard Inks for label printing exclusively, that will work successfully on all the various kinds of label papers?

—There is no such thing as a "label Ink" adapted to all varieties of paper stock intended for labels. Each and every kind of label requires printing Ink best suited to its purpose. They must be fast to exposure in strong light; and to the influence of the commodity on which they are used. They must not bleed or discolor when the label is being pasted.

◆

A CUSTOMER has written us as follows:

"While we were running a job lately we blocked a portion of our fountain allowing only half the Ink plate on our cylinder to take the Ink. We have found that on the side of the plate on which the Ink did not run that the distributor rollers went to pieces absolutely. What was the cause of this? Was it because there was no Ink or at least very little Ink on the plate to act as a sort of lubricant to the rollers as they passed over?"

—The trouble was caused by the absence of Ink. The rollers became heated under continuous dry running, with the result that they soon became soft and tacky and pulled to pieces. It is a good plan when you have to block off the fountain, to run a little castor oil, starting from the outside end of the rollers. It will gradually work to the centre and keep the rollers cool and free running.

∴ THE NOON HOUR ∴

A fool there was and he saved his rocks, even as you and I; but he took them out of the old strong box when a salesman called with some wild-cat stocks, and the fool was stripped to his shirt and socks, even as you and I.

* * *

It was a dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she watched with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to the following traffic.

"Young man," she said, "you look after that car of yours, and watch where you are going. I'll tell you when it starts raining."—*Literary Digest.*

* * *

SARCASM

The Man: "Two eggs poached medium soft, buttered toast, not too hard, coffee, not too much cream in it."

The Waiter: "Yes, sir. Would you like any special design on the dishes?"
—*Sour Owl.*

* * *

A slightly inebriated gentleman lurched into a cafe late one night and sat down at one of the tables. Holding the menu card upside down he gravely inspected it for several moments. Suddenly, in an excited manner, he yelled, "Waiter, Waiter! C'mere quick, send for the manager; thersh been a terrible mistake made, a terrible mistake!"

"What is it, sir?" gravely demanded the waiter.

"Jus' look at this," shouted the drunk, wildly waving the menu, "those darn fool printers have printed thish thing upside down!"

Dugald was ill, and his friend Donald took a bottle of whisky to him. Donald gave the invalid one glass and said: "Ye'll git anither ane in the mornin'."

About five minutes elapsed, and then Dugald suddenly exclaimed:—

"Ye'd better let me hae the ither noo, Donald; we hear o' sae mony sudden deaths nooadays."

* * *

A GOOD DOCTOR

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few moments. But the tears flowed on.

"Will nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No," she murmured. "It's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

* * *

Note the fly in the molasses and apply the lesson taught; he was where he had no business and for punishment was caught. Life is full of traps and pitfalls, set for unsuspecting feet; but we bite and take our chances, like the fly, to gain the sweet.

* * *

DOMESTIC SERVICE

"What are you doing in the kitchen, Thomas?" inquired the inquisitive wife. "I'm opening a can of tomatoes, if you particularly wish to know," he impatiently rejoined. "And what are you opening it with?" "Why, with a can-opener. Did you think I was using my teeth?" he added, savagely. "Oh, no, dear," she sweetly replied; "but I know you are not opening it with prayer."

THE DEVIL DID IT

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"? od ot em esivda uoy dluow dahw
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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

A certain officer went calling upon the village belle. The old man kept a very vicious housedog that was left untied at night. When the canine had finished with the captain the seat of the latter's trousers was missing. His brother officers, joshing him about his predicament, asked if the girl was worth risking his anatomy in that fashion. The captain replied: "Maybe not, but I have always been willing to give up my seat to any lady!"—*Judge.*

* * *

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or chew,
If your grub tastes like glue,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl,
For heaven's sake—*Marry the Girl.*

WHERE LIGHT WAS NEEDED

The stingy farmer was scoring the hired man for carrying a lighted lantern to call on his best girl.

"The idea," he exclaimed. "When I was courtin' I never carried no lantern, I went in the dark."

"Yes," said the hired man sadly, "and look what you got."—*Exchange.*

WALK THE REST

"How did you screw up courage to propose to the rich Mrs. MacTavish, Sandy?"

"Losh, mon, 'twas awfu'! I'd sworn I'd do it come Monday nicht, so I took her for a ride in a taxicab, and wi' one eye on the meter tickin' awa', I had her won at the end o' half a crown."
—*Tit-Bits.*

ALACRITY

"Can you spell 'avoid,' Jakey?"

"Sure, teacher. Vot is der void?"
—*American Legion Weekly.*

SMOOTHING THINGS OUT

"Do you mean to say that stuff will remove my beard if I just pour it on my face?"

"Absolutely; the other day the boss spilled some on the rug and the next morning when we came in we found we had linoleum."—*Brown Jug.*

NOT SO BAD—YET NOT SO GOOD

"Sam, where you been?"

"No place—just married."

"Thas good."

"Not so good. I'se stepdad to nine kids."

"Thas bad."

"Not so bad—got plenty of jack."

"Thas good."

"Not so good—held on it tight."

"Thas bad."

"Not so bad—owns a big house."

"Thas good."

"Not so good—it burned down last night."

"Thas too bad."

"Taint so bad. She burned with it."

"Thas good."

"Yeah, thas good."—*Selected.*

Canadaink for September, 1927

THE cover design on this issue of *Canadaink* is a practical demonstration of the effective use of color, printed from linoleum blocks. The key form in this instance is the light brown. The plates for the balance of the design were cut by one of our pressmen from battleship linoleum. The Inks used on the cover are Sp. Red No. 25833, Sp. Blue No. 25834, Sp. Orange No. 25832, Sp. Brown No. 25835, Sp. Tint No. 25836; while for the inside we used Antique Black No. 549 and Cloister Red 527.

◆

WE were "bletherin'-like" (as Harry Lauder would say) the other morning in the office. I had just returned from an out-of-town trip, and we were reviewing the general business conditions, with its possibilities for increased trade. Suddenly one of our chaps said, "Bill! if you were a printer, why would you buy CANADA INKS?" "Well," I said, "there are several reasons why I would buy them. I know their salesmen and the members of their organization. I also like the character of their advertising matter, and I know pressmen who have recommended their use to other pressmen. Oh! I could think up half a dozen or so good excuses why Ink would be purchased. But one of the chief reasons why I would buy them is because I believe they will give me splendid service and satisfaction—both in price and working qualities. It seems to me that if I was a printer, I should like to feel that I was using Inks that would help my work to look better. Then their factory is a model of efficiency and cleanliness. Efficiency in production usually means reasonable prices, and cleanliness in environment indicates desire for a higher standard of manufacture. I believe their business ethics are sound ones, and that a large percentage of their business comes from those who value reliability and honesty through years of business association. They are progressive in their ideas and are always working for the expansion and development of the printing industry by helpful suggestions. A quarter of a century calling on Canadian printers has helped me in forming this opinion. In other words I want to buy CANADA INKS because I have confidence in them and the firm that makes them."

Canada Inks

may be obtained from

VANCOUVER

SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

MONTREAL

SEARS COMPANY, CANADA, LIMITED

HAMILTON

BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG

MILLER & RICHARD

*

or direct from our factory

15 Duncan Street, Toronto

Agents for New Zealand:
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, Limited, Christchurch

Use More Color

— it commands attention
— it increases sales
— it benefits production
— it builds business

CONVINCE WITH COLOR

Write us for Color Suggestions

⁂

CANADA PRINTING INK CO., LIMITED
15 DUNCAN STREET, TORONTO

Canadaink

Winter Sports on Dufferin Terrace, Quebec.

Beauty in Printing
with
·· Canada Inks ··

CANADAINK

Being issued quarterly by the Canada Printing Ink Company, Limited, Toronto, for passing along items of interest to Users of Inks.

DECEMBER, NINETEEN TWENTY-SEVEN NUMBER THIRTY-TWO

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all

BILL says: "Poor service spells poor profit."

* * *

TANTON Black on Tanton Book makes a good partnership.

* * *

PEOPLE who think February the shortest month didn't buy many Christmas presents.

* * *

BILL says: "The most popular colors at Xmastide are 'long green' and 'holly green.' "

* * *

IMAGINATION is a wonderful thing. It even makes some people satisfied with poor printing.

* * *

CHRISTMAS is when we buy presents for other people and New Years when we make resolutions for ourselves. Wouldn't it be glorious if we could buy presents for ourselves and make resolutions for other people?

* * *

EXCERPT from a recent letter that tells its own story: "Our policy of standardizing on inks with one reputable house, in whom we have every confidence, is working fine. Pressman is pleased. Quality is fine. Everybody happy."

A FULLY equipped proving service has become a most important addition to the service given by the ink maker. Any color or tint may be accurately matched and proofs pulled, if needed, on samples of the actual stock when they are supplied with the order.

◆

YOU'LL find this world's a fine old place, if you'll but make a fight and meet dull care with laughing eyes and do the things that's right. If you will lead the children's steps across life's stoney road, and from some tired shoulders lift the heavy, toilsome load. If you'll but speak a cheerful word when things are sad and blue, or chase the shadows from a face and see the smiles break through. These little deeds are all we need to turn work into play, they free our paths from selfishness and clear dull gloom away. For kindly deeds are never lost—they sing a glad refrain; they sweeten up our daily toil and ease the weary pain.—*B.I.L.L.*

◆

The Year in Review

WE like to think of our customers as being shareholders in our business from the viewpoint of interest. Those who are doing reliable work or attempting to expand or trying new methods are always interested in knowing whether their supply houses are attempting to keep pace with them or not. During the year your Ink company has enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity. At the time this paragraph was written business for the year had not been closed, but, barring the unusual, this year will show an increase in every department of our business.

We are also pleased to report that with one single exception every sales territory in Canada has shown a gain over the previous year, while our export business has doubled in volume. We take this as evidence of your appreciation and approval of our efforts for which we are deeply grateful.

The year has also been marked by further improvement in our factory both in equipment and lay-out, and we enter the new year in a better position to serve you than ever before.

The personnel of our staff have tried sincerely during the year to maintain and enhance the reputation which the company has gained in years past for carefulness, economy and cheerful service.

The Color Age

ONE of the things which we particularly noticed at the recent Graphic Arts Exposition in New York was the marked emphasis placed on the use of color in merchandizing appeal. Few of us realize how significant and widespread this movement is. We have been told that color in advertising helps to sell more goods, but the color urge is marked in other ways than of advertising only.

Through its influence, very largely, we have broken away from the traditions of the past and are fitting our homes with furniture in all colors of the rainbow. This living with color has greatly increased our responsiveness to color suggestion and it is but one of the rapidly growing evidences of the new age.

A few short years ago a rainy day was about as dull and drab a thing as humanity could well wish for. But raincoat makers and umbrella manufacturers, having caught the spirit of the new age, are now marketing umbrellas and slickers in brilliant shades of yellow, brown, red, blue, purple and green to such effect that a rainy day crowd is almost as gorgeously showy as a sunshiny day, to the delight of our eye and the improvement of our good humor, or the elevating of our spirits.

Not only has there been a much greater appeal to the public to buy products in color but this appeal reached out in sometimes unexpected channels. A prominent fountain pen manufacturer advertises pens and pencils in a variety of pastel shades, while another fountain pen manufacturer places a band of color around the top of his pen to indicate the character of the point and broadcasts the heading "Pick your pen point by color." A typewriter company announces that they will supply their typewriters "in six beautiful colors to suit your taste." The automobile industry is swinging its appeal from mechanical perfection to the appeal of color coaches. And so we might go on enumerating the evidences that accumulate of the color age. Some printers and lithographers are fully aware of the situation and are preparing to make color bring profit to their shops.

Some Christmas History

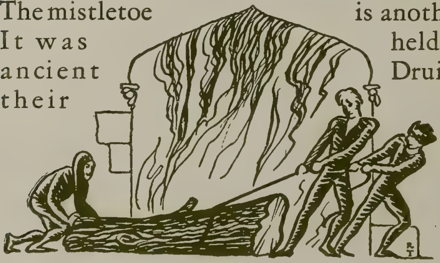
IT may come as a surprise to many people,'' says Sidney Heath in his book on ''The Romance of Symbolism,'' ''even to those who are aware how much is obscure in the early history of our Lord to learn that Christmas was adopted by the church for the birthday of Christ as late as A.D. 400, for up to that period the Fathers were quite uncertain of the exact date of the Holy Advent. S. Chrysostom writing at the beginning of the 5th century, says (Hom. 31) in reference to the pagan festival of the Sun-God ''On this day also the birthday of Christ was lately fixed at Rome in order that while the heathen were busy with their profane ceremonies the Christians might perform their sacred rites undisturbed.''

In all countries where Christianity was propagated are still to be found many customs, manners and popular superstitions which reflect their pagan origin. The change from paganism to Christianity was a slow and steady period of transition. In order to make it as easy as possible, the early Christian missionaries, with rare sagacity, adopted and used many heathen signs, symbols, statues, practices and temples of worship and endeavored to give them a holier and purer significance by incorporating them into the new religion.

The feasting and revelry attendant on the Christmas season can be attributed to a survival of the Roman Saturnalia (feast of Saturn) which was a festival held in December in celebration of the short days of the Roman Year.

The Christmas gift is supposed to have its origin in ancient Yule celebrations when garlanded maidens went singing from door to door ''Vaepael'' (''be in health'') they cried, extended the Wassail bowls of spiced ale, and received in exchange gifts of beads and ribbons. The Yule log still testifies to the rites of fire-worship, once connected with the season.

The mistletoe is another survival of the pagan days. It was held in great veneration by the ancient Druids and occupied a place in their religious rites. It also appears in Scandinavian mythology. It belonged to the god of love, and a kiss under it was the emblem of life and love.



One Christmas Turkey

WHEN I came home the other evening, after a week's jaunt among those whom I jocularly refer to as "our rural clientele," I was greeted with a whiff of such delightfully spicy and pleasing fragrance that I knew the sweet lady who calls me husband (she also calls me other names) was again busy in the kitchen; where—with rosy cheeks, an apron around her buxom waist, and one eye on the children, (with their capacity for mischief)—she was busily engaged in the compounding of those diversified and dubious brands of provender which our household is wont to consume in great quantities at the annual feast of Yewle.

At this particular time of the year the kitchen in a great many homes is a scene of activity—a place of mystery and enchantment. Tables are piled high with surplus groceries, and sinks with soiled dishes. There is much hustling and testing and tasting. While over all is the rich cloying aroma of spices, fruit juices, wine, candied peels, boiling syrups, and the other *materia medica* which go into the construction of those culinary mysteries that carry out their malevolent intentions under the *nom de guerre* of mince meat, plum pudding and Christmas cake. These must be prepared in advance, so as to be properly "blended" and "aged" before they make their appearance on the table.

While these occupy a certain place of importance in the "good time feasting" it is the roast turkey, (with its partner, cranberry jelly) that occupies the most prominent place. To it is given our greatest reverence and veneration. For upon the size and tenderness of this epicurean delight hangs much of the gastric contentment which follows its consumption.

We have been saving up for months now in order to have one of these birds for our Xmas dinner. Time was—and not so long ago at that—when, as a humble printer, I could have turkey, not only for Xmas, but occasionally for a Sunday dinner. But those days have passed. With the h.c.l. and the altitude to which the price of turkeys have aeroplaned, it is only plumbers, bootleggers and others of fabulous and taxable incomes that can afford them as a steady diet.

But high in price though they be we are going to have turkey this year—even if we have to sell our piano. For a Xmas dinner without turkey is like an "Uncle Tom's Cabin Co." without bloodhounds, or "Hamlet" without a ghost. We don't have turkey for dinner as often as some of the younger children would wish. When I tell them they would soon get tired of having it too often, they receive my statement with mocking derision and scoffing incredulity. But twenty years ago we had an unholy experience with too much turkey that proves my statement.

Some time before that Christmas we received information that our wife's sister (accompanied by one husband and two children) would pay us a week's visit. I was commanded by my good spouse to obtain by purchase, barter, barratry or other means, the largest turkey in captivity. As I was shortly going on a week's jaunt among some of the smaller towns in Ontario, I figured that there I might have better chances of getting a big bird than in the city. I landed a choice one of 23 pounds, two days before the trip ended. For the balance of that week it was my close companion and constant care, and I gave it as much tender consideration as an old maid with her first love affair.

On my arrival home about dusk I was confronted with an ominous red card fastened on the front door, "Scarlet Fever Here." Our youngest daughter (at that time aged four) had contracted the disease and was quarantined in the house. The festivities to which we had all so eagerly looked forward to were all shot "blooey." There was no alternative but to wire the folks to postpone their visit and make the best of our misfortune.

But we were not through our troubles, for that turkey had to be cooked and eaten. There was no cook, as "Mum" was also quarantined. As I had no previous culinary experience the job was tackled with dire misgivings. When it was finished I was a wreck of my former virile self, the air was blue, thick and sulphurous, and I had ruined my standing in church circles. My wife had fled, shrieking, to the topmost floor, and the children crouched in terror beneath the table. The kitchen looked as though it had been hit by a tidal wave, and there was enough fag-end crusts of bread scattered about to make bread puddings for a camp of lumber-jacks for a month. It was the worst job I ever tackled, and I shudder yet when I think of the quantity of building material that was dumped into the cavernous depths of that gargantuan bird.

With "Mum" sarcastically calling out instructions from upstairs, it was finally "made ready" and shoved into the oven of a coal range. At the cost of a ruffled temper, the use of a few irregular quotations and a couple of burns from hot grease, it was finally barbecued and dragged in triumph onto the table. It tasted fine then and wasn't too bad cold for the next three or four days—but after that we all turned in nauseous disgust from its cold carcass. A twenty-three pound bird, believe me, is some eating for four persons (two of them young children). In desperation the half-devoured remains were finally hurled into the garbage can with a few parting words (not of prayer), and we thankfully turned to more simple fare. Turkey is all right once in a while, but for a steady diet, Jiggs' choice is to be commended.

Getting back to more sensible things, I love the Christmas time and all that it means. What memories it brings! What pleasures it foretells! Of all the seasons it is the happiest and best. For life holds no sweeter pleasure in store than Merry Yule, with its age-old customs, with its feasting and merriment in commemoration of Him whose birthday it is. The children are all at home again, and the house rings with their cheerful laughter and jollity; while over all shines the mellow glow of the unfailing love which binds the family together and makes the home ties more beautiful and more lasting. So folks, I want to wish you all "A Merry Xmas and all the good things that it brings!"

Recipe for a Happy New Year

TAKE twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberty, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.—*H.M.S.*

◆

WELL printed cartons have become a vital factor in modern marketing. The use of bright permanent colors give them a rich distinctive appearance and a longer advertising appeal. Our carton Inks are made with those tested qualities demanded by the makers of more attractive packages.

The Dawn of a New Age

PRINTER'S INK is the sea on which our civilization is sailing along. We have passed through the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, the steam age; now we are at the dawning of still another age. The sun of the new era has reddened the east and the new day is upon us, but the meridian is still afar off. What the scholars of the years to come will call this age we do not know, but whatever it is called there must be given full cognizance of the power of printer's ink in shaping its destiny; of, in fact, creating it. Johannes Gutenberg will stand as the precursor of that age, for he invented movable type, and type has moved the world. With the first creaking of the first printing press, thought for the first time in the history of man took wings and became ubiquitous. The little rivulet of ink that had its source in the Gutenberg press has in recent years become a vast ocean of storm-tossed thought.

—MALCOLM W. BINGAY

A New Calendar

THERE is considerable agitation in the business world nowadays over a new calendar to supplant the one now in use, the big contention being that the present calendar has objectionable features which cause difficulty in business, owing to the variations in the length of the months. Claims are made that business and accounting will benefit if a calendar of thirteen months is adopted.

The calendar thought to most feasibly provide a substitute for the one now in use is the Cotsworth Calendar. It will consist of thirteen standard months of 28 days each, the first day always falling on Sunday and the last day, the 28th, falling on Saturday. The new month, to be called "Sol," will be inserted between June and July, as it is believed it will cause less confusion if placed there. The 365th day will be December 29th, but will have no week-day name. It will be known as "Year Day" and will be a holiday, falling between Saturday, December 28th, and Sunday, January 1st.

SOL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

In like manner in Leap Year, the extra day will be placed between June 28th and the first day of the new month. It will not have a week-day name, but will be known as "Leap Day."

The advantages of this calendar lie in the fact that all months would have the same number of days, the same number of working days, except for holidays, and the same number of Sundays. All months would have exactly four weeks, and quarter years and half-years would be of the same length.

The month would always end on Saturday, also holidays would always fall on the same week-day. The date of Easter could be fixed, which is another advantage. Yearly calendars would not be necessary inasmuch as one fixed monthly calendar would be sufficient.

◆

PRINTERS and publishers of Canadian Magazines will experience a slight measure of relief from the flood of foreign fiction magazines, in the recent action of the Dominion Government, whereby nearly fifty American magazines are subject to a duty of twenty-five per cent.

A. Y. Jackson, R.C.A., O.S.A.

THE cover design on this issue of CANADAINK is from the gifted brush of Mr. A. Y. Jackson, R.C.A., O.S.A., a very outstanding figure in the new school of Canadian Art, and particularly the "Group of Seven."*

The province of Quebec is his birthplace. He has a natural love for the country of the French habitant, with its quaint villages and old world atmosphere. It has furnished inspiration for many of his pictures. In his early days in Montreal he worked in several lithographing and engraving companies. It was sometime during this period that I became acquainted with him and his brother Harry.

Sometime later he went to Chicago where he studied at the Art Institute. But he had an ambition for greater things than commercial designing. He had a hunger to study abroad. Another year found him in Paris, enrolled at Julien's Academy. He remained in France for several years before returning to Canada—little dreaming that his next journey to "gay Paree" would be in the khaki uniform of a private in the Canadian army.

Jackson saw active service in France. He was wounded in 1916 at Sanctuary Wood, and invalided to England. Shortly after his recovery he was appointed by Lord Beaverbrook on the staff of the Canadian War Records in company with other Canadian artists. The collection of war pictures were afterwards shown in different Canadian cities where they attracted much attention and criticism. One of his pictures, "Entrance to Halifax Harbor," was shown at the Wembley Exhibition, England, and afterwards bought by the Tate Gallery, London—the first canvas by a Canadian artist to hang in the Gallery. Four of his pictures hang in the National Gallery, of Ottawa; and one each in Sarnia, Kitchener, and Hart House, Toronto, beside numbers in private collections. This summer he was the artist with the expedition of the Canadian Arctic patrol, S.S. Beothic, on her visit to the world's most northerly post-office and patrol post, which is only 800 miles from the North Pole.

We are planning to have representative Canadian artists design some of the future covers of CANADAINK.

*"A Canadian Art Movement," by E. B. Housser.

The Day's Work

A CUSTOMER writes in part: "that he has recently installed a high speed Miehle Vertical, and would like to know if the Platen Press Inks he has in stock are suitable."

—Platen Press Inks should work satisfactory on high-speed presses, provided they are soft enough. Their successful working depends on right consistency and suitability to the stock. It is only natural that an Ink which has been made to run on a platen press operating at slow speed cannot work the same as on a high speed automatic. The working conditions are quite different. Try our High-Speed Job Black which has been specially made for Vertical Miehles, Kellys and other automatic Presses.

◆

"WHILE printing an illustrated form recently we ran into a lot of trouble with dusty stock. We had to keep continually washing out the specks and dirt from the halftone screens. We intend taking this matter up with the paper traveller, but in the meantime we would like to know if you have had any experience with this kind of trouble and how it was overcome."

—Dusty stock is a very common and vexing problem. Modern presses are equipped with brushes to overcome this trouble. Where there is no brush on a machine about the only thing that can be done is to have each sheet wiped clean before printing. This can be done by taking a piece of soft muslin or cheesecloth, a trifle wider than the full size of the sheet, folding it with two loop laps, one of twelve inches deep and one of six inches. This should be securely fastened at top of a piece of card or pressboard the same width and depth as the cloth itself, then placed across cylinder band bars between the bands and the cylinder and the band bars adjusted so that the surface of the sheet is rubbed against the cloth in passing. The cloth should be removed at intervals and the dust shaken out.

SAVE a set of your hard form rollers for next summer. They will come in mighty handy when the weather turns hot and humid and other rollers have gone green.

◆

"IS THERE any difference in the uses for Japan and Paste Dryer?"
—Japan Dryers are most useful for Book, Job and Poster Blacks. On account of being dark in color we do not advise their use in colored Inks. Japan Dryers also cause inks to dry with a "hard top," which prevents another ink, when printed over it, from "taking" properly. Paste Dryers are much more suitable for colored Inks, and Halftone Blacks.

◆

"I HAVE noticed from time to time in the various trade papers, references to over-printing tints. Our practice has been to print tints first. We are a country office, and use Mixing White for our Tints. Will you advise us if this is the proper thing to use, and also what colors should be used with it?"

—Tints for over-printing should always be made of transparent material. You will not get the best effects in over-printing from the use of Mixing White, as it is semi-opaque. Use Transparent White as a base and use Transparent Yellow, Red and Blue or any lake color. They are tinctorially strong and are therefore economical in use.

◆

WE have had our skill tested many times in matching colors of bricks, cloth, leather, underwear, feathers, wood, sox, silks and many other objects, but the limit was reached a short while ago when a chap walked into our business office, and taking a live guinea pig out of his pocket, asked for a brown Ink to match the color of its coat.

◆

THE increasing amount of color used in the modern merchandizing appeal has brought the artist, engraver, ink maker and printer into closer co-operation and understanding. This has resulted in a greater appreciation of beauty and art in design and the evolution and development of color combinations almost beyond the imagination of a few years ago. It has brought increased prosperity to the printer and developed a higher appreciation of the importance of his calling.

The Noon Hour

THE very first type-printed book with illustrations was a Latin edition of the Biblia Pauperum, printed by Albrecht Pfister, of Bamberg, in 1461. There are only two copies known: One in the John Rylands Memorial Library at Manchester, England; the other in the French National Library in Paris.

⊙

FIRST it friz, an' then it blew,
An' then it snew, an' then it thew,
An' then we'd rain
An' then it friz an' blew an' snew an' thew
All over again. —*Angler's News, London.*

⊙

TRY THIS ON A TROMBONE

LLANFAIRPWELLGWYNGYLLOGERYCHEYRNDROBWELLANDYSILIOGOGOGOCH is the name of a small town in Wales. Literally translated, it means, "Church of Saint Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and near Saint Tysilio's Church, which is near a red cave."

⊙

"I NOTE," said the elderly gentleman, on his semi-annual visit to the city, "that the women are wearing two sets of garters, one of which evidently holds up their stockings, while the other pair holds up traffic."—*Life.*

⊙

THE XMAS NECKTIE

CUSTOMER (in haberdashery)—"I wish to see a tie in which blue predominates."

Clerk—"Here's one in which blue predominates, but the purple in it predominates even more, I think."—*Boston Transcript.*

IT'S dangerous to put up mistletoe nowadays considering what happens without it.

⊙

ANOTHER FROM ABERDEEN

THE son of an Aberdeen chemist took two shillings from a till and swallowed them. The father is getting on as well as can be expected.

⊙

OH! CLARENCE

IT was Christmas Eve. They snuggled in the sofa before the hearth fire. He had talked himself out without saying anything. She thought him slower than the mail man on Christmas morning.

"Do you notice," he observed, "do you notice how the fire reddens?"

"Yes," she sighed deeply, "but I'm sure it's not because of anything we've done."

⊙

He—"I want to buy a Xmas present for my wife."

Clerk—"Would something in silk stockings interest you?"

He—"Yes! Very much. But I'd like to see about the present first."

⊙

BACKING A LOSER

LITTLE Willie was meeting his grandfather for the first time.

"I'm your paternal grandfather," said the old man.

"What does that mean?" asked Willie.

"It means I'm on your father's side."

"Are you?" replied Willie. "Well, you can take it from me that you're on the wrong side in this family."

POOR KID

UNDER the leather hanging strap,
The homely maiden stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands,
And stands, and stands, and stands.

A SPIRITED REPLY

THE train had stopped, and an old lady put her head out of the window and asked a porter what she was stopping for.

The luggage-smasher was inclined to be facetious.

"Engine out late last night, mum," he remarked, with a smile, "so's she's got a thirst on her this morning; they's giving her a drop of water."

"Sure it's water?" inquired the dame.

"If you'll wait a minute I'll inquire if they're giving her port wine," he grinned.

"Never mind, my man; don't trouble," came the answer. "I thought, perhaps, by the way we've been getting along, it might be sloe gin."

SINCERITY

IN every relation of life sincerity is the secret of power. The merchant who does not himself sincerely believe in the virtue of his wares will not long succeed. The business man who sets about to fool other people, must end—as he has, in fact, begun—by making a fool, and a failure, of himself.

A THRIFTY SMOKER

AN Aberdonian entered a railway carriage, stared at the other occupant, and then claimed acquaintance. The other had forgotten him.

"Ah, I mind ye fine!" exclaimed the Aberdonian. "D'ye no' remember that last Christmas ye gied me a fine cigar? Mon, it was a grand yin. Why, even noo ah tak' a draw o' it on the Sawbath."

WITHOUT NAMES

A MARRIED couple had engaged a cook. She was pretty, but her cooking was terrible, and one morning the bacon was burned to such a crisp as to be wholly inedible.

"Dear," said the wife to her husband, "I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning."

"All right," responded the husband. "Call her in."

⊙

THERE isn't much to life but this—
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a fire, a friend,
And just a little cash to spend
As on we journey to the end.

A DAILY MIRACLE

THE supply of time is truly a daily miracle, an affair genuinely astonishing when it is examined. You wake up in the morning and lo! your purse is magically filled with 24 hours of unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life. It is yours. Talk about an ideal democracy. In the realm of time there is no aristocracy in intellect. Genius is not rewarded by even an extra hour a day.—*Bennett.*

GOOD MORNING

THERE once was a driver named Morning.
Who refused to heed any warning;
He drove on the track
Without looking back—
So they're mourning this morning for Morning.

—*Carnegie Tech. Puppet.*

WHICH?

FATHER—"You kept the car out rather late last night, son. What delayed you?

SON—"Had a blow-out, Dad."

FATHER—"Huh! Tire or roadhouse?"

OUR Printing Inks are made with every care and attention to ensure the maximum of service from their proper use. After leaving our factory we have no control, however, over their usage. They may be subjected to varying climatic conditions; or influenced to a marked degree by the style and speed of the machine on which they may be used, the finish and variety of paper and the kind of work, or class of form. They may also be subjected to alterations in their constituency by the addition of wonder-working (?) compounds of other makers. Any of these conditions will disturb the original purpose of Inks and cause them to work "awry." If possible, Inks should be worked as they come from the maker's hands. With so many alien—and sinister—influences at work, with the possibility of error, it is best to leave any alteration or change entirely to experts. The Ink maker is glad to co-operate, and special Inks for particular conditions can always be made at short notice. Bring your problems to us.

◆

We Want Your Opinion

THIS is the thirty-second issue of CANADAINK of which we have been guilty. We have gotten a lot of pleasure out of it—as well as some profit. We might as well frankly admit that we have found its publication profitable, for we'd be foolish to continue if we didn't. We know what it has done for us, but we are a trifle curious to know how it has helped our customers. So we are asking you to write us an answer to the three following questions:

1. Are you getting any benefit from it?
2. Do you receive a copy regularly (four times a year)?
3. Is your name and address spelled correctly? (This last one is quite important.)

To every interested person who will write us, we will reciprocate by sending a pressman's make ready carbon pencil. (This offer holds good a short time only.)

Will you kindly write us, and at the same time if you need any Printing Ink you will get prompt service.

PRINTED IN CANADA

Canada Inks

MAY BE OBTAINED FROM

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY CANADA LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

AND PUBLISHERS' NEWS INK
HALIFAX
SAINT JOHN
SCHOFIELD PAPER CO.

OR DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY
15 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO

AGENTS FOR NEW ZEALAND
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, LIMITED, CHRISTCHURCH

WE SHARE WITH YOU A CONFIDENT HOPE THAT THE COMING YEAR MAY BE ONE OF INCREASED PROSPERITY, PLEASURE AND PROFIT ❦ AND TO THAT END WE PLEDGE A CO-OPERATION OF SERVICE AND PRODUCT

CANADA PRINTING INK CO., LTD.
15 *DUNCAN STREET* ∴ ∴ *TORONTO, CANADA*

Canadaink

News Ink Number
MARCH
1928

STERLING BLACK No. 324
PEACOCK BLUE No. 515

CANADAINK

BEING ISSUED QUARTERLY BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, FOR PASSING ALONG ITEMS OF INTEREST TO USERS OF INK

MARCH, 1928 NUMBER 33

BILL says: "Enthusiasm makes many a hard job easy."

★

CANADA INKS are only sold by us direct or by our regular agents, a list of which is published elsewhere. Each can bears our label—and none other.

★

BE PROMPT. Unfaithfulness in the keeping of an appointment is an act of clear dishonesty. You may as well borrow a person's money as his time.—*Horace Mann.*

★

ONE of the very first posters to be printed in England was one which William Caxton, printer, announced in 1480, the sale of a collection of printed rules, "at the Red Pole," in the Almonry, Westminster.

★

A WELL-PRINTED newspaper is a valued community asset. Subscribers—particularly old ones—find it easy reading. Advertisers are well aware that there is a greater response from clearly printed advertisements than from carelessly printed and only partially legible ones. Better News Ink so often improves a newspaper's appearance. Our News Inks are smooth working—without grit or sediment—are dense color and very economical in use.

In addition to a full line of Black News Inks we make the following colors: Red, Blue, Green, Brown and Purple—for flat bed or rotary presses. We also make any special color to order.

OUR selling staff has recently been increased by the addition of Mr. W. W. Whitney, who formerly represented J. M. Huber Co.

★

AT the recent Printing Exhibition in New York we were interested in several exhibits by firms specializing in "manufactured weather." A few years ago little was known or understood about the deleterious influence of humidity on pressroom production, especially on the drying properties of Inks. Scientific research has to-day definitely established that Inks print best under certain definite moisture conditions, with the temperature within definite limits. Electricity—another pressroom hoodoo and one of the main contributory causes of offset—is eliminated under the air conditioning treatment.

★

EVERY-ONCE-SO-OFTEN I meet an old fogy who lives among the cobwebs of the past, and who continually harps on the way things were done in the good old days before there was "so dee much machinery." I'll grant some things have been sacrificed to speed and price. But I think more has been gained than has been sacrificed, for the greatest developments in the history of the craft resulted from improved methods of production. It is a truism that the individuality of the worker can never be expressed with machinery as it was in "the days when work was done by hand to the glory of God and the betterment of the craft." But who cares about that? Certainly not the Ink maker, for he is kept busy devising new formulas and grinding larger quantities to keep up with the increasing demands. Newer fields are opening up, and greater uses are being found for the printer's product, for, like Oliver Twist, the cry is always "more." High speed machinery has made it possible for the printer to meet the increasing demand. Quality has not suffered with the new changes, for better work is being printed with delicacy of impression, precision of register, and beauty in color than was ever dreamed of in the "coal oil days." The Ink maker has been associated with the wide spread evolution and has followed with new products to meet the growing requirements. We here introduce HI-Speed Job Black—a specially made Ink—for Kellys, Miehle Verticals and other fast operating presses.—*Advt.*

ORIGIN OF "PI"

A CURIOUS example of the accidents by which the smallest things may be preserved, there is now existing, preserved in Mr. Douce's collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, a handbill precisely such as a publisher of the present day might distribute. It was printed in William Caxton's largest type (about 1485), inviting people to come to his office and buy a certain book indicating the proper order of the church service:

"If it plese any man spirituel or temporal to bye ony Pyes of two or thre comemoracions of Salisbury vse enprynted after forme of this present lettre whiche ben well and truly correct, late hym come to Westmonester into the Almonesrye at the reed pale and he shal have them good chepe. Supplico stet cedula."

The preface of the present Liturgy of the Church of England explains what a Pye was:

"The number and hardness of the rules called the Pie, and the manifold changings of the service, was the cause, that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read, than to read it when it was found out."

It is a curious fact that printers even at the present day call a confused heap of types "Pi"; and while no one has attempted to explain the origin of the word, we may venture to suggest that the intricacy of this church ordinal might lead the printers to call a mass of confused and deranged letters by a familiar expression of contempt derived from the "Pi" which they or their predecessors in the art had been accustomed to work upon.

★

THE first known classified ads were used almost 2000 years ago —which gives this type of advertising a fairly ancient pedigree of public service. They have been found on stone "billboards" dug up in Pompeii, the Roman city buried by a volcanic eruption. Here is one of the "ads" discovered in Pompeii by Prof. David M. Robinson, of Johns Hopkins University:

"TO RENT, from the first day of next July, fine upper chamber and a house in the Arrius Pollio block, owned by Gnaeus Marius."

And the earliest of all "Lost and Found" ads:

"A COPPER POT is missing from the shop of Antonius. Whoever brings it back will receive 65 sesterces."

THE PROOFREADER

IN all the short and simple annals that record the travail of those gentle creatures who slave out their daily existence behind the scenes of a newspaper, very little that is kindly or sympathetic has been written about the proofreader.

Writers in the past have written reams about the "click of the type," "the roar of the presses," "the moulding of public opinions," "the might of printer's Ink" and other dripping platitudes—the dirty office towel has even been glorified in verse—and yet hardly anything of a laudatory nature has been written about the lowly personage whose hours are spent in a ceaseless search after the rampant wrong-font or the elusive and shifty semi-colon.

With a green shade to protect his eyes from the staggering lines of the galley proof—and his ears tightly closed to the doleful plea of the "two bit" borrower—he works out his own salvation, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

He has been a scapegoat for the errors and misprints of authors, poets, editors and reporters. The wily compositor has taken advantage of his tender and forgiving disposition, and has blamed him for many of their glaring typographical irregularities.

He is probably the most unanimously imprecated individual in the printing business, and on his luckless head has been heaped more denunciatory censure, more scathing obloquy, more fiery blasphemy and more sulphuric condemnation than on an army mule.

He has been asked more damfool questions than a floorwalker, and many of them have been answered with intelligence and forbearance. He knows more than some college professors, but not as much as a ward politician.

He doesn't worry about public or private opinion—(except the cashier's). His arena is a paper littered desk, and the Encyclopedia Brittannica is his vade-mecum. His job is the most thankless one under Heaven's blue canopy, and his financial remuneration as lean as a museum skeleton.

He goes his way unruffled and unperturbed, for he doesn't karadam for authors, editors, reporters, foremen or compositors—and they all know it.

About News Inks

NEWS INK is a very important factor in the making of all newspapers, but to the big city dailies, with their large circulations, special picture features and big-type advertisements, it is a matter of vital importance that it be as near perfection as possible. The questions of production, speed, coverage, density of color, legibility, (and price), are very carefuly analyzed for they are contributory factors to a standard of highest efficiency.

The job printer knows News Ink as the cheapest Ink procurable, and uses it on dodgers, posters and other cheap work, printed on news print, where quality is a minor consideration.

Yet News Ink could be very correctly described as a commodity composed primarily of carbon and oil, blended with skill, brains and experience, aided by scientific knowledge, applied research and technical observation.

The pressman has to contend with problems like the varying thicknesses, surfaces and absorbing nature of papers, the variety and use of fillers and pigments in the chemical paper-making processes, humidity of pressrooms, moisture of paper, stereotyping, etc. The solution of some of these lay beyond the range of practical experience. The manufacturer of Ink and the pressman were thus brought into closer co-operation with the chemist and his test tube. Science has been able to more easily adjust and rectify many of the pressman's perplexities.

A wider knowledge of the many factors that must be considered as well as avoided tends to a higher standard of production.

In the making of Newspaper Ink there are two main factors to be considered, and with slight variations these two factors can be used to describe nearly any Newspaper Ink. They are those of consistency and color.

There are other questions that do, from time to time, enter into the consideration, such as odor, stain, drying, plucking, grit, grinding, coverage, etc., but in most cases where consistency and color are correct, the Ink will be generally satisfactory.

We have divided our Newspaper Ink into ten classifications for description of consistency, No. 1 being the thinnest and No. 10 the heaviest. This list will be found in detail on page 16.

NEWS INKS

Consistency—

The consistency of an Ink is what gives it the proper printing quality. The consistency required in an Ink will depend upon:

(1) Speed of the press.
(2) Inking arrangements.
(3) Temperature of machine room.

Color—Three Standard Blacks

Any of our Inks listed for consistency are supplied in three grades of color. (a) Standard, (b) Dense Black, (c) Bluetone Black. When required, any of these colors can be altered.

(a) The Standard Black is the color most generally in use, and CANADA INKS are equal in color to anything we know on the market.

(b) Dense Black is a better quality of Ink than Standard to which has been added additional color in blue or black toners to make it more intense.

(c) The Bluetone News is a pleasing black with a strong blue toner. On type and solids the blue cast is not much in evidence, but on halftones and illustrations it has a decidedly bluish appearance.

It should be borne in mind when speaking of color in News Ink that the quantity of Ink carried by the machine tender or pressman makes a great difference in appearance. Where sufficient Ink is not used it can not work its way down to the bottom of the pores in the paper, with the result that under a magnifying glass some of these low spots in the paper do not show any Ink coverage. This means that the printing will have a gray appearance; while a trifle more Ink would show up quite black. An Ink that is too heavy in consistency may also give the same effect. On the other hand, if too much Ink is carried, there is danger of offset, smearing and penetration through the paper.

Stain.—When you notice a yellowish brown stain on the back of a sheet (usually opposite large type or solids) it is caused by the oil in the Ink penetrating too far. A dark stain indicates the use of low grade oil. You will not find this defect in

CANADA INKS because of the fact that we use a base oil that is very clear in color and almost free from stain.

Drying.—All News Inks dry by absorption. That is, the Ink absorbs into the paper and is dry almost as quickly as it is printed. When Ink still remains wet it is usually because more Ink has been carried than the paper can absorb. An Ink of stiff consistency will also penetrate more slowly into a paper with a hard surface. An Ink of thinner consistency would help to overcome this.

Odor.—A strong, rancid smell is not desirable in newspaper Inks. For this reason the oils used in CANADA NEWS INKS are all passed through a deodorizing process with the result that there is no objectionable smell in the premises of the printing plant nor for the readers of the paper.

Fluff.—All news print paper will have more or less particles of loose fibre. If the Ink is too tacky this loose fibre will be picked off the paper and frequently carried back to the Ink fountain where it will accumulate, making the Ink look very gritty and dirty. It is not unusual for fine pieces of metal, such as shavings from the stereotype, or even chips off the letters, to find its way into this accumulation. If this occurs on a particular lot of paper the best cure would be to use a slightly thinner grade of Ink until the trouble has passed.

Coverage.—The number of papers that a particular Ink will print is not a reliable guide on which to report the quality of any newspaper Ink. CANADA INKS are made with a maximum covering ability. We use no fillers or heavy materials of any kind. The number of papers that may be printed from any given quantity of Ink varies according to a number of contributory factors, like the moisture content and the absorbent quality of the paper and the closeness of its texture; the amount of Ink which the pressman carries on the paper; the size and face of the type used in headings and display advertisements; the number of advertising cuts and other illustrations. A uniform color throughout the entire paper is, of course, most desirable, but it is not unusual to see copies of a paper in which some pages will be carrying a surplus of Ink and other pages not enough to cover properly. Even on the same paper without changing the fountain settings at all there will be a difference in the number of papers that may be printed by Inks of differing consistencies.

The following very illuminating and valuable information was sent us by a pressman with many years' experience on several metropolitan dailies. This data was taken from records extending over many years, and is quite accurate. We quote as follows: "Records kept for over ten years show that the amount of News Ink required to print 1000 eight page papers has varied but little from year to year."

"These records were computed from the gross amount of Ink used, and include wash up, cleaning fountains, and other general wastage. While the yearly average has been as low as 1.53 pounds, and as high as 2.24 (caused by larger sized sheets) the mean average has figured out at 1.72 for ten years."

Perhaps the most important facts are that despite the many variable sizes of sheets, the changing grades and finishes of news print, the vagaries of advertising display—and the use of some Inks from other sources than our own—the percentage average has remained very steady.

Offset.—An indication that the Ink is not penetrating as quickly as it should. Try the next thinner grade of Ink.

Temperature.—Normal pressroom temperatures are from 70-80 degrees F. Newspaper Inks are made from mineral oils which have a tendency to thicken or congeal in cold weather and to become softer in hot weather. This makes it advisable to have an Ink of different consistency for summer or winter use—a slightly softer Ink for winter and a slightly heavier one for summer.

During the winter season, if the machine room is cool in the morning, an Ink that is otherwise quite suitable will become too tacky and stiff for good printing but will return to its normal printing condition as soon as the temperature returns to the normal printing point. A thinner grade of Ink helps to avoid trouble of plucking, etc. In the summer time, during the hottest period of the day, an Ink may become too thin for good printing but will return to its normal condition when temperature again returns to normal. A heavier grade of Ink equalizes the condition and gives better printing results.

Grinding.—All our News Inks are finely ground and are free from grit or other foreign substance. All Inks of consistency up to No. 5 are passed through a triple set of fine wire screens to prevent any possible lumps or foreign matter getting in, that might cause trouble.

LOOKING BACKWARD

BACK in the early days of John A's regime, any country town in Canada, of any importance, had at least one weekly newspaper. It was located on the Main Street, just over the bridge, and but a stone's throw from the post-office. Flanked on one side by a cooper shop and a harness and saddlery shop on the other, it occupied the ground floor of a plain two storey building, which had previously been used by an agency for agricultural implements.

There were two entrance doors from the street, one of which opened into the newspaper office, and the other led above to a dance hall or lodge room. The balance of the front was taken up by a large window, divided into about a dozen panes, across which was a printed sign reading "STEAM....INTING" (a wandering brick bat hurled by a bigoted partisan one election night had shattered the panes of glass in the middle of the sign which accounted for the hiatus in the lettering).

Stretched across the inside of this window was a piece of wire to which in due season were fastened the posters describing the social activities of the *genus equs,* the auction sale bills of farm stock and implements, or the lurid lithographs of itinerant Swiss bell-ringers, Jubilee singers or barn-storming Uncle Tommers.

The business office was in the front and was partitioned off from the work-room by an unpainted wooden partition about six feet high, which also served as a bill board for funeral cards and other smaller announcements. This space was further divided into two sections by a short counter. A plain wooden table—piled high with exchanges, etc., until there was hardly any room left—occupied part of the office proper. Here the editor labored with pen, paste pot and scissors—often far into the night by the light of a coal-oil lamp—to produce enough "copy" for the regular issues of the paper.

The office and work-room were heated by old fashioned wood-burning stoves, the wood for which had been taken in exchange for subscriptions. It was the days of barter and exchange. Town advertising was often paid in groceries and dry goods, and country subscriptions in cordwood and cabbages. Money was scarce, and no sane or conscious printer would refuse anything marketable or eatable as a *quid pro quo* for subscriptions or job work. (I well remember that the first made-to-order suit I had was taken in exchange on an advertising contract). Many a printer augmented his income (?) by the sale of railway and steamship tickets, marriage licenses, and other monetary "pick-ups."

Back of the partition was the workroom, with its wooden cases of type, imposing stone, paper cutter, platen press, and all the other needed "working tools of the craft." The newspaper press was an old fashioned drum cylinder of doubtful age, and still more doubtful repair. The power was supplied by a steam engine located in a shed at rear of building. When motive power failed to function on publication day the services of a stout-armed individual was secured, and at the price of a gallon of beer and fifty cents in lawful currency the paper was issued by man-power in time to catch the mails. Some other contemporaries (but these were in the more remote sections) were still being printed on the primitive hand press.

On Saturday morning the needed amount of paper for the next issue would be "wetted down." Paper came in folded quires and it was necessary to "break their backs." When broken they were alternately placed in a large flat trough and lightly sprinkled with a watering can. This was continued until the entire edition had been given a thorough drenching. A flat board the size of the paper was placed on top of the baptised pile and weighted down with a couple of "hell boxes of pi."

Five or six workmen in advancing stages of apprenticeship made up the working force. They set up the type for the paper by hand, made up, distributed, and took their turn at job work. The two outside pages (which went to press on Tuesday) had the front page devoted to a continued story ("The Island Princess," "The Stolen Bride," "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "St. Elmo," and others of like ilk being very popular). The inside pages were given over to condemnatory political editorials, quack medicine advts. and country correspondence, with an occasional "slam" at the rival paper.

The big features were the local doings—the stories of meetings of town and county councils, prize cattle, firemen's picnics, ladies' aid societies, prize babies, big eggs, golden weddings, amateur theatricals, church lectures, chicken dinners, oyster suppers, giant pumpkins, spelling bees, quilting parties, and county politics. Like the personal paragraphs, they were full of interest to those taking part. Names were freely used, for well the foxy editor knew that every mentioned name sold a paper.

On publication day (usually Friday) the entire staff would be on the jump all day until the last minute copy was set up. The forms were locked up with "hickory nuts" and a shooting stick, and rushed onto the press. As the papers came rushing hot and damp from the press at the bewildering speed of 500 per hour, they were folded by hand; the carrier boys were supplied for local delivery; "singles" and "bundles" were addressed and wrapped, and the bags of mail carried over to the post office. What that duty was performed, the staff went home to supper—and not until.

A journeyman's wages averaged about $7.00 for a week of sixty hours. Apprentices received about the same amount per week as the years they had worked. A good journeyman could set up straight matter and advts., take a crack at posters, law briefs, railway tariffs, tickets, or anything in the line of job work; do binding, cut stock, run both job and cylinder presses, make glue and molasses rollers; in fact, do anything needed around the place. It was the era of "the all-round man." The day of the specialist was still in embryo.

This is just a fanciful, composite—and yet fairly accurate—picture of a country printing office in the early '80's.

What a wonderful transformation the passing years have effected in "the fourth estate." The primitive environment and crude equipment have passed on. The old time country paper has emerged from its chrysalis and now stands in the full glory of a leadership matured by time and service. To-day it is issued from an office resplendent in cut stone or tapestry brick front, plate glass and mahogany furniture. The proprietor sits in an easy chair in his private office, clipping coupons instead of exchanges. Typesetting machines, labor saving devices, automatic presses and modern equipment have given the printer a respected position in manufacturing circles.

Some of this prosperity was brought about by the amalgamation of so many papers. The desire for publishers to pool resources and experiences in an effort to make the craft more prosperous and progressive would seem a natural evolution.

The community is being better served with home and foreign news, telegraph press despatches and other special features, and the printer is almost receiving his rightful monetary consideration.

THE DAY'S WORK

"WHAT are biscuit overlays? I've heard of chalk, powder and flour overlays, but never of a 'biscuit' one. Are they soft like mother's biscuits or hard like a young bride's? Can you tell me anything about them?"

—A biscuit overlay is simply flour dusted over an impression pulled in tacky Ink and then baked. It was never a practical success.

★

"SHOULD entire cylinder press be washed up every night or only form rollers?"

—It is always good pressroom practice to wash up cylinder presses every night. (This includes Ink plate, form rollers and "doctors"). Where this is not possible some Non-dryon should be worked on rollers and plate, and Ink in fountain covered with a sheet of oiled paper. This prevents Ink from drying or skinning over. Any dust which settles during the night may be easily wiped off before starting up next morning.

★

FROM a country customer: "We print our newspaper on a Duplex Press. At times we are bothered with the roll of paper breaking more frequently than we like. Then again there are days when we will run without a sign of trouble. We will be grateful if you will give us an idea as to what would cause this."

—We think your trouble is caused by the variation in the humidity of your pressroom. With low humidity (about 25%) newsprint becomes dry and brittle and tears easily. It also increases static electricity, which causes the web to cling to the roll, and everything else it touches. These conditions are more liable to occur in winter than in summer, owing to artificial heating. Perfect working conditions are favorable in an atmosphere averaging 55 to 60% humidity. The trouble can be often overcome by thoroughly sprinkling the pressroom floor or by opening the steam cocks where there is steam heating. A hydrometer is a necessary addition to pressrooms in which there is a variation in moisture content.

"WILL you tell us how lithographers are able to get such a high gloss on labels? We have used different kinds of glossing preparations without any success."

—This class of work is usually done on a varnishing machine, with special oil or spirit varnishes. Many firms use a conveyor which takes the freshly varnished sheets through a hot room where the temperature is well above 100 degrees. It is almost impossible to exactly match a lithographer's gloss on a type press, but a very fair job may be accomplished by using our Overgloss preparation.

*

"WE recently had a form of halftones to put on coated paper. We had trouble with the Ink 'plucking' on the solid backgrounds of two of the cuts. The balance of the cuts were ordinary halftones and printed without any trouble. What would cause the plucking?"

—Plucking is, of course, more noticeable on solids. It may be caused by several things. Very often too low a temperature will cause it, when Ink becomes cold and tacky. The coating of the paper may be very delicate, or Ink may be unsuitable. The remedy is to remove the tack out of the Ink, and instead of using reducers use Reducing Black, which overcomes the trouble without weakening the color.

*

EVER striving towards greater efficiency and helpfulness we are now able to co-operate with a very convenient pump and truck for use in newspaper pressrooms without a tank system. The barrel or drum of Ink is placed on truck and wheeled to a convenient place near the fountain. A rotary pump, with plunger attachment inserted in drum, enables the Ink to be pumped direct to fountain. There has always been Ink waste, annoyance and "cussing" in having to fill fountains with a dipper or coal scuttle. The use of a pump is convenient, clean and satisfactory. Write us for information and prices.

★

BILL says: "High quality and low price don't belong to the same family."

THE NOON HOUR

NEWS ITEM

A large number of the crowd were perfectly camouflaged against the wall, which was also plastered.

★

COMPLETE SUCCESS

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE: "Are you sure this cleaner that you are selling will really take out the dirt?"

AGENT: "Will it? Say, lady, yesterday I rubbed some of it on a copy of 'Scandalous Stories' and when I got through I had the 'Sunday School Gazette!'"

★

THE EDITORIAL "US"

A negro started a newspaper in Alabama. He had noticed how white editors used the word "we" for "I," so he went one better when he said: "Us sho' feels grateful fo' all de good things dat's been said 'bout us's paper."—*Florida Times-Union.*

★

VERY PITIFUL

A gentleman was walking down the street with a little boy at his side, when the boy cried out: "Oh, pa! there goes an editor!

"Hush, hush," said the father, "Don't make sport of the poor man, God only knows what you may come to yourself, some day."

★

HOT SOCK!

"The Heel you say."—From a hosiery advertisement in a New York newspaper.

A NEWSPAPER STORY

A Scotchman went to town for a holiday, and a friend met him wandering down the street with a pair of trousers over his arm.

"Where are ye goin', Sandy?"

He replied: "Oh, A'h'm lookin' for the 'Aberdeen Free Press.'"

★

SURE, IT'S A CINCH

Most any man can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks a month, twelve months in a year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, landing on his back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Mr. Fang, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib."—*Exchange.*

★

FOUND AT LAST

Diogenes met us on the street

"Well, Mr. Almost N. Editor, whaddya know?"

"Oh, nothing much," said we.

Whereupon Diogenes blew out his lantern and went home to bed.

NO USE TO OWNER

Advertisement in a country newspaper:

For sale, a secondhand monument, slightly used. Great bargain for a family of the name of MacSnortle.

★

BREVITY

A cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for prolixity and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shocking affair occurred last night. Sir Edward Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that."

★

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we purloined this from another paper.

We did—and we thank him.—*Dental Craftsman.*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Seven years ago a farmer living only a few miles from the city hung his vest on the barnyard fence. A calf chewed up a pocket of the garment in which there was a standard gold watch. A short time ago, the animal, a staid old milch cow, was butchered for beef and the timepiece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the respiration—the closing-in and filling of the lungs—kept the stem winder wound up, and the watch had lost but four minutes in seven years. — *Lyon News.*

★

NO EPHS NOR CAYS

The following, clipped from the *Rocky Mountain Cyclone,* shows how completely the English language is adapted for sudden and unforeseen emergencies:

"We begin the publication ov the *Roccay Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphphiculties. The type phounders phrom whom we got our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistaques will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ephs and cays and xs and qs hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling, aphter a phashion, till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it is a serious aphphair."

Ten Standard Grades of News Inks

1—SUPERSPEED THIN. For a Web Press with spray fountain, requiring an extra thin Ink.

2—SUPERSPEED MEDIUM. For Web Presses using a spray fountain.

3—SUPERSPEED HEAVY. Slightly heavier in consistency than Superspeed but thinner than regular Web Press quality. This Ink is for use on a Superspeed Press when a heavier consistency than No. 2 is required, possibly during summer weather.

4—STANDARD WEB PRESS NEWS. Consistency for any Perfecting Web or Rotary presses using key fountain.

5—WEB PRESS HEAVY. For use on Web presses where heavy Web Press Ink is desired.

6—TUBULAR DUPLEX. An Ink made specially for use on the Tubular Duplex press. Suitable for Web presses with speeds of about four thousand per hour.

7—DUPLEX. Suitable for the Duplex Flat Bed Presses.

8—HEAVY DUPLEX. Heavier than above. Might also be used on Cylinder Press where thin Ink is desired.

9—PUBLISHERS NEWS INK. Made for use on Cylinder Presses, an Ink with good body.

10—EXTRA HEAVY CYLINDER NEWS INK.

Grades of Ink between these numbers in consistency are only made on special order. Prices on application.

*

PUBLISHERS News Ink must be giving satisfaction judging from the increased consumption last year. Our agents sales have been steadily growing. Our Maritime customers are being supplied by Schofield Paper Co., St. John, N. B.

*

WE call this issue of *Canadaink* our "News Ink Number," and have devoted several pages to a characterization of its properties. The Inks used on this cover are Special Blue No. 26923, Dominion Red Medium, Bronze Orange No. 518 and Sterling Black No. 324. The inside Inks are Sterling Black No. 324 and Peacock Blue No. 515.

CANADA INKS

may be obtained from

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY, CANADA, LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

◆

or direct from our factory

15 Duncan Street, Toronto

Agents for New Zealand:
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, Ltd., Christchurch

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than 4 per the produci plantations.

A number of years, however, will be required to capitalize the potentialities of the Ford concession.

CANADIAN PRINTERS TO BENEFIT BY IMPROVED INKS

Local Firm Makes Big Success In Manufacture

[Shouldbea Press Despatch]

Toronto, March 1st.—Canadian printing offices are likely to be very materially benefited by the achievements of the Canada Printing Ink Company, a local concern, with a factory located at 15 Duncan Street, City. They are manufacturing a very fine line of printing and lithographing inks for every printing purpose Their product is entirely Canadian made This firm has made wonderful progress in the manufacture of all kinds of printing and lithographing inks. Their factory is very capably managed, and is a model of neatness and cleanliness The grinding mills and interior of factory are painted white. Visitors are always welcome.

Australian Wool Clip.

The chairman of the National Council of Wool-selling Brokers for Australia, G. Aitken, has announced that the estimated wool clip for the Commonwealth for the season 1927

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CANADAINK

HI-SPEED BLACK NO. 333

GREEN TINT NO. 27475

Printed on High Speed Press at a speed of 3000 per hour without slipsheeting.

CANADAINK

Being issued quarterly by the Canada Printing Ink Company, Limited, Toronto, for passing along items of interest to Users of Inks.

JUNE, 1928 **NUMBER 34**

BILL says: "CANADA INKS are good in 'the long run'."

* * *

"IF you think color doesn't mean anything try driving past a RED traffic signal."

* * *

COLOR is the magic carpet of our dreams on which we are transported from a dull, common-place and prosaic present to a gorgeous and intriguing land of romance and enchantment.

* * *

WE believe our new Color Studio will be of interest to our many out-of-town friends. We extend a cordial invitation to all who are on a visit to the city to come in and look it over.

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THE marked preference that pressmen are showing for Sterling Black is emphasized by the increasing quantity being shipped. Its all round general suitability is proving to be "what the doctor ordered" for illustrated printing.

* * *

THERE is no climate, no place and scarcely an hour in which nature does not exhibit wondrous displays of color which no mortal effort can imitate or produce. All our artificial pigments, even when seen under the same circumstances, are dead and lifeless beside the living green of growing leaf or the rainbow hues of fresh flowers.

BILL says: "Bad temper is like garlic—even a little is too much."

* * *

THE everyday problem of selecting Inks for suitability and printability need no longer be a perplexing one. We have many formulas that have been used in the solution of pressroom difficulties in the past. They are at your service. They carry an assurance of wide experience in work-a-day problems.

* * *

COLOR in all ages has been the vehicle for expressing happiness, for celebrating victories and for creating an atmosphere of wealth or good fortune. It therefore seems perfectly reasonable to assume that the widespread and growing use of color in all the different phases of our social and business activities is but the natural expression of a happy, prosperous and contented people.

* * *

AMONG the first things a summer visitor notices on a visit to our factory is the lawn of green grass on the Duncan Street entrance. This is alike our pride and despair for it takes constant attention to keep it green and verdant. The factory walls are also pretty well covered with green Ampelopsis Veitchii (in vulgar parlance—Boston Ivy). Bob, our engineer, always has a display of flowers along the lawn, and the bright blossoms give a welcome and homelike touch to the otherwise grim and dusty environment of a factory district. Another little instance where "the color appeal" wields an influence.

* * *

UNDER the title "Canada—9,360,000 Prosperous People," the following recently appeared in Efficiency Magazine of London, England. There are only 9,360,000 people in Canada but they earned more money last year than the 140,000,000 people of Russia. They earned £610,000,000—so says the latest edition of "Lydiatt's Book." This amounts to £330 per family.

In Ontario—the richest part of Canada—the earnings in 1925 were £356 per family. So Canada has a buying power of £610,000,000 a year.

It is the buying power, not the population, that counts in measuring nations. *And Canada now has a greater buying power than any other nation in the world.*

June, Nineteen Twenty-eight

THE LAW OF KARMA

ONE of the oldest natural laws—in existence ever since the dawn of time—is the law of reaction. It speaks in all languages and is present in many guises. It is omnipresent and ever pervasive. In Sanskrit it is known as the "Law of Karma." In Biblical lore it appears as "bread upon the waters." In modern parlance it is known as the "comeback." It is also known as "chickens come home to roost," and "it's a long lane without an ash can." It is the law of the boomerang—that returns to the person who hurls it.

The whole practice of commerce and human endeavor is built upon this law, which can be boiled down to the simple aphorism, "Like begets like." It is the secret of all success, and yet it is one immutable law that is so often overlooked.

The basic expectation of all business activity is the same whether it is making printing or plumbing, printing ink or perfumes. Returns are always in ratio to the amount of conscientious endeavor, honesty of purpose and standard of materials that is put into a product. When cheap, shoddy and indifferent goods are sent out in slovenly and dishonest ways there will be a reaction of like kind.

A business without sound ethics cannot grow and develop and retain the confidence of their customers any more than prize-winning stock can be developed from a mongrel strain.

There is no side-tracking the reaction of our daily activities—whether in business or social undertakings. It rests entirely with the individual whether the character of the "comeback" will have an influence for good or evil. "The Law of Karma" will always determine value and usefulness.

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IN the theatre colors are generally very well handled. In posters advertising a heavy tragedy the deep purples and red-purples are apt to be used; for a comedy the colors would be lighter, more cheerful.

NAMING COLOR

THE incongruous character of the present-day color nomenclature, and the necessity of a standard system for measuring color, instead of by guess and by gosh, must be apparent to those who have given the subject any consideration.

Manufacturers of colored dress fabrics, of silk and wool yarns and ribbons, of dyes and dry colors, etc., have always had a problem in the selection of original (?) names that would designate the color character of their particular products. In order to be different from their competitors, the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, the earth, the skies above and the waters beneath the earth, have all been ransacked in search of odd and bizarre appellations. The result has been an accumulated hodge-podge of confusing and often ludicrous names, many of which have no relation to a color and which utterly fail to convey any color conception. What color for instance is "elephant's breath" or "burnt onion" or "hellish blue" or "ashes of cornstalks" or "fresh spinach" or "ecclesiastic" or "valencia?" To-day the most popular and satisfying (to the masculine eye) displays of color are the soft pastel shades of silk stockings with which "my ladye faire" adorns her dainty limbs. How many can intelligently describe the tints as designated by "honey beige," "cataract," "atmosphere," "misty morn," "cocktail," "valerie delis," "rivoli," "soubrette," "fanchon," "carnival," and so on—*ad infinitum*—or rather *ad nauseam?* Yet many of these names are in actual use and are taken from standard textile color sources.

You see a new color perhaps, or an old color with a new name. Try to describe it by one of these fancy names. How well do you succeed?

In ordering Printing Ink the same confusion is evident. Two customers may order what they term a "Real Red"—one might mean a light Red, which the second would spurn and call "bricky," while the second might mean a deep Red which the first would say "looks like murder."

USE
CANADA
INKS

GREEN is the color of nature, is symbolic of youth and vigor and is emblematic of cheerfulness, victory and plenty.

Because of this association of Green with new life an assurance company has successfully used it in their printed arguments to heads of families.

Imperial Green *No. 3*
Olive Green *No. 1*

are fairly fast colors and will prove suitable for booklets, brochures, catalogues and other printing not subjected to extreme exposures.

Imperial Green ∾ **Olive Green**
No. 3 **[With Black No. 324]** **No. 1**

CANADA PRINTING INK COMPANY, LIMITED
15 Duncan Street, Toronto, Canada

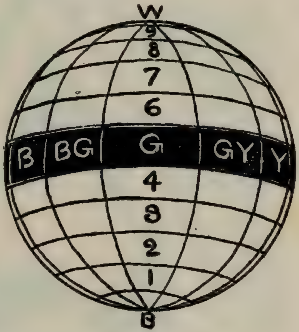
June, Nineteen Twenty-eight

A great deal of these confusing and differing conceptions of color, color names, or color values, may be blamed on lack of teaching in our school days, for there was nothing taught in the way of a scientific balanced system of color notation.

This condition need no longer exist, for after years of patient study and experiment there has been designed a measured system of color notation that will definitely name and intelligently describe any color. It is a system known as the Munsell Color System, and was devised by the late Prof. E. C. Munsell, of Boston, a University professor, artist and color student. The system is now being taught in a great many of the higher schools of the country, by art societies, and will in all probability become "standard."

The foundation of all color is light. The purest colors are the spectrum colors commonly seen in the rainbow—or by the refraction of the sun's rays through a prism.

In arranging the system, Prof. Munsell took the prismatic colors, or band of color as seen in the rainbow, and by joining the two edges makes a circle which he places on a sphere, at the equator. In this band of color, there are five hues which he terms primary, and five middle hues which take the common term secondary. The primary hues are Purple, Blue, Green, Yellow and Red. The secondary or intermediate hues are Red-Purple; Purple-Blue; Blue-Green; Green-Yellow; and Yellow-Red. These are designated in the system by their initials.



Munsell Color Co.

Each color is divided into three qualities of hue, value and chroma. Hue is the quality by which one color is distinguished from another, as Red from Yellow, a Green, a Blue or a Purple.

Value is the quality by which we distinguish the steps up and down in each hue. (Color values are loosely called tints and shades, but the terms are often misapplied.) Chroma is the intensity by which we distinguish a strong color from a weak one.

In stages from black to white there are ten steps of grey, measured by the amount of light reflected. These are called neutrals because they possess no color and are designated as N1, N2, etc. N5, for instance, is a neutral grey that will reflect 50% of light. N7, a neutral grey that will reflect 70% of light. Colors or hues are measured in the same way. As an illustration: R4 will be a Red that will reflect 40% of light, BG6, will be a Blue-Green reflecting 60% of light, P5, will be a Purple reflecting 50% of light. This is easily defined and descriptive and may almost be visualized without a demonstration. In the sphere the neutrals form a vertical axis, the black at the south pole and white at the north pole. Space in this issue does not permit us to outline the system sufficiently to make it intelligent to one who has not had an opportunity to visualize it, but an invitation is cordially given you to visit our office where we will gladly demonstrate some of the advantages, and explain how the system is arranged and how its correctness is proven.

If we may be allowed a little prophetic latitude we see in the future the general installation and adoption of the Munsell System as soon as its value and use is known and understood. To Ink Makers in particular it offers a great many advantages. No longer will bulky and expensive catalogues need to be issued, with their confusing and puzzling nomenclature. Instead there will be issued a convenient Munsell color chart, with its divisions of hue, value and chroma all clearly marked. Then when an order comes in for R¾ or Y⅞, both the Ink Maker and the printer will have a visible and happy understanding of the exact color requirements, having to make allowance only for the different kinds of paper used.

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I HAPPENED across an instance recently where an otherwise plain looking booklet was given a touch of color that changed its entire character. A tint block was made to register with a line engraving of the building which was used on the cover. A forest green cover paper was used and the tint block printed on it in Cover Red—the balance in Black. The result was so outstanding and different that the printer secured an increased price that more than compensated him for the extra work. The use of tint blocks in color offer many possibilities and is a simple way to improve the appearance of a printed page. It is just another little idea that some printer could profitably use.

WHAT DETERMINES VALUE.

ACCORDING to a computation presented by Dr. Charles H. Mayo of international fame, a man is worth about 98 cents—on the theory that the product-value of the ingredients of the human body totals:

(1) Seven bars of soap.

(2) Enough iron to make an eight-penny nail.

(3) Enough magnesia for one dose for a sour stomach.

(4) Enough potassium to explode a toy cap.

(5) Enough sulphur to take the fleas off a dog.

(6) Enough lime to whitewash a moderate-sized chicken-coop.

(7) And enough phosphorous to cover the heads of 2,200 matches.

No doubt the eminent authority is perfectly correct—from a material or quantity standpoint. But, by gravy, I'd hate to think that any man's value could be reckoned by the worth of his raw materials instead of the results of the finished product.

It doesn't matter a hoot whether a man's by-products have any marketable value—whether they're worth thirty cents or ninety-eight cents—his real value will always be gauged by his usefulness and service to mankind.

Value in anything is largely determined by results, rather than by the cost of the materials. Many a commonplace thing has a sphere of usefulness out of all proportion to the small cost of its make-up.

A loaf of bread may be obtained for eleven cents (unless it's Hovis*, which is 15c. North Toronto price) yet its value to a starving family could not be computated.

What value do you suppose a drowning man would place on a three dollar life preserver if he was going down for the last time?

Printing Ink is another article that can be added to the list of commodities that should be bought from a quality rather than a quantity complex.

*Advertising rates on application.

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OUR new Tyrian Purple is being well received, and orders have come in from Vancouver to Halifax. The manufacturers of the dry color claim it the most permanent Purple yet developed.

THE NIGHT OF THE BATH

IF there is any truth in the old saying "that cleanliness is next to godliness," then we must be a godly people, for we have an inherited and indoctrinated belief in the free and untrammelled use of hot and cold water (with a little soap). Many of us even brag about taking a cold bath every day. I think the bathtub could well be incorporated into our coat-of-arms, for its use has been woven into the very fabric of our civilization. This popular indoor aquatic sport now shares a common glory with sleeping porches, shoe-shine parlors, chewing gum, hot dogs, exposed legs, bootleggers and other evidences of modern refinement and culture.

Some of this instinct for water (external use only) may have been inherited, but a lot of it came from early home training.

Back in my barefoot days (and that's a good many years ago) Saturday night was almost religiously regarded as the "clean-up" night of the week. It was the time when anxious parents rounded up their recalcitrant offspring preparatory to the weekly purification. There was no evading this ablutional ceremony. No alibis were accepted—not even in summer when we mendaciously magnified the number of times we had been in the old swimming hole. No matter how strenuously we protested that we were clean and spotless, once Saturday night came around we would be soundly soaked, soaped, scrubbed and scoured in conformance to established custom. A stern parental code decreed that we should be well and truly parboiled before donning the Sabbath raiment which was the hall-mark of family respectability. Regular attendance at Church and Sunday School was an imperative decree, and we appeared there clean, sanitary and antiseptic, as befitted the offspring of staid and respectable burghers.

Very few homes in our town at that period had separate bath rooms. Porcelain tubs, shower baths, tiled walls and floors were an unknown luxury. There was no town water supply. The only running water in the bedrooms came through a leaky roof during a rain storm. The standard and popular type of "bawth" was a wash-tub in the kitchen or woodshed—the balance of the plumbing being located elsewhere.

Sometime during the afternoon of the fatal day a couple of big iron pots would be filled with rain water from an outside cistern—or melted snow in the winter time—and placed on an old-fashioned wood stove to heat. With a limited supply of water and an unlimited supply of children (for it was the age of old-fashioned families) it was necessary to be economical. The water was therefore heated as hot as possible so that at least two or three of the smallest youngsters could be soused in the same water before it became too cold.

This Saturday night ritual was a regular institution, established through custom, necessity, and a certain amount of precaution, (not that there was any fear of a visit from the Sanitary Inspector, but it was wise to be prepared.) Under the detergent influence of soft soap and hot water accumulated layers of real estate were gradually dissolved, and children's features again became recognizable and familiar to their parents.

While this aqueous ceremonial was more or less publicly perpetrated on the youngsters, our elders more modestly practised it in the sanctuary of their bedrooms. Whether the victim was of gaunt proportions or endowed with a plenitude of blubber, it required considerable gymnastic ability and a lot of enthusiasm to stand in a few inches of water in a cold bedroom and make a satisfactory job of the operation.

For centuries diseases of filth have taken a toll of millions of human lives. It is hard to believe that when the practise of regular bathing was advocated as a means to health that many leading doctors, professors and men of science protested against it. They claimed that it robbed the body of those essential exhalations which were condusive to health and longevity.

Self respect and godliness thrive on the free use of soap and water. The "night of the bath" has become an integral part of our scheme of living.

OH! THE VERY IDEA!

ONE afternoon not long ago I sat in a printer's office in another city and listened to a salesman condemn to everlasting damnation a firm of Toronto printers who had the cheek to deliberately snap up a nice booklet order for a local concern on which he had previously been working. My! but he was wrathy.

"The helluvit is the buyer tells me they are paying a higher price than I quoted. Now I know that he is very close in his dealings and prices always count with him. I figured the job down as fine as I could. I doubt very much if he paid more. There must be some other influence at work."

That salesman was suffering from what could be termed in modern parlance, a price complex. He had an idea firmly implanted in his mind that price was the only point of contact and he couldn't imagine anyone securing a job on any other basis. Now I happened to know something about the job in question, and I told the salesman his viewpoint was wrong. The order was placed because the firm in question sold an idea, accompanied by an artist's sketch and dummy, that was new and different. *And they got their own price for it,* which was higher than their competitors. Not much of a story, but it holds a moral.

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BILL says: "Breaking a promise is often regarded as a business opportunity."

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KEEP ON CALLING

HOW many times have we heard a salesman (?) say "No, he didn't buy—he wasn't in the market, and I didn't go back!"

He didn't go back. But somebody else did. One day the prospect was "in the market." He wanted goods, and he thought of the chap who kept on calling—who couldn't be rebuffed. That was the chap who landed the order.

Next time you hear anybody say that it is "no use to try again," remind him of Bret Harte's Forty-Niner, "You may be right, pardner, and I don't want to contradict ye—but I'm d—d sure it aint so!"—*W. E. Crum.*

June, Nineteen Twenty-eight

USING APPROPRIATE COLORS

THE appropriateness of colors used in advertising appeals play a large part in success or failure.

Can you, for instance, imagine an exclusive specialty shop painting its store front in a bright red or yellow-red? Yet chain stores patronized by the average house-wife do use these colors quite successfully.

Colors appropriate for advertising the sport model of a medium priced car would hardly be suitable for full color pages advertising the higher priced cars. Refinement and quality are not suggested by intense colors. Nor would the identical colors used in a magazine advertisement for either of these expensive models be suitable for an outdoor poster. The same subtle, refined colors that might show exceptional pulling power on a magazine page would lose their power and character on an outdoor poster. Stronger colors would be needed, yet they might be used in such a way as to give the same effect gained on the magazine page.

Any advertising manager who suggested using the same dark heavy colors in selling furniture for a man's library and for a woman's boudoir would doubtless be considered just a trifle "color-blind," to say nothing of his ability as an advertiser. It would probably be this same advertising manager who would not see the difference between a refrigerator advertised in warm yellow-reds and one advertised in cool blues, nor in a furnace advertised in cold blues instead of warm yellows and reds.

The season in which an outdoor advertisement appears has a great deal to do with the choice of color. Many color schemes effective against the white of a new fallen snow would be quite powerless against the soft greens of spring or the rich foliage coloring of autumn.

The suitability of color is also a factor in advertising psychology. Just as the use of purple suggests richness or arouses a response of grandeur, and the use of blue confidence and honesty, so likewise other colors have their own peculiar reactions.

In fact there are many things to be considered in making a choice of appropriate colors, they must suit the object advertised; they must reach the reader's understanding; they must be in keeping with their environment.

THE DAY'S WORK

A COUNTRY printer writes in that he had trouble in printing White Ink on dark cover stock. The result was a very "messy" looking job. The Ink used was Job White.

Although some criticism could be made about the size of type used—which was not bold enough for work of this character—the trouble was largely due to the kind of Ink used. Cover White is the only Ink that can be successfully used on work of this description. To obtain best results two or more impressions should be made. The first impression should be just light enough to print sharp without too much "squeeze" and with enough Ink to cover well. Allow from three to four hours before giving the second or more printings. Some pressmen try to get by with one impression, and "flood" the form with Ink. The result is a mottled appearance. Use our Fine Cover White No. 337. It is specially made of heavy opaque pigments. Do not reduce. Use straight from can.

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IS there anything satisfactory that can be used to dust over a job that has to be jogged up and delivered in a rush?"

—Calcined magnesia is often used for this purpose. Dust it lightly over the printed surface, and remove the surplus with a piece of soft cotton batting. We believe that a better way on rush jobs is to print them with a moderate amount of Bond Black No. 519. Carefulness in handling is the essential feature of all rush work.

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A FRIENDLY pressman recently showed me a home-made drying cabinet, which he is successfully using for small rush orders. The cabinet was about 3 feet each way. A slatted rack, with one-inch openings, was placed about halfway up. The heat was supplied from four electric bulbs of 120 candle power, placed equi-distant at bottom of cabinet. The walls were made of strawboard tacked to a light wooden frame. The idea is a useful one—and can be constructed very cheaply.

June, Nineteen Twenty-eight

"WE lately printed a booklet on India dull coated, using a good grade of stiff halftone Black, which previously had always worked O.K. The results were disappointing, and we were wondering if special Inks are needed for dull coated papers."

—Dull coated papers are more difficult to handle than those with a glossy finish. The surface is very tender because there is no final calendering or polishing as with ordinary coated papers. They are very sensitive to contact and should have Inks specially made, which need to be soft in body and dense in color. On account of the soft, chalky surface the Ink must be made to penetrate.

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A CHEMIST of experience in defining the causes of "fading colors," described it as "molecular disintegration due to the stimulating action of sunlight." Fastness of color to light should always be considered in a comparative sense, as it is influenced by constantly changing periods of light-resistance. Many Printing Inks however have a very long period of light-resistance. For all practical purposes they would be classed as permanent as they remain fairly fast under the many and changing atmospheric conditions to which they will eventually be subjected. These periods of resistance can now be accurately determined by the use of lamps with powerful violet rays, equalling the disintegrating effects of sunlight. A sample of Ink exposed to these direct rays in our "Fadeometer Lamp" for a period of hours would show about the same effect as though it had been exposed to the same number of days of sunlight The tests by the lamp's rays are always the same and therefore more consistently reliable, as the strength of natural sunlight varies with the seasons. All our Printing Inks that are sold as being permanent have been subjected to the lamp test. Nothing is now left to chance.

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EXTRACT from a customer's letter: "Your Blue Black News Ink is so darn good that I hate to go back to the ordinary kind so we will have to have some more even if the price is higher. Ship me 100 pounds, would like it in 4 25-lb. tins."

THE NOON HOUR

FRAME your mind to mirth and merriment, which bar a thousand harms and lengthen life.

HOW WE PROGRESS

IN the old days if anybody missed a stage coach he was contented to wait two or three days for the next. Now he let's out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.

SAFETY FIRST

THE oversized woman, explaining to her companion why she got off the car backwards, said that she overheard one of the straphangers who stood in front of her, whisper to his neighbor straphanger that when the fat woman got up he was going to pinch her seat.

THE GROUND UP

A MAN, playing a round of golf, drove off with a mighty swipe. Something soared into the air. It was not the ball, however, but a big clod of earth and grass. "Extraordinary!" grunted the player.

"Yes, sir," remarked the caddy. "It does seem a bit out of the common."

* * *

A YOUTH met a maid at the shore,
And he said, "You're the girl I adore;
I trust, yes, I do,
That I'll see more of you,"
And she blushed, and he wondered what for.

THE NEW COLOURS

NEW names for various tints are found
Each week by enterprising drapers.
These often have a pleasant sound;
I read about them in the papers.
Such words are legion — and then some,
And yet the cry is still they come.

From Mexico to far Cathay
Are drawn the phrases they are using,
And candour forces me to say
I find this jargon most confusing,
Who scarce have got upon the tracks
Of "nigger," "powder-blue," and "saxe."

How shall I sing of some fair maid,
Recounting all her beauties duly,
And telling of sweet eyes whose shade
I possibly set down as "coolie,"
When they are really likely "ch'ing"
Or "nekko"—quite a different thing?

If I describe her "toltec" hair
In order to be in the fashion,
Perchance I drive my love to tear
Her "Maya" locks in sudden passion.
Yet, ere we learned this alien stuff,
Auburn and blue were good enough!

—*Evening News.*

HIS MISTAKE

YOUNG Man—"May I have this dance, Madame?"

Young Matron—"No, I am too danced out!"

Young Man (trifle deaf, but wanting to be polite)—"You're not, madame; you're just pleasingly plump."

TO PRESERVE CHILDREN

TAKE one large grassy field, one half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles and sprinkle the field with flowers. Spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. When brown remove and place in a bath tub to cool.—*Health Bulletin*

* * *

SANDY Macbeth had starved to
death.
On a one-man car we spied him,
A sign which read "Pay as you leave,"
Lay on the floor beside him.

* * *

VILLAGE Constable—And I walks in and catches him there takin' the money out of the safe. I shows him my badge, and he looks at my papers so I sez, "You're under arrest," but he wouldn't believe I was a officer, and by cripes, I had to let him go.

* * *

TEACHER—"Norman give me a sentence using the word 'diadem'."

Norman—"People who drive on to the railroad crossings without looking diadem sight quicker than those who Stop, Look and Listen."

* * *

WAS MOTHER IN?

SWEET Little Thing—"What time is it?"

Boy Friend—"Half past four; it won't be long 'til morning."

Sweet Little Thing—"Goodness! Mother will be worried. I should have been in bed an hour ago!"

HEAVE TO

SHALL I bring you some dinner?" asked the steward of the ship?

"Yes, you may bring me one on approval," replied the passenger, as he gazed over the bounding deep. "I may not want to keep it."
—*Widow*

* * *

LIMBERING-UP EXERCISES

THEY had just met at Atlantic City and were sitting on the beach:

She—"What a wonderfully developed arm you have."

He—"Yes, I got that playing basketball. By the way, were you ever on a track team?"
—*Drexel Institute Drexerd*

* * *

THE WELL DRESSED MAN

THE young woman had just returned to her rural home from several years in the big city. She was exhibiting the contents of her trunk, to the admiration and amazement of her mother, who had bought her clothes for forty years at the general store.

"And these," said the daughter, holding up a delicate silken garment, "are teddies."

"Teddy's? You don't say! Young men are certainly different from what they used to be."—*Akron Times.*

* * *

THE RULING PASSION

GOLF'S a mighty funny game,
I never got it right;
You buy a ball for ninety cents
Then knock it out of sight.

You hunt around in weeds and thorns
And find it in its den—
And take a club and try to knock
It out of sight again.

OUR COLOR STUDIO

WHAT with carpenters, electricians, painters, etc., our offices for nearly a month has been as jumbled as a box of "pi." We have lately been making some alterations in the arrangement of our business office, which allows the staff a little more elbow room, and the directors and salesmen a little more privacy. We have moved the city stock room down stairs—an arrangement which enables city orders to be handled more expeditiously. We have also installed a "Color Studio"—an idea we have had under contemplation for some time past. It has been fitted up with modern appliances for scientifically measuring and proving the proper colors for harmonious and effective combinations. The decorative color scheme has been worked out under the Munsell system of color gradation—an explanation of which appears on another page. We believe we have installed a unique laboratory for the study of color and its possiblitities. Its objective is quite separate and distinct from the chemical laboratory in the manufacturing department. Color occupies a very important part in the modern merchandizing appeal. A wider knowledge of its possibilities is condusive to bigger business. Visitors to the city and others are welcomed to come and spend a half hour or so in an interesting environment.

❧

EACH succeeding issue of our house organ carries with it a real desire for service and co-operation. The enthusiasm of the editor into making *Canadaink* as human and helpful as possible is but the reflected attitude of our entire organization. We are co-operating with you in a desire for higher standards of craftsmanship through the use of our products.

❧

THE Cover Design of this issue is by Mr. F. Coates, Professor of Architectural Modelling, Toronto University. The Inks used on the cover and inside are Special Green No. 27472, Special Red No. 27473, Job Yellow No. 27474, and Dull Black No. 24759. The Tip-in on inside front cover is printed with HI-Speed Black No. 333 and Green Tint No. 27475.

Canada Inks

May be obtained from

VANCOUVER
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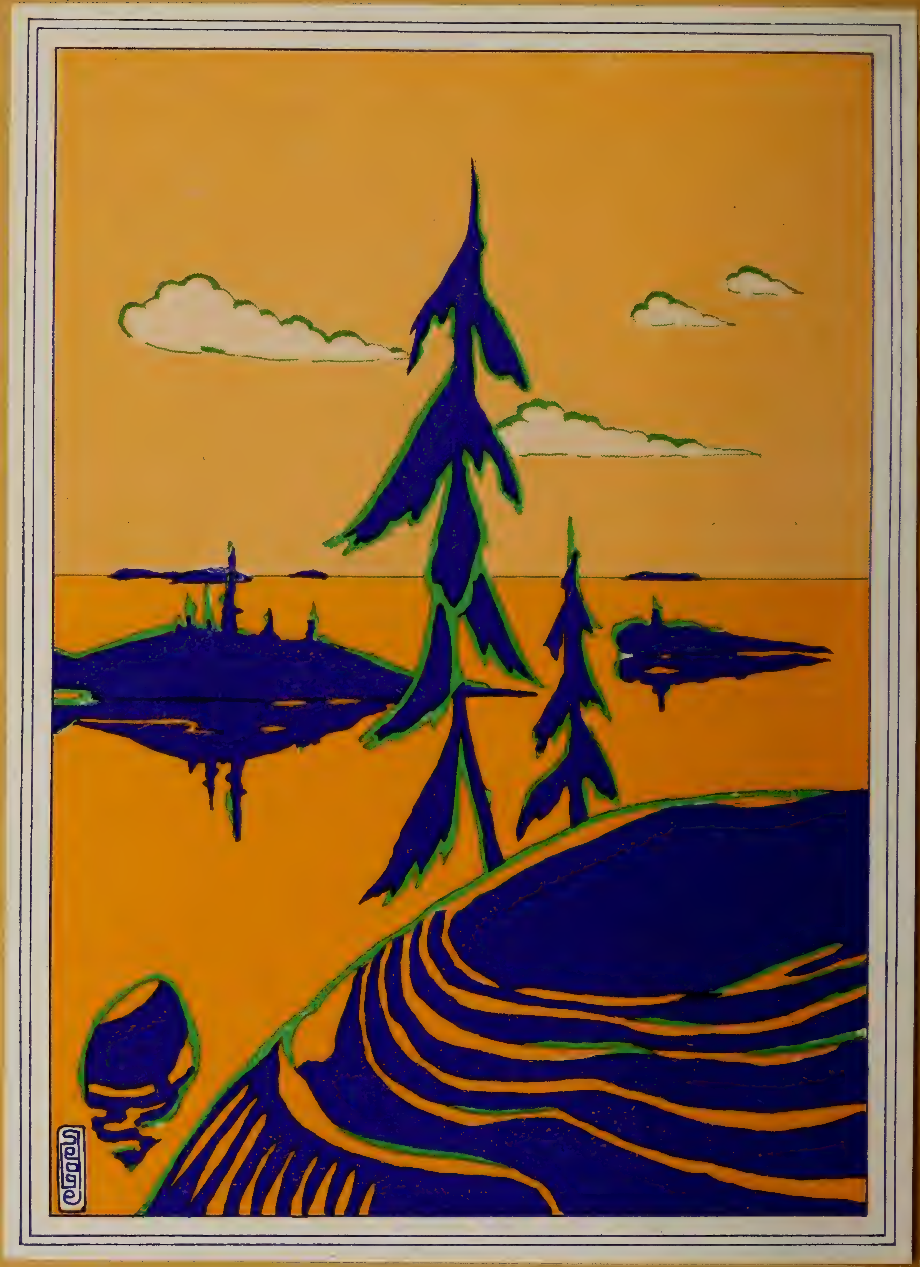

ORANGE LAKE — No. 28065
BLUE LAKE — No. 28066
GREEN LAKE — No. 28067

CANADAINK

Being issued quarterly
by the Canada Printing *Ink* Company *Limited*, *Toronto*
for passing along items of interest to *Users* of *Ink*.

September 1928 Number 35

Bill says: *"Hot words often cause coolness."*

* * *

THE dependability of Canada Inks is based on the care and skill exercised in their making. No detail has been overlooked in order to ensure a product that will give service and quality. Manufactured honestly throughout, with materials of the best that can be obtained, their use will give greater pressroom efficiency and production.

* * *

A PRINTER can have no better or more lasting advertisement than the quality of his product; and there is nothing like good Inks—Canada Inks—to help him attain that quality.

* * *

PUBLISHERS News Ink sales have been showing a steady increase throughout the year. Sold only by our accredited agents under our own label.

* * *

WHILE I was in the factory the other morning I noticed that our Superintendent had several slips of paper stuck up on the inside of one of his office windows. These were printed samples of our new Tyrian Purple No. 603, and were being tested for permanency behind Vioray glass, which admits more ultra-Violet rays of sunlight to penetrate than ordinary window glass. These samples had been placed there on March 15th, and after five months' exposure there was no change. The color was as vivid as when first printed. A pretty good test, eh? Printers and lithographers need have no anxiety about using this color.

Bill says: *"The first cost may be judged by the invoice, but the last cost is judged by results."*

■ ■

IT is cheaper to make an Ink to sell on a price basis than it is to make it to sell on a quality basis. Good inks must have good materials, and care and attention must be given to their manufacture. All Ink makers can get good materials—if they want to. Some of them do. The real test comes after Inks have been manufactured. A buyer's interest lies in getting results—production and finished appearance. Our interest is to see that Canada Inks have all these—and more.

■ ■

THE less guess-work put into business the more profits taken out.

■ ■

WE have lately introduced HI-Speed Black No. 444. It has been specially made for printing ledgers, linens and bonds on Kellys, Miehle Verticals and other high speed presses. HI-Speed Black No. 333 is for coated stocks.

■ ■

IN this issue of *Canadaink* we have attempted a touch of the modernistic treatment of display which is so much in vogue at present. The colors used on cover are Red No. 27940, Yellow No. 27925, Green No. 28052, Dull Black No. 169. On inside: Black No. 549, and Yellow No. 27925. The paper used is Parkdale Cover and Bard of Avon India for inside. (Owing to the flaming criticism of the compositor who was responsible for the display, we thought at one time it would have to be printed on asbestos.)

■ ■

STERLING HALFTONE BLACK—Here's an Ink that you will want to be using. Made with special care to ensure good working qualities. Its lovely black appearance adds to the beauty of illustrations and text.

The Contented Printer

FROM morn till night I laugh and sing, my work is filled with glee, for right at home I've found the place where I'm content to be. No foreign scenes appeal to me, I'm deaf to call of wild; to all the quiet ties of home I'm gladly reconciled. I have no wish to roam about, I wouldn't give a cent to see the place where Caesar died, or other ancient gent. My daily work takes up my time and constant pleasure brings in printing jobs for busy folk to help them sell their things. I know no place where I can get as much real honest fun as in the pressroom with the boys when all my presses run. I have no hoard of worldly wealth, I'm rich in worth-while friends, for wanderlust can never bring what friendly service sends. The folks I serve mean more to me than Hindoos. Turks or Chinks; let others roam, I'll stay at home and use up printing inks.—ADVT.

■■

Nature Colors

FIRST the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away. —*Selected.*

■■

A PRINTING office should be neat and clean. Order and system are necessary to efficiency and success. The impression that a customer receives when he enters an office where everything is in "apple-pie order," is worth more in dollars and cents than if the place was all cluttered up with old papers, "pi" and other unnecessary litter.

Selling with Color

A SIGNIFICANT guide as to the effectiveness of color is its growing use in mail order catalogues and magazine advertising. The percentage of colored advertisements in magazines alone has increased from three per cent. to 36 per cent. in the last ten years. Color pages in mail order catalogues has a sales complex greatly superior to pages in black ink. One of the larger mail order companies recently printed one page in color in half an edition of its catalogue, and printed the identical page in black ink in the other half. The only change was in the catalogue numbers assigned to the articles on this page so as to key the relative returns. Sales from the page in color were fifteen times in excess of the sales from the black-on-white page.

Manufacturers of motor cars have also realized the color appeal and this year the trend to harmonious colors has been recognized more than ever. The plain black vehicles of only a few short years ago will soon be as scarce as union bartenders.

■ ■

Looking Backward

THOSE who are acquainted with the Biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah will recall that when Lot's wife looked back she was promptly transformed into a piece of rock salt. Lot didn't look back when he was told not to. Not on a bet; he just went ahead and looked for another wife. The lady-in-question could not keep her thoughts off the old place, the old life, the old neighbors; so womanlike, she turned backward for a parting squint—and in punishment was metamorphosed into a lump of *sodium chloride.*

Looking backward in business is just as dangerous. A great many people go through life with the self-same old ideas they had in the beginning of their business career. They have never progressed. The habit of thinking in the past shuts out new opportunities and new advantages. To progress we must keep our eyes turned forward. Success comes from keeping up to date; to being alive to modern innovations, to being

alert to progressive ideas. "Dry rot" is a term often used when describing the closing up of some old established business. It is just another name for "looking backward." Refusal to keep up to date or to progress with the times; unwillingness to scrap machinery that has had its day; fear to take a chance on some new innovation, or to venture into a new field, had been responsible for many failures. There is no such thing as standing still today in business—we either progress or fall behind—and out. Petrification of mind didn't end with Lot's wife.

* *

Was it a Co-incidence?

ABOUT six months ago we began the planning and construction of this Fall number of *Canadaink*. To that end we had an artist design a cover embodying symbolic and other emblematic figures appropriate to the 'season of the falling leaf.' Four colors were to be used, and the treatment was to be in the latest fashionable style, charitably called "modernistic." In fact, we had intended calling it "A Modern Number." But alas, "The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley," as Heilan' Rabbie says. A printer-person by the name of Croft—(Robert Dixon Croft, to give the gentleman his full legal and baptismal title)—saw fit to take, possess, seize and otherwise obtain control of our chosen title, and attaching the said title to a recent issue of his own house organ—did forestall us in its use. We wish it to be clearly understood that we make no accusation against the said Croft—(he has an account with us)—and we do not believe that he was actuated by plagiaristic or piratical tendencies. Only the action is so apparent that we are convinced it savors of something more than mere co-incidence. Can it be possible that this gentlemanly burglar is the possessor of uncanny powers of divination; and that he either secretly practises sorcery and black magic or is endowed to a superlative degree with the occult faculty of conjectural presage or prediction? In the middle ages persons suspected of possessing these uncanny powers were burnt at the stake as being in league with his Satanic majesty. Unfortunately modern society no longer encourages this form of punishment.

La Vogue Moderne

FOR some time past style-periodicals have been accustoming us to strange distorted female shapes upon which were displayed the various trappings of feminine appeal. The type used with them in display had a foreign look; was not pretty to look at, and not always easily decipherable. It marked the introduction of a new trend in art decoration and advertising appeal which is charitably referred to as "modernistic." Apropos of this new style, I was strolling along St. Catherine Street in Montreal not long ago in company with another commercial nomad, when our attention became attracted by a display of furniture and draperies *a la moderne* in the window of a large departmental store. While we gazed in awe at the weird shapes, angular designs and garish colorings, I remarked that it was a sign of the invasion of our home by the modernistic influence. "Well," my friend said, "It may be modern but it looks goofy to me. Gosh! If I had to spend much of my time in an environment like that, I'd go clean dippy, and before long I'd want to do something desperate—like giving money to my wife, or beating a policeman with a rake."

I used to think that this cubist or futurist treatment, with its angles and planes, was only exploited by a few extremists, but it has spread into many of our other activities, and now it has invaded the field of typographic display. Well, I don't suppose we will suffer very much or very long from its influence. Ever since old John Guttenburg started the movement towards "type lice" and "italic quads," the craft has had to put up with individuals floundering around in a jumble of type, rule and ornaments, trying to evolve "a new style." Many of these typographical expressions possessed considerable merit and lasted a respectable length of time, while others faded silently away like a dying cream puff.

The first style in type and printing naturally followed the lines of the hand lettered MSS. of the scriptoriums, which was almost entirely in text type, with wide margins. As the newly developed craft spread over the different countries, the number of master printers increased, and new styles expressing the character and individuality of their creators, came into being. These old printers had a love for the craft, and the clear legible types and beauties of page design that we hold as a heritage from them are still our highest inspirations.

About the time that I started to master the tenets of this most delightful of all callings (?) it was considered very *au fait*—(or *de trop*, or what have you?)—to crowd as many faces of display type into a job as was possible. When an old time compositor got "going good" he managed to get about everything into a title page that the office owned, excepting perhaps the office cat.

There also existed a period of rule-twisting and bending, when many weird creations made their appearance only to suffer a well-deserved demise. When the De Vinne type was originated it again brought into fashion simple treatments, when only one face of type was used, but of varying sizes. The typographic tendency for many years had been along simple, dignified and classical lines.

A writer in one of the leading trade journals says that "modern art cannot be detached from its background of current life, and the new tendencies in printing cannot be understood except by comprehending their relationship to all phases of modern art. Good typography in the modern art must be legible first of all, although legibility is yet to be defined."

In many examples of this so-called style, appear fat, black-faced or freak types, some of them so gross as to be almost illegible. They are surely different from those we have been accustomed to, and their appeal may come from that angle; for despite the oddity of their appearance they are not without some power. Many of these uncouth creations seem to be depending more on their weird character than on legibility and ease of delineation. That is a sign that some radical change must take place before this modern treatment will be generally approved of; for the moment a compositor or designer forgets to make his lettering legible, or distorts the message, he mars the usefulness of his product. Type must be legible. The printed word must be read. Printing soon degenerates unless this basic truth is recognized.

The birth of a style is an evidence of evolution. Some of the exponents of this modern trend claim that it is an expression of the present age; that it is the challenge of youth against the old order of established conventionalities. This typographic hysteria will evidently stay with us for a while at least. It is a novelty that will live its day. It will, however, need to undergo considerable alteration and refinement before it will be fully accepted by those who love dignity and simplicity in their printing.

"E. Mare Merces."

I'VE always had a hankering for seas, ships and sailor folk. (Once I even thought of having a full rigged ship tattooed on some conspicuous portion of my anatomy.) Even now, when I'm nearing that *sans* period of existence I still thrill to "the call of the briny." I suppose this could be considered as one of the reasons why I periodically drag away from the quiet and somnolent environment of a two-by-twice private office, and go down east to visit our Maritime provinces.

During the past twenty-five years I have become acquainted with many of their native sons—real "bluenoses"—and splendid chaps they are—whose friendship I value after so many years contact. There is, however, in one of the cities a very special old friend (at times most insultingly critical) with scraggly roan whiskers, a wealth of understanding, a tender and kindly heart, a love for nature, and a weakness for—oh, say shoe polish. (I hope he recognizes this description.) For years we have together roamed the shore-line and countryside, revelling in the wild rugged beauty which is so dern plentiful, and interesting to inland visitors.

On one particular trip an opportunity came for spending a week-end holiday on one of the pilot boats, which ply off the harbor entrance a few miles out to sea. After procuring some extra entertainment, a search was made along the water front, where we got in touch with a down-coast fisherman, who agreed (for a consideration, of course) to take us down as far as Herring Cove, and put us aboard the schooner, which was then plying a couple of miles off the cove.

On our arrival on board we were greeted by one of the pilots—a huge broth of a man—all bone and gristle—with a hand like a ham and a handclasp that numbed one's arm to the elbow. It would be impossible to surpass the warmth and friendliness of our reception by the half dozen of the crew—Captains all—that were on board at the time. Yet in a way it was not surprising, for the Maritime people are noted for their friendliness.

After the introductions were over, the next step was to interview the "chef." It was long past meal hour, and "His Royal Nibs of the Frying Pan" had to be approached in a proper and workmanlike manner. "Awright," was his laconic remark, "catch us a fish." A line was immediately baited and dropped into the sea. A three pound cod was soon flopping on the deck. It was thrown to the waiting cook, who disappeared with it into the galley. In about twenty minutes it was browned and ready —and glorious eating it was, especially as we were as hungry as fish hawks. Fish is best when eaten fresh—but when it is served hot and well cooked within half an hour after being caught, it becomes an epicurean delight.

Coming on deck after our lunch we found that one of the pilots—"the old pirate"—had accidentally ran a mackerel hook into one of his fingers. It was an unfortunate and painful predicament which his messmates treated with seemingly calloused indifference. The nearest doctor was in Halifax, and there appeared to be no other plan but to take the old chap ashore in a dory and let him "hoof it" into the city. Rather than that we offered to cut it out, provided a razor could be found. Then with a little extra spiritual reinforcement (to guard against infection), a pan of hot water and a bottle of Minard's liniment, the operation was entirely successful. When the old man came on deck after the ordeal he gave vent to his pent-up emotions of relief and rage. Individually and collectively he combed that crew for their calloused cowardice, with long, carefully selected and skilfully delivered curses that embraced their relatives, parents, birth and future residence. As an exhibition of symphonic and expressive profanity it was in a class by itself.

He was a typical seadog, one of the old breed of "tarry-breeks" who helped to make the world-wide reputation for smartness and efficiency of the "bluenose sailor" in the days of "wooden ships and iron men." His face was seamed and the color of mahogany, and bordered with a fringe of grey Donegals. He looked like a Will Owens illustration in one of W. W. Jacob's stories. "Man an' b'y, I've followed the seas for sixty years, and I tell ye, sur, Nor' Atlantic weather in winter is helinall for sailors," was his reply to a question about rough weather. His proudest achievement was during the American Civil War, when under cover of darkness, and taking advantage of an unusually high tide, he safely piloted a Confederate blockade runner through Eastern Passage (which was not considered passable to ships of deep draught) and escaped the men-of-war of the North, which were watching outside. He was superannuated very shortly after our visit, having served over fifty years in the pilot service.

"Mackerel schoolin' to sta'board," came a cry from the lookout. Over went a couple of dories, and we rowed out to where the mackerel were kicking the surface of the sea into little wavelets. For over two hours there was splendid fun "jigging" them. The mackerel is a beautiful fish when freshly caught, and in it's Deep Bronze Blue (No. 100) and silver coloring it makes a picture of irridescent loveliness. It is good to look at and good to eat—as we found out next morning at breakfast, when the cook dished up a fish apiece for every man on board.

During the evening we had a snack of "hard tack" and cheese of ill-repute, with a cup of hot tea, of burnt sienna hue and strong enough to carry an election. It was my first encounter with the indurated delicacy known as "hard tack." To anyone not familiar with this sea-going angel-cake, I would mention that it is a concrete biscuit about 20 ems square and about 4 ems thick, which appears to have been hardened under fierce heat in a kiln like building brick (which it much resembles in texture.) Every bit of moisture has been extracted until it is as appetizing and tasty as an axe-handle. Before going into service it is broken on a blacksmith's anvil. This petrified nautical tid-bit is built to resist the ravages of storm, time, mildew, insects and climate, as well as the caustic criticism of the land-lubbers who get it as an occasional diet.

Before "bunking down" for the night we came on deck for a breath of fresh air. It was a very sudden transformation from the lighted cabin to the soft, sooty darkness of the night above, a blackness which was only broken by the binnacle light and the port and sta'board lanterns peering like colored eyes into the gloom. The ship lazily swung and dipped on the oily swells. All was quiet and peaceful,—the silence only broken by the occasional creaking of the yards, the flapping of the empty sails which loomed like great shadows above our heads, or the measured tread of the man on watch.

Along the shore gleamed the twinkling lights in the fishermen's homes of Portygee Cove, while away to the south'ard the night was pierced by the golden lance-like rays of Sambro

Light. Above was the great arc of the midnight sky, which to my prosaic eyes, looked like a large tub of News Ink, plentifully sprinkled with fire-flies.

But somebody is always taking the joy out of life. While I stood quietly revelling in the beauty of a wonderful autumn night my meditations were rudely interrupted by my friend's voice from the companion-way, "For cripe's sake, Bill, cut out the star gazing! Let's hit the hay."

I haven't space now to tell of everything that happened on that trip—about the lobscouse,—the fishermen's short cake—the trip ashore to Portygee Cove—the dropping of the pilots—and a host of other interesting things. As Kipling says, "that's another story." Maybe I'll tell of them some other time.

■ ■

More Backbone

SOME firms need more backbone—especially over prices. They are too apt to be swayed and influenced by their competitors instead of having fixed prices that are fair and just, and then sticking to them.

When a business firm is continually changing its system in order to meet competitors prices it is but following an *ignis fatuus* that leads to confusion and disaster. Confidence and respect do not follow a shifting, vacillating course of action. A price should be consistent with quality and should be established by standards that have been determined through actual operating knowledge. Highest quality can never be maintained by continually shifting prices. If a price can be sacrificed, quality must also be sacrificed. Unfailing fairness guarantees steady and loyal trade. Customers gained by low prices only are hardly worth catering to. They are here today—and somewhere else next February.

■ ■

THE earliest printed book extant comes from China, and is dated 868 A.D. It was found by Sir Aurel Stein in 1907 in Turkestan, and is known as "The Diamond Sutra"—and is a section of the Buddhist Scriptures. It consists of six sheets of text, each two and a half feet long by a foot broad, indicating the size of blocks used, and a shorter sheet with a wood cut of excellent technique. The sheets are pasted together and form a continuous roll of sixteen feet long. It was printed on May 11, 868 A.D. by Wang Chien to perpetuate the memory of his mother.—*Dr. Henry Guppy.*

THE DAY'S WORK

WHAT causes Inks to become "sticky" or "tacky?" This is more noticeable on damp cold days.

—"Stickiness" in your case would appear to be caused by divergent weather conditions. The tack or viscosity of Ink is due principally to the grade of Varnish used. Inks work out with best results at an average temperature of 70 degrees Fahr., and where there is an excess of cold damp weather a reaction on the Varnish is noticeable. A little Tintol Reducer will remedy this trouble.

■■

KINDLY advise us how half-tones are printed on linen or bond papers? What kind of Ink is used, and what kind of make-ready is necessary?

—If the stock is very rough it is sometimes advisable to first blank emboss a space the size of cut. Use hard packing and a careful thorough make-ready. A sheet of zinc or hard rubber packing should also be placed within two or three sheets of top sheet. The best Ink to use is a stiff dense bond black.

■■

OCCASIONALLY I have to mix Tints in quantities too small to order specially. What is the best method of mixing in order to keep them clean?

—Tints should be mixed by taking the necessary amount of white ink (mixing or transparent) and adding color in small quantities until it is the value required. They should never be mixed on any surface such as marble, tin, zinc, iron or copper, as these surfaces are more or less porous and will show traces of color if previously used. Use a piece of plate glass or porcelain tile—or even a china plate—as these are non-porous and will not absorb oil or color. Carefulness and cleanliness are absolutely necessary in mixing all Tints.

WE recently had trouble in printing a form of halftones on a bargain (?) lot of coated paper. The trouble was seemingly caused by the Ink plucking on the solid parts of the cuts. We tried liquid reducer, but it only made the Ink look gray and "mussy-looking." We will appreciate any suggestions to remedy this kind of trouble.

—We think the most of your trouble was caused by poor coating on the stock which would not stand a full-bodied Ink. Halftone Blacks are made specially to print on standard coated papers, but when the coating is poor or defective it is sometimes necessary to reduce the tack of the Ink. Use Reducing Black when this happens; it is preferable to Reducing Varnish as it reduces the tackiness of body without affecting the color.

■■

IS there a right or wrong side for printing on water-marked papers, more particularly on ledgers, bonds or linens?

—In many instances it really matters very little which side is used. In printing letter heads on stock where the watermark is very pronounced it is customary to print on felt side so that when held up to the light the watermark can be read in the same position as the printing. The reverse side is known as the wire side, which is always rougher in finish.

■■

WHAT is the best consistency to which Gold Ink should be mixed?

—The best consistency to mix Gold Ink is equal parts *by weight* of Varnish and Bronze. Sometimes a little variation either way may be necessary on account of stock. Note that there is a difference between equal quantities by *measure* and equal quantities by *weight*.

■■

IS it customary in process printing to make-ready each form in the colors that will be used?

—It is a usual practice with all colors but the Yellow, which being very light is not clearly legible. It is often pulled in Black or Red, so as to more quickly mark out the make-ready.

THE NOON HOUR

Efficiency

Foreman: "Now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

Murphy: "I ain't feeling very good this morning, boss; I'm trembling all over."

Foreman: "Well, then, get busy with the sieve."—*Selected.*

What Was Wrong

A navvy bought a coat and was advised by the salesman to use a coat-hanger to keep the shoulders in good shape.

Next day the salesman was surprised to find the navvy in his shop complaining.

"And what is the matter with the coat?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, the coat is all right," said the navvy. "But the wood part of the hanger rubs my shoulders, and every time I turn my head the hook knocks my hat off."

Fresh

A middle-aged bachelor was in a restaurant at breakfast when he noticed this inscription on his eggs:

"To Whom It May Concern: Should this meet the eye of some young man who desires to marry a farmer's daughter, eighteen years of age, kindly communicate with———."

After reading this he made haste to write to the girl, offering marriage, and in a few days received this note:

"Your note too late. I have been married five months today."

A Time Saver

Sr,—The sbjct of abbrvtd wrtg is ful of intrst and possblts. The most glaring xampl of redundncy of ltrs is the use of the ltr "u" wch invarbly follws "q" so y nt ceas to use it?

I blve tht if sm authty wr to cmpil a txt bk on the subjct it wd be qckly adoptd & much tim svd for commrcl wrk at ny rat. We alrdy accpt abbrvtns, sch as apostrphe "s" nstd of "his" and "Fid: Def:" on our coinge.

The wrd "excellency" can be wrtn "xlnc," wtht ny chnge in sound. I hve hrd it statd tht the painting of the wrd "wagon" nstd of "waggon" on all srvce vehicles savs the contry mny thsnds of pds pr anum. It looks horrble at frst, one mst admt, bt for commrcl use & (nthr abbrvtn by the way) genrl praktis it shd not be litly dismist. Our spling is alwys chngng; how mny peple can red Chaucer? Howard U. Struggle

P.S.—(an abbrvtn)—This ltr cnsts of 700 ltrs but in ful wds cntan ovr 900, a savng of 30% (nthr abbrvtn for "per centum") in tim & labr.

"To the Flappers"

Blessings on thee, little dame,
Bareback girl with knees the same
With thy rolled-down silken hose
And thy short, transparent clothes;
With thy red lips, reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store;
With thy makeup on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy,
Glad that I was born a boy.
—*Kreolite News.*

A Real Grievance

First Farmer: "How is it you no longer put up at the 'Blue Lion' when you drive to market?"

Second Farmer: "Because they are real frauds! Last winter, when I lodged there for a night, they made a great fuss of me, and gave me a big bottle to take to bed. And when I opened it, what d'ye think it was? Nothing but hot water!"

A doctor who had been called in to see a patient strongly impressed upon him the necessity of drinking hot water with his whisky. "Otherwise," he said, "you must not take it at all."

"But how shall I get the hot water?" plaintively inquired the patient. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky."

"Well, tell her you want to shave," answered the doctor, as he took his departure.

The next day the doctor called again, and when the wife opened the door he asked how the patient was.

"I'm awfully worried, doctor," was the reply. "I'm afraid he's gone raving mad. He shaves every ten minutes."

■

Two of a Kind

Dan: "Where are you off to, Ben?"

Ben: "I'm goin' to see the doctor. I don't like the look of my wife."

Dan: "I'll come wi' ye—I don't like the look o' mine either."

■

"How do you sell this cheese?"

"I often wonder myself, ma'am."

—*Tit-Bits* (*London*).

■

We read that in some parts of Central Africa a wife can be purchased for twenty-five shillings. Some of these natives have no idea of the value of money.

■

Very Explicit

Motorist: "Is it very far to the next town?"

Native: "Well, it seems further'n it is, but it ain't."

■

A henpecked and haggard husband asked the butcher: "What kind of meat have you this morning?"

"Some steak as tender as a woman's heart," said the butcher.

"I'll take sausage," said the customer, with a sigh.

"I am afraid, doctor," said a woman to her physician, "that my husband has some terrible mental affliction. Sometimes I talk to him for hours and then discover that he literally hasn't heard a word I said."

"That isn't an affliction," was the reply; "that's a divine gift."

■

His Unlucky Thirteen

The Cadger: "I ain't never 'ad a chance. No matter where I go or wot I works at, my unlucky number bobs up and does me in, some-'ow."

The Householder: "What do you mean? What's your unlucky number?"

The Cadger: "Thirteen, lady. Twelve jurymen an' a judge."—*Exchange.*

■

"Her niece is rather good looking, eh?"

"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are'."

■

The Faithful Servant

In the corner of an old neglected English churchyard the following epitaph was found on a moss-covered weather-beaten old grave-stone:

Sacred to the memory of
Eben Harvey,
who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853.
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

■

The car sped along through the rather monotonous country. Suddenly the landscape began to brighten up.

"Oh, the lovely creek!" cried the girl in the back seat.

"Hush, my dear," said her mother, "I know it does creak a bit, but you must remember it is very good of our host to take us out for a drive at all."

■

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no circumstances no opportunities, will make a man without it.—*Goethe.*

CANADA is entering upon a great period of expansion and prosperity, to which the printer craftsman will largely contribute.

Fine printing will not come at the call of governments or legislatures but from the hands of those who have a deep and sincere interest in their craft, and who strive to give the best that conscientious, well-directed effort can give.

The finest traditions of the past will be again revived and a great future opened up when printing will reflect the spirit of the age; when it will be not merely a trade but a fine art; when skill and beauty will combine to raise the crafts to a higher degree of perfection.

By Alfred Howell,
Art Director Toronto
Technical School,
before the Toronto Club of
Printing House Craftsmen
on April 25, 1928.

A Printer's Appreciation

June 15, 1928.

Dear Sirs:

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking you for prompt service in shipping to us Ink ordered recently. The order was 'phoned to you at 4.10 in the afternoon and was received by us off the C.N.R. train at 8.13, and at 10.30 p.m. the same day we had finished the balance of impressions on Cylinder Press. We were, therefore, able to deliver job the next morning as promised customer, which was appreciated.

Yours truly,

* * * * * * *

We have our Agents in
VANCOUVER
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
MONTREAL
SAINT JOHN
TORONTO

Or orders may
be sent
direct to our
Factory at
Toronto

printing

inks

Made by
**Canada Printing
Ink Company**
Limited
Toronto
Ont.

Canadaink

"IT is good to be children sometimes
and never better than at Christmas
when its mighty founder
was a child Himself".

—*Dickens*

CANADAINK

BEING ISSUED OCCASIONALLY BY THE CANADA PRINTING INK CO., LTD.,
TORONTO, FOR PASSING ALONG ITEMS OF INTEREST TO USERS OF INK

XMAS DECEMBER, 1928 No. 36

The Best of Wishes to all our Good Friends

✠ ✠ ✠

BILL SAYS—"*There are some people to whom Christmas doesn't mean anything more than a sore stomach.*"

✠ ✠ ✠

THE sales of Sterling Halftone Black have increased to such an extent that it is now one of our "best sellers." One customer used 6,000 pounds during the year without a single complaint—even during the hot weather period when humidity troubles usually occur.

✠ ✠ ✠

SANTA CLAUS may be a specialist in his line, but he can't fill a girl's stocking nearly as well as she can do it herself.

✠ ✠ ✠

ONE of the most delightful signs of Xmas (to an Ink man) are the goodly quantities of greeting cards, which almost "flood the mails" during the season of Yule. They are always welcome, not only for the kindly sentiments expressed on them but also because of the extra business they bring. Our "Special Room" has been kept quite busy devising and making bright colors to fittingly express the spirit that predominates this joyous season.

✠ ✠ ✠

BILL SAYS—"*Profits in friends are more lasting than profits in dollars.*"

DIXIE Black is as full of color as "the land o' cotton." It's a real good Black that works well on all book papers. It is economical in use, and reasonable in price. Special price in quantities.

✣ ✣ ✣

WE expect that some of our friends will express their disappointment at our decision to withhold the issue of our calendar for the incoming year. Our calendars have been considered outstanding examples of color printing, and have been in much demand. They have been consistently issued for some years, and we have several suitable sketches in attractive color treatments for future issues. During the past year we have devoted considerable time and attention to our new color laboratory. We await results with some interest.

✣ ✣ ✣

Things that Count

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul alway.

—*S. M. Free.*

✣ ✣ ✣

REQUESTS still come in, though not as many as formerly (and principally from country customers) for Job Inks in tubes. Ink Makers have been gradually discontinuing this service for some years. Tubes take considerable time to fill as the Ink must be carefully worked down into them with a thin flexible knife. When the Ink is of heavy body, this cannot be accomplished without reducing it to a softer consistency. All our higher quality Job Inks can now be obtained in quarter and half-pound cans, which are very convenient—and at no extra cost. Most of the trade prefer them to tubes.

Nineteen Twenty-Nine

WHILE there is bound to be a natural regret that the passing of the old year finds most of us with a lot of uncompleted plans and unrealized ambitions, there also comes a pleasant consolation that our labors and endeavors have not been entirely unrewarded. We are richer by the experience—perhaps a bit more broad-minded—perhaps a little wiser. It seems such a short time since last New Year's Day when we started out with high hopes and ambitions and now another New Year's Day is almost upon us.

Life is so full of pleasant tasks, and friendly associations, the duties of the day come so thick and fast, the opportunities for service and helpfulness are so many that the days slip rapidly past and before we have realized it the relentless wheel of time has completed another revolution.

We are glad that another New Year has arrived. It gives us an opportunity to express our appreciation for the kindness of our many friends. When we retrospect over last year's splendid business—the largest in our firm's history, in which your wonderful co-operation played so important a part—we are also reminded that some obligation is laid upon us to carry on to greater achievements and more fully deserve your confidence and respect.

We are ambitious, not for ourselves alone but for every one of the good friends to whose loyalty and co-operation we owe so much. We believe that you are deserving of the best of our efforts and service, and we enter the New Year with a firm determination to do everything in our power to merit your confidence and preference for our product. That's our resolution for Nineteen Twenty-Nine.

✣ ✣ ✣

BILL SAYS—"*Some folks get a* LOT *out of a* LITTLE *experience.*"

✣ ✣ ✣

The Value of Color

ONE of the big mail order houses recently wanted to find out the effectiveness of color in its advertising. So this house advertised the same shoe in the same way twice in its catalogue. One of the ads. was in color, while the other was black on white. The color ad. brought in seven times as many shoe sales as did the black and white ad.

A Piece of Pie

SOME of these modern diet delusionists are claiming that the habit of eating pie is a pernicious one. They would have it barred from the daily cuisine as a menace to health. A drastic movement such as this would be little short of a national calamity. There is probably no article of diet which appears in such infinite variety and enjoys such a widespread popularity as pie. It has an old-fashioned homey appeal to the hearts (or rather stomachs) of millions of devoted devourers who would rise in open rebellion at any attack on its character or reputation. It is an old reliable standby that has stood the test of time, the attacks of fanatics, and the forebodings of dyspeptics. Its interior contents are many and varied, but all are generally good (except dried apple) although some kinds have more allurement than others.

Vegetables, cereals, fruits, berries, birds, fish, and wild and tame animals have all contributed to the many and mysterious compounds used in its interior upholstery. Millions of inventors are continually searching and experimenting for new ingredients and possibilities.

It can be obtained in the three standard and approved models of open-faced, closed and cross-barred—designs which have been approved by age and usage and are fittingly appropriate to certain species.

Pie can be eaten by people of all ages, of all races, of all colors. It is equally enjoyable hot, luke or cold, with or without music, waiters, lights, napery, table hardware or other impedimenta. It is good when eaten alone, or in company with cheese, sauce, sugar, milk, and any kind of cream—(whipped, calm or frozen). It is without caste, social aspirations or high brow snobbery. It is equally paramount in the laborer's dinner pail, the fly-specked beanery, the railway lunch counter, the choose-and-carry-cafeteria, or the sacred purlieus of the most shamelessly-expensive hyphenated hostelry. It can be eaten for all meals—breakfast, luncheon, dinner or a midnight snack. (I happen to know an old grey-haired rascal that skirmishes around before breakfast on Sunday mornings in hopes of discovering a piece left over from the previous meal). It is good at all hours, in all seasons, in all weathers, provided always that it be well and truly made. That is the main consideration. Beware of the shameless and base imitation, made from embalmed commercial mystery artfully concealed beneath layers of pallid linoleum that flaunts its brazen and spurious effrontery on an innocent clientele.

A real true honest-to-goodness pie—full of richness and gooey goodness—fashioned by the skilful hands of a love-inspired genius (usually the mother of a large family) is a culinary poem in gastronomic allurement; a creation of palatable attainment and contentment that rounds out the felicity of any festal atmosphere.

Fashions may vary the length of skirts; governments may fall, or mining stocks pay dividends, but pie will always be eaten, a never failing source of dietetic enjoyment to millions of devoted consumers.

✣ ✣ ✣

SOMEBODY once remarked that "price should be seventh in the list of appeals to be used in making a sale." Unfortunately there is often a tendency to place price first in the list of arguments or to emphasize it more than seems necessary. The question of price should always be subservient to those of quality, service and satisfaction. When a person buys a cheap article he is never wholly satisfied with it. When he buys a good article, he feels better every time he uses it, for the recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten.

✣ ✣ ✣

COLOR is one of the most effective business producers we have, and it is with us to stay. High-grade workmanship is absolutely essential. Never before have the two points of "Beauty" and "Precision" been so manifest as at the present. Color makes printing do double duty. First: It attracts the reader by its beauty. Secondly: It favorably impresses the reader by its perfected forcefulness. And these two combine to equal: Better business—and more of it!

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A New Use for Varnish

ONE of our travellers came in the other day with an order for heavy Litho Varnish from a firm of butter and cheese commission agents. Their warehouse had become so infested with rats that the annual loss from their depredations amounted to many hundreds of dollars. A flat pan of Varnish, conveniently placed, proved to be one of the most effective tangle-foot traps they had tried.

The Yearly Hold-Up

THE question of Yuletide gratuities, or doles, tips, gifts, largesse or whatever we may call them, is not by any means the product of our modern celebration of the festival. It was a "sore spot" even in the days of Oliver Cromwell. In 1660 the corporation of the City of London, in an endeavor to curb its growth, passed the following resolution: "Forasmuch as it is not becoming or agreeable to propriety that those who are in the service of reverend men should, after perverse custom, be begging aught of people like paupers and soliciting oblations from brewers, bakers, cooks and other victuallers, and more than once threatened, it was ordered and established that no valet or other servant of the Mayor, Sheriffs or City should in future beg or require of any persons, of any rank, degree or condition whatsoever, any moneys, under colour of an oblation, or in any other way, on pain of losing his office."

This naturally brings into discussion the pernicious practise of giving bribes for the securing of business orders; a habit which is not only daringly rampant at Xmas, but is also in evidence throughout the year. In this respect we quote in part from an article entitled "How many Purchasing Agents are on Your Pay Roll?" by Ralph Gross in the August 13th issue of Typothetae Bulletin as follows:

"The existence of 'bribes,' in so far as Ink manufacturing concerns have made gifts of money and articles of merchandise to plant superintendents, foremen, pressmen and other plant employees for the purpose of bringing about the use of their product, has been a thorn in the side of the printing industry for years. Despite repeated efforts to eliminate the practice it is still in existence . . . . While the question of the relationship existing between the donation of booze and gifts to create good will in the minds of prospective buyers and the actual giving of cash to secure orders is quite a delicate one, still, in one respect at least they both may be considered as bribes . . . . What point of honesty makes it possible for a firm to offer $150.00 worth of whiskey without a twinge of conscience and then hesitate about the offering of cash? Can it be in the face of the peculiarity of men's definitions of honesty that the giver is afraid of refusal should money be offered and feels that a gift is merely a friendly gesture and that cash is a bribe? . . . The nasty part of the whole situation is that it appears to be most prevalent among those firms whose reputation for good business management stands highest. The reason, quite evident, is that they alone are in a position where such practices can be indulged in with profit. The use of cash bribes is almost unheard of among small firms, principally because a cash offer merely means a reduction in the price of the proffered merchandise and such a reduction can hardly be considered a bribe."

While the foregoing may be perfectly true in some individual cases, we do not believe it is true of the entire industry. It is manifestly unfair to besmirch the name of an industry on account of the actions of a negligible minority. There are still—and always will be—Ink firms whose officials are the soul of honor and whose business methods are beyond reproach. We believe that dishonesty and unfair practices are dying out. We believe there is a higher standard of morality in business because folks are finding that it pays. Some ink companies realize that business can be secured by sound business methods, on the basis of service and quality and a study of the customer's problems. There is a feeling of profound satisfaction in the thought that there is always enough good, clean, decent business going to more than offset the loss of a kind that can only be secured by questionable practises. And that's that.

* * *

Christmas in Warm Climes

HOW many people here realize how different the climate is in other places at this time of year? Probably not many of us ever gave it a thought. With Canadians, Christmas is celebrated in a temperature about freezing point or lower, with lots of ice and snow; with skating, skiing, tobogganing and other outdoor sports, and with suitable warm clothing.

It is celebrated in quite a different climate south of the equator, but with no less enthusiasm, for old customs die hard and Britishers are Britishers the world over.

Huge quantities of roast turkey and goose, roast beef and Christmas pudding are consumed by us on the great festival of the year. They are natural and appropriate viands for our northern climate, but out in South Africa or Australia where the season is midsummer, with the temperature hovering around the century mark, these heavy foods seem singularly out of place. Ice cream or a cool salad would seem more desirable, but they would not express the Xmas spirit as fittingly as the roast beef and plum pudding of Old England.

Shop windows in Australia and South Africa are usually decorated much like shops in Canada. There the red-garbed patriarchal Father Christmas showers toys to a bevy of wax children romping round in a highly artificial snowstorm. The snowstorm effect is cunningly achieved by the lavish use of cotton wool carefully encrusted with luminous paint and miles and miles of invisible string. Many of the children who delight in it have never seen snow.

The sun beating down on the macadam streets makes the hot and perspiring housewives who are carrying on the shopping orgy of the year, long to get away to a cool dip in the sea, but the inexorable demands of Christmas custom has compelled them to dress up and venture into the hot city. The heat must be endured, however, for the children would be disappointed without a visit from their white whiskered old friend.

Christmas Eve is just as trying for parents in Australia as in Canada. Tiny tots there go to bed early on Summer nights, but like their Canadian cousins, they also have a disconcerting habit of sleeping with one eye open until a late hour. Childish curiosity is the same everywhere—sometimes more so.

When the Christmas day arrives wandering members of families return to the fold for the great celebration. Hundreds, nay thousands of miles they often travel in overcrowded railway trains and cars to be just "kids at home" again for that one day. The table decorations largely comprise artificial holly—the real thing is not known out there,—and the menu is "the old original" like they " 'have at 'ome." There are stacks of candy, a snow-laden(?) Christmas tree, with toys and many bags of assorted nuts for the children, and the usual liquid Yuletide cheer for the old folks. The Christmas dinner is served at mid-day, not at night. But that is the only variation conceded to their usual hour of dining.

A Christmas dinner is the housewife's culinary triumph of the year. In many homes the cook is relegated to the background and the "lady of the house" personally attends to the preparations of the feast. In Australia the day after Christmas is called "Tasting Day" Friends and neighbours pay calls on each other to taste the Christmas pudding, cake, etc., and of course sample the beer and wine. A day of trial, surely, to a person with poor digestion.

Custom is custom and Christmas is Christmas to the Britisher—whether it be observed in Canada, England, in South Africa or on the rolling league-wide plains of Australia.

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You have heard it before, but it is worth hearing again; "The only difference between a rut and a grave is one of depth."

A SONG of PRAISE

O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG: SING UNTO THE LORD, ALL THE EARTH. SING UNTO THE LORD, BLESS HIS NAME; SHEW FORTH HIS SALVATION FROM DAY TO DAY. DECLARE HIS GLORY AMONG THE HEATHEN, HIS WONDERS AMONG ALL PEOPLE. FOR THE LORD IS GREAT, AND GREATLY TO BE PRAISED: HE IS TO BE FEARED ABOVE ALL GODS. FOR ALL THE GODS OF THE NATIONS ARE IDOLS: BUT THE LORD MADE THE HEAVENS. HONOUR AND MAJESTY ARE BEFORE HIM: STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ARE IN HIS SANCTUARY. GIVE UNTO THE LORD, O YE KINDREDS OF THE PEOPLE, GIVE UNTO THE LORD GLORY AND STRENGTH. GIVE UNTO THE LORD THE GLORY DUE UNTO HIS NAME: BRING AN OFFERING, AND COME INTO HIS COURTS. O WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS: FEAR BEFORE HIM, ALL THE EARTH. SAY AMONG THE HEATHEN THAT THE LORD REIGNETH: THE WORLD ALSO SHALL BE ESTABLISHED THAT IT SHALL NOT BE MOVED: HE SHALL JUDGE THE PEOPLE RIGHTEOUSLY. LET THE HEAVENS REJOICE, AND LET THE EARTH BE GLAD; LET THE SEA ROAR, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF. LET THE FIELD BE JOYFUL, AND ALL THAT IS THEREIN: THEN SHALL ALL THE TREES OF THE WOOD REJOICE BEFORE THE LORD: FOR HE COMETH, FOR HE COMETH TO JUDGE THE EARTH: HE SHALL JUDGE THE WORLD WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND THE PEOPLE WITH HIS TRUTH.—PSALM NINETY-SIX.

Early Printing Shop Customs

From Moxon's Mechanick Exercises, 1683

EVERY Printing-house is by the Custom of Time out of mind, called a Chappel; and all the Workmen that belong to it are Members of the Chappel; and the Oldest Freeman is Father of the Chappel. I suppose the stile was originally conferred upon it by the courtesie of some great Churchman, or men, (doubtless when Chappels were in more veneration than of late years they have been here in England) who for the Books of Divinity that proceeded from a Printing-house, gave it the Reverend Title of Chappel.

There have been formerly Customs and By-Laws made and intended for the well and good Government of the Chappel, and for the more Civil and orderly deportment of all its Members while in the Chappel; and the Penalty for the breach of any of these Laws and Customs is in Printers' Language called a Solace.

1. Swearing in the Chappel, a Solace.
2. Fighting in the Chappel, a Solace.
3. Abusive Language, or giving the Lye in the Chappel, a Solace.
4. To be Drunk in the Chappel, a Solace.
5. For any of the Workmen to leave his Candle burning at Night, a Solace.
6. If the Compositor let fall his Composing-stick, and another take it up, a Solace.
7. Three letters and a Space to lye under the Compositor's Case, a Solace.
8. If a Press-man let fall his Ball or Balls, and another take it up, a Solace.
9. If a Press-man leave his Blankets in the Tympan at Noon or Night, a Solace.

These Solaces were to be bought off, for the good of the Chappel. Nor were the price of these Solaces alike: for some were 12d., 6d., 4d. 2d., 1d., ob. according to the nature and quality of the Solace.

But if the Delinquent prov'd Obstinate or Refractory, and would not pay his Solace at the Price of the Chappel: they Solac'd him.

The manner of Solacing, thus: The Workmen take him by force and lay him on his Belly athwart the Correcting-stone, and held him there while another of the Workmen, with a Paper-board, gave him 10 l. and a Purse, *viz:* Eleven blows on his Buttocks; which he laid on according to his own mercy.

These nine Solaces were all the Solaces usually and generally accepted: yet in some particular Chappels the Workmen did by consent make other Solaces, *viz.:*

That it should be a Solace for any of the Workmen to mention Joyning their Penny or more apiece to send for Drink. . . .

To Play at Quadrats, or excite any of the Chappel to Play at Quadrats; either for Money or Drink.

This Solace is generally Purchas'd by the Master-Printer; as well because it hinders the Workmen's work, as because it Batters and spoils the Quadrats: For the manner how they Play with them is Thus: They take five or seven more m Quadrats (generally of the English Body) and holding their Hand below the Surface of the Correcting Stone, shake them in their Hand, and toss them up upon the Stone, and then count how many Nicks upwards each man throws in three times, or any other number of times agreed on: And he that throws most Wins the Bett of all the rest, and stands out free, till the rest have try'd who throws fewest Nicks upwards in so many throws; for all the rest are free: and he pays the Bett.

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OUR Bond Blacks (Regular, No. 555—Heavy Body, No. 519), are among the best Black Inks for printing on platen presses. They are specially made with varnish of the proper consistency to print perfectly on the hard rough surface of bond papers. There is so much bond paper used nowadays that it doesn't pay to "monkey around" with Inks that are uncertain in their drying actions.

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Dickens on Printers

IN 1864, before the British Printers' Pension Corporation, Charles Dickens, the novelist, who was chairman that year, made the following eulogistic reference to the printer: "The printer is the friend of intelligence, of thought; he is the friend of liberty, of freedom, of law; indeed, the printer is the friend of every man who is the friend of order—the friend of every man who can read! Of all the inventions, of all the discoveries in science or art, of all the great results in the wonderful progress of mechanical energy and skill, the printer is the only product of civilization necessary to the existence of free man."

the day's work....

A country printer complains "that he has difficulty in getting Red Inks that will print bright and clean."

.... Printing a good bright Red largely depends on the cleanliness of the press, rollers and form. Some pressrooms keep separate rollers for each press, to be used on colors only. In the average pressroom with one set of rollers for all purposes it is necessary to wash up the press rollers two or three times. Rollers, through continuous use, become impregnated with black Ink, and while they may look clean after washing, as soon as they start working the color is forced out of the pores of the rollers and discolors the shade of Red. The same precautions are necessary with tints and all light shade colors.

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Some time ago we read an article in one of the trade periodicals dealing with the most legible colors for poster display. Are you familiar with the order of the most effective and discernible combinations?

.... Many experiments and tests have been made to determine these and while opinions may slightly vary, the general impression is that the following are the most easily read combinations for poster and show card display:

1. Black on Yellow.
2. Blue on White.
3. Green on White.
4. Black on White.
5. Red on White.
6. Red on Yellow.

✢ ✢ ✢

What is meant by intaglio printing? Does it require a special Ink?

.... Intaglio printing is a name given to the process of printing the exact reverse of relief or ordinary printing. The design is etched into the surface of a copper cylinder and the cylinder rotated in a bath of Ink, thus filling the impressions. The surplus Ink is wiped or scraped away, leaving the cavities filled with Ink. The impression of the paper against cylinder lifts the remaining Ink and reproduces the etched design. The beautiful sepia toned illustrated sections of the Sunday edition of daily papers are printed by this process. A special ink of very thin body is used, which evaporates very quickly. It is quite different from ordinary printing inks.

Can one guarantee that Gold Ink will stay put on all stocks?

. . . . We do not know of any Gold Ink on the market that will stay put on all stocks. The same Gold Ink will often hold well on one sheet of coated and rub badly on another sheet of coated. It is the absorbent quality of the coating that makes the difference. The only assurance that you can give a customer is to submit proofs on the stock which you intend to use for the job and have them O.K'd in advance.

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Our pressman had some trouble with a Mauve Tint on Golden rod coated. It piled up on both sheet and plate. We have added some "sure-fire" (?) compound and while it has made it better, it has reduced the color. Would be glad to know what you would have advised us doing.

. . . . The Tint is evidently a heavy bodied Ink, made with opaque pigments so that the color of the stock would not show through. In adding compound you made the Ink more transparent which affected the color. What was needed was some No. 2 Varnish to lift the color and prevent it piling.

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What effect has humidity on paper and register in connection with color printing?

. . . . It is only in recent years that specialized and authentic information has been obtained about the adverse effects of humidity in the pressroom and its influence on color printing. Printers, through lack of information, were not inclined to place the blame for poor register on humidity changes. Poor register was usually blamed on presses, pressmen, engravers, compositors or the paper—everything but humidity. (I have even been told by printers that they doubted very much whether the condition of the atmosphere had any noticeable effect on papers.) A prominent American paper company made a test not long ago which shows up these changes in an impressive way. The stock was 28 x 32½—96. They called the sheet size zero when the case was opened. A sheet stretched 1/32 inch during the next 8 minutes, 1/32 inch during the next 3 minutes, 1/32 inch during the next 8 minutes, or a total of 3/32 inch in the first 19 minutes. The humidity of the room was 72 per cent. Just imagine this sheet lifted from the case and run immediately on the first color of a register job. Will the second color register? Ask us a hard one.

THE N·O·O·N HOUR

A little negro schoolgirl down in Florida in answer to one question, "What is anatomy?" wrote the following.

"Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts—the haid, the chest, and the stummick. The haid holds the brains, if there is any; the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

A Couple of Reasons

She—"I bobbed my hair to show my independence."

He—"What did you bob your skirt for?"

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"When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree."

"Shanghai?"

"Oh, about six feet."

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An Englishman touring in Scotland came across an old couple arguing in the road, and stopped to ask the cause of the dispute. "We're no disputin' at all," answered the man. "We're baith o' the same mind. I hae got half a croon in ma pooch, an' she thinks she's no goan to get it, and I'm agreein' wi' her."

My Lady Nicotine

"I'd like to get a pipe. It's for a Xmas present for my husband."

"What kind of a pipe, ma'am?"

"One of those nice pipes that drive away every care."

Holiday Spirits

They had dined well, and were riding home in a street car.

First Man: "What time is it?"

Second Man: (after extracting a match box from his pocket and gazing at it intently): "Thursday."

First Man: "Heavens. Then I've got to get off here."

The Deceitful Wretch

Mrs. Peck—"You embezzler! You needn't look so innocent! Oh, I know what you did!"

Peck—"But, my dear, I don't."

Mrs. Peck—"Don't you, you sneak? Well, then I'll tell you—you bought a cigar with the car fare I gave you this morning and walked to work!"

An Xmas Rhyme

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth, sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth. Pray a little, play a little, be a little glad; rest a little, jest a little if the heart is sad. Spend a little, send a little to another's door; give a little, live a little, love a little more.

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"Oh, Mandy is too funny for anything," exclaimed the newly wed, returning from the kitchen to the dining room where hubby was waiting hungrily for his evening meal. "The cook is so funny. The cooking wine is all gone, and she's trying to knit herself a sweater out of spaghetti."

Hard Work

"Ah, good mornin' Mrs. Murphy, an' how is everythin'?"

"Sure, between my husband and the furnace, I'm havin' one grand time uv it! If I keep me oye on the wan the other is sure to go out!"

✠

"Abie, vhat you mean by blaying mit matches on de sidevalk. Come right avay in de store and blay mit 'em."

The Deadly Pie

Housewife—"Are you not the same man to whom I gave a piece of mince pie last week."

Tramp (bitterly)—"No. mum, I'm not; an' wots' more, the Doctors say, I never will be the same man again.

✣

The Doctor's servant was returning home after his day's labour, and his master instructed him to bring a bottle of medicine for his next-door-neighbour, who was a patient. Next morning the Doctor inquired: "Did you deliver the medicine last night, Tom."

Tom—"Yes, sir."

Doctor—"Do you know if he took any of it?"

Tom—"Oh, he must have, because I saw crepe on the door this morning."

✣

She was married to a man whose devotion had never failed, and who never lost his self-control. Unfortunately, she had a temper like gun-powder.

"Tell me, dear," he said, after an outburst on her part, "how was it that I never discovered this unfortunate weakness of yours during our courtship? How did you restrain yourself?"

Sobbing bitterly, she laid her fair head on his sturdy shoulder. "I used to go upstairs," she gasped, "and bite p-p-pieces out of the oak b-b-b-bedstead."

✣

A bashful young couple, evidently much in love, entered a crowded tram.

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.

✣

When the committee appointed to visit the members of the church to collect for the fund for the purchase of the new organ called upon Mr. Smith, the men were invited into the dining-room to discuss the matter. The business concluded, Mrs. Smith called to her husband from the living-room, "Well, what did you give them?" Mr. Smith replied. "Jones would not take anything, but Robinson took whiskey."

✣

Some Father!

Three children were discussing the incomes of their fathers. One said: "My father writes a song in an evening and sells it for $25."

The next countered. "My father writes a story in an evening and takes it downtown the next morning and sells it for $50."

"That's nothing," declared the third. "My father gets up in a pulpit on Sunday and talks for half an hour, and it takes twelve men to carry the money up to him."

✣

Mrs. Newlywed asked her helpful husband to copy a recipe from the radio that morning. He tuned in on the station but got two stations and could not tune either of them out. He did his best. It went like this:

"Hands on hips, place one cup flour on shoulders, raise knees and press toes, and mix in one cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one spoonful of baking powder. Lower legs and mash two hardboiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally, and sift dumbells through sieve into water.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from floor and rub smartly with rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels, and serve with soup."

✣

Wifey at the Wheel

Doctor (to patient who claims to be a nervous wreck)—"What are your symptoms?"

Patient:—"I jump when I hear a telephone, the door-bell sends me into hysterics. Any stranger coming to the house frightens me out of my life, and I'm afraid to pick up a newspaper. Do you know what's wrong with me?"

Doctor: "Yes, My wife drives a car, too!"

Acheson Opaque

WE have secured the sole agency for Canada of Acheson Opaque, a compound which is used by photo-engravers and photo-lithographers. It is the thinnest film known to science that is opaque to light. The thinness of the film insures absolute contact when printing down—it lays flat without "hills" or bumps. Acheson Opaque dries perfectly in a very few minutes—no waiting—will not rub when dry, and no matter how long the exposure nor what the temperature it will not crack nor chip. When used by photo-lithographers in vacuum frames or step-and-repeat machines, it will not offset nor stick to zinc or aluminum, even on the warmest days. It is so concentrated that only one brush-stroke on the film or two on the glass is necessary—no smoothing down. Operator can do faster and better work. Clean, sharp lines, with no rough edges, can be ruled through it. Can be used in a ruling pen or air-brush. We are carrying it in stock at our factory, Duncan Street.

✣ ✣ ✣

An Old Calendar

ONE of our travellers sent in a copy of an old calendar of four pages to each month issued by our firm in 1897. It had been preserved during the years by a printer on account of containing memos of some intimate events in his family life. The colors were bright and strong and had splendidly stood the test of time. Ever since its formation this Company's endeavors have been along the lines of quality and permanence in its products.

✣ ✣ ✣

WE are calling this issue of Canadaink "A Christmas Number" and to that end have given a Xmas toy atmosphere to cover and picture tip-in. The colors used on cover are Magenta No. 28647, Yellow No. 28649, Mauve Tint No. 28650, Green No. 28648 and Dull Black No. 169. Sterling Black was used on the tip-in and Antique Deep Green on the inside text. The stock we have used on the inside is Bard of Avon, Laid, 25 x 38-160, for the cover Bard of Avon white, 20½ x 26-130. Inks may be ordered direct from our factory, or from any of our selling agencies in Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Saint John or Hamilton.

Canada Inks

May be obtained from

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY CANADA LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

AND PUBLISHERS' NEWS INK
HALIFAX
SAINT JOHN
SCHOFIELD PAPER CO.

* * *

Or direct from our factory
15 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO

Agents for New Zealand
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, LIMITED, CHRISTCHURCH

Printed in Canada

Again we express the Old Wish

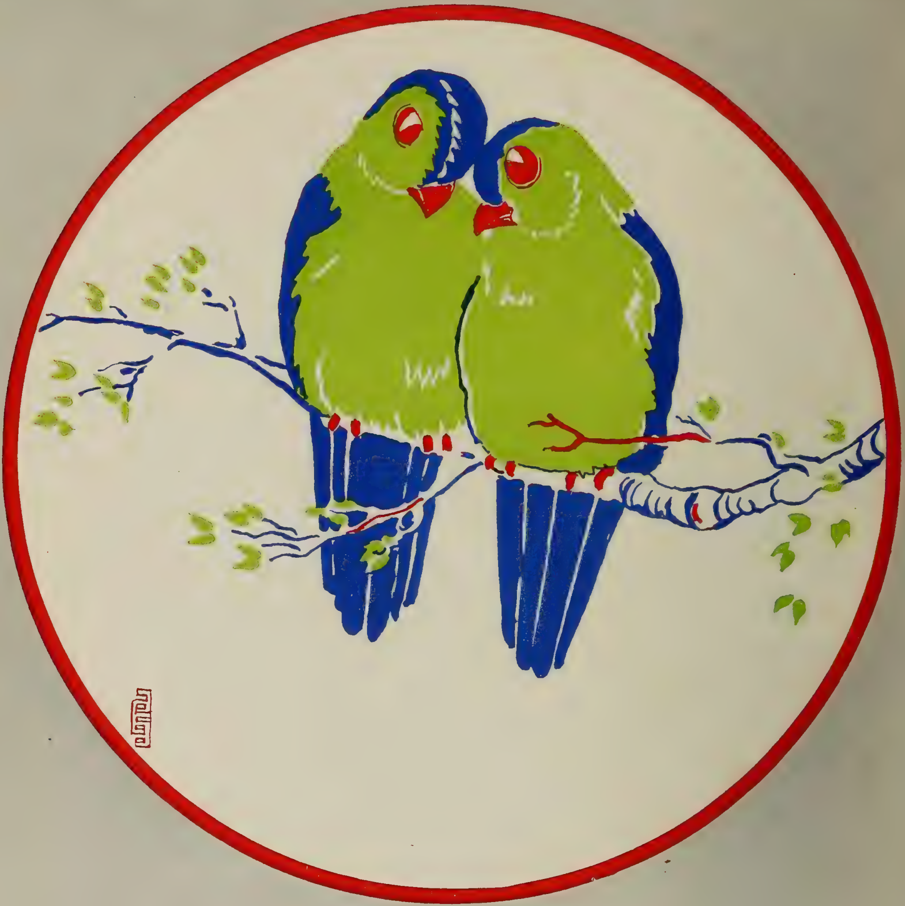
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Canada Printing Ink Company, Limited

Canadaink

WHERE
THE
RAINBOW
BEGINS



The Old Spring Story

SPECIAL GREEN No. 29195
SPECIAL BLUE No. 29197
FIRE RED No. 542
GREY TINT

CANADAINK

Being Issued occasionally by the CANADA PRINTING INK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, *for passing along Items of Interest to Users of Ink*

MARCH, 1929 No. 37

BILL SAYS: *"No one—not even a wife—is right all of the time."*

◆

WE had a visit recently from about 25 Normal School teachers who came in to see the new Color Room. Visitors are always welcome.

◆

WE have augmented our sales staff by the addition of two extra representatives. Mr. Geo. S. Brown will look after Montreal and its environs, and Mr. E. F. Ham will devote his entire time to Toronto. Both these gentlemen have had previous experience in attending to Ink requirements of the trade.

◆

IT is very difficult to discover whether *Canadaink* is being read with as much interest as we think it deserves. Very few folks who read a house organ will ever take time to write and say so. Of course now and then we hear some kind words from our old friends—but as the clothing proprietor said to one of his salesmen: "Ve don't vant kind vords, vat ve vant is orders." The most reliable assurance we can have is the return of the postal cards which are enclosed in out-of-town copies. If you are too modest to express your criticism, or too busy to write a letter, just send in an order on the reply card and "mother will understand". We want all the business we can get this year to come up to our ambitions.

WHEN the mail-man arrives, business activity really begins in the office. He is the alarm clock of business. He is always welcome, and is always attended to. Nobody thinks of denying him admission or of asking him to call again. He is always on the job to carry your wishes for anything you desire—at the very time you are ready. MAIL YOUR ORDERS.

◆

AT the 24th Annual Convention of the International Advertising Association recently held in Detroit, one of the speakers, Mr. Mark Seelen, advocated the use of complimentary harmony for posters and other exposed advertising. This means the use of contrasting colors over analogous harmony (several tones of one color) or dominant harmony (two shades of one color). The two latter, he held, failed to provide sufficient carrying value. He suggested that if much text is to appear on a poster, part of it should appear on a background of one color and part on a background of another color, in order to avoid monotony.

◆

THE total circulation in Canada of U.S. magazines is over 40,000,000 copies annually. Staggering figures! For every copy of a magazine printed and produced in Canada we import more than eight copies of U.S. magazines. Between another 15 to 20 million copies of U.S. newspapers enter Canada annually. If only a percentage of this was added to the circulation of Canadian newspapers and magazines, it would mean the consumption of more Canadian paper and Ink and the employment of more Canadian labor. Something that is worth pondering over.

◆

THE use of color is recognized as the big up-to-the-times factor in successful merchandising. It makes advertising vivid, interesting and effective and it leads to a bigger volume of business. Merchants have found that the returns from color advertising are always several times greater than the returns from the same advertising in plain black.

Color compels attention—and gets results. Color is to the eye what the steam calliope is to a circus—it arouses interest and compels attention. Color is the open sesame to the vast treasure house of business favors. Color gets results. Use more color.—Incidentally, we can supply it.

A River of Ink

THE handling of their daily supply of News Ink has been worked out in the new Star office, Toronto, as a particularly pretty problem in a way that is clean, convenient and labor saving. Their source of supply might well be termed "a river of Ink", for a continuous flow is always circulating ready to be tapped whenever necessary.

The beginning of this stream is the immense reservoir supply-tank in our factory, from which the Ink is pumped direct to a special tank wagon and delivered to the Pearl street entrance of the Star office. A hose connection is made with an outside fill-pipe and by the operation of an electrically driven pump the Ink is conveyed to a huge tank in a storage chamber, which is located on the second level below the street line. This is a roomy high-ceilinged dungeon filled with eight great tanks. The largest tank, which is for the black News Ink, holds 2,800 gallons, or roughly speaking about thirty thousand pounds or seventy ordinary barrels—practically a car load. The other tanks contain different colored Inks for illustrated sections.

At the touch of an electric button, pumps are set in operation, which send a continuous flow of Ink through the several hundred feet of pipes leading from the tank to the inking mechanism of the big presses. It is the same system as a city's waterworks. There is a constant and ample supply of fresh Ink circulating and flowing all the time, ready to be automatically tapped whenever more is needed. Automatic pumps and float-valves in the fountains control and regulate the supply required for each press. The Ink is sprayed through a series of minute openings direct to distributors, entirely eliminating fountain rollers, the quantity needed for perfect inking being regulated by a series of key controls conveniently located at the side of the press.

Watching the operation of the mighty presses and their many mechanical accessories, there comes a realization of the tremendous and important part that automatic machinery plays in our every day activities.

The manufacture and handling of News Ink in large quantities is almost entirely a mechanical proposition. From the moment when by the alchemy of nature's forces natural gas is transformed into raw carbon black, and thence through the many processes of manufacture, until its coronation as the great medium that tells the tales of a moving world, it has hardly been touched by the hand of man.

Standard Process Colors

THE question of standardizing process colors has been under consideration for several years past. The average printer may be little aware of the wide variety of color that is in actual use in process work.

The agitation for the use of standard process colors has come mainly from the national advertiser and the magazine publisher. The national advertiser may pay out a substantial sum for art work and engravings and send a set of the engravings for the same advertisement to half a dozen different magazines. Due to the fact that different classes of paper and different shades of process Inks are used by the different magazine publishers, there is frequently a wide difference in the printed result. The national advertiser naturally wants to have every reproduction as close to the original as possible.

On the other hand, the magazine publisher, making up his forms for color pages, may have half a dozen sets of progressive proofs. In studying the colors, the pressman will find that he may have a number of different shades of yellow, red or blue. It is obviously impossible to give them all, with one impression, the exact color. Of necessity the magazine must print a shade of yellow, red or blue that will give the best average results on most of the color pages, with the natural result that perhaps no advertiser may have progressive proofs accurately matched.

If all process engravings were etched and proved with, and for, the same shades of yellow, red and blue Inks then both the national advertiser and the magazine publisher could get much more uniform results. If this were all that were involved there should be no great difficulty in arriving at a comparatively easy solution. The photo-engraver, who is in reality the key-stone of the situation, has to be considered. The task of the photo-engraver has been to secure a reproduction as close to the original as possible. If in doing this he finds himself limited to fixed colors, the task becomes more difficult, and at times even impossible unless co-operation is given by the artist in the use of color. An attempt for some years has been made to come to some agreement on the question, but only now does there seem to be hope for improvement.

Perhaps one of the difficulties standing longest in the way has been the effort to determine what shades of colors should be used. Recognizing the individuality of artists, photo-engravers have clung to the idea that the particular shades each of them were using was as nearly ideal for the purpose as anything that could be decided upon. Magazine publishers have attempted to average results of all engravers but no one claims that even that would be the right shade to be adopted as a standard. Something had to be agreed upon and under the leadership of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Association of National Advertisers and the National Association of Advertising Agencies, standards of shade have at last been mutually approved.

Like any other movement for the improvement of an art, a great deal of patience will be required by advertisers, engravers and publishers. It cannot be denied that there are still those in each of the above fields who do not approve of standardization. They seem to feel that there is greater opportunity of expressing their dominance and individuality by trying to be different. It will still be possible (at a price) for the publisher to run any special color necessary on some particular advertisement. On the other hand, there is in some quarters a desire for standardization of effect as well as standardization of color. This is a problem that will involve the publisher and the Inkmaker.

The printing Ink maker is perhaps least concerned about standardized process colors for the reason that a change in shade will not necessarily affect the working qualities of his Inks. To what extent the standard colors may be adopted for other process work than publications will be for the future to reveal. The whole success of the idea has advanced one step by the approval of the standards. The working out of the plan should be given a real and sympathetic trial by all concerned.

We are making process colors according to the standards laid down by American Institute of Graphic Arts. They can be obtained in consistencies suitable for magazines, proving and single printing.

◆

BILL SAYS: *"The hardest worker seldom gets the softest job."*

◆

PRICE CUTTING

NEVER did anyone any permanent good.
Is an admission that the first price was too high, anyway.
Is unnecessary if your customers are getting a fair deal.
Is a poor way to establish public confidence in your business.
Is easy to start and hard to stop.
Is inefficiency's last resort.
Is the first step toward a receivership.—*The Last Word.*

Playing Safe

WE were discussing the question of insurance in the office not long ago. I had just mailed a cheque to an accident company so that should I happen to be badly "pi'd" in a railway wreck, or blackjacked for my liquor permit, my battered remains would have some definite salvage value. Our financial man had also received a notice that his life insurance was due. So the conversation naturally turned to a discussion of the benefits of insurance and the number of things for which insurance can be secured.

From the Encyclopedia Brittannica we learn that the first appearance of insurance in business life is found in the marine loans of the ancient Greeks, fully described by Demosthenes. Money was advanced on the ship or cargo to be repaid with large interest if the voyage prospered, but not repaid at all if the ship be lost, the rate of interest being made high enough to pay not only for the use of the capital, but for the risk of losing it. But the direct insurance of sea risks for a premium paid independently of loss began as far as is known, in Belgium about A.D. 1300. During the next century the risks of insurance for the usual voyages between London and European ports were carefully considered, and customary rates became established.

There is an old insurance Company in England which is the daddy of all marine insurance companies, and the story of its origin is one of the interesting romances of English business life. Away back in 1680 there was a coffee house run by Edward Lloyd, and located in Tower Street, London, England. It was a favorite gathering place for ship-owners, captains, and others engaged in over-seas trading with the far outlying parts of the Empire. Over their tea and toast (?) the captains of stout old sailing ships after their voyages, would bandy rough jests and gibes with each other over the speed of their respective ships, the length of voyages, the dangers by storms and hidden reefs, and other polyglot seafaring gossip. Here also came the underwriters to meet and do business with the ship owners. Lloyd moved from his place in 1692 to Lombard Street. Shortly after he

established a weekly news sheet, furnishing commercial and shipping information, which in those days was an undertaking of no small difficulty. The corporation moved into new and sumptuous quarters last year, and it is interesting to recall that in the new place underwriters sit at tables which are partitioned off like boxes in old time eating houses.

Another interesting feature of Lloyds is the Latine bell, which is tolled to announce the arrival of overdue ships. It was salvaged from the wreck of *H.M.S. Latine* in 1799 and was at the bottom of the sea for sixty years. The chair in which the chairman sits, is made from wood salvaged from the wreck of the same ship.

From this humble beginning there has grown up one of the greatest organizations in the world for marine insurance. While insurance of ships is the main business of Lloyds, it also underwrites almost any sort of risk, including industrial strikes, risks of war and loss or damage to arms and legs of musicians and dancers. It will accept risks on possibility of failure of films, weather policies for loss by caterers or producers of open air events, cricket matches and epidemics. I believe it will also insure against twins and triplets. But let's get closer home.

The printer protects his building, plant and stock against fire and flood, and against burglary and theft. He insures his valuable self against sickness, accident and death. Even the plate glass windows of his luxurious office are insured against breakage from bounding brickbats or rampant runaways. His home and its contents receives consideration against fire, as well as visits from the "gentleman with a jimmy," who calls unannounced and leaves in the same manner (sometimes in company with the family plate or his wife's jewellery).

The printer in his wisdom purchases high-grade machinery, delicate engravings and the finest of coated stocks, in order to produce printing that will be considered as *par excellance*. This investment he entrusts to skilled and highly-paid workmen. Yet with all this outlay and precaution he may inadvertently overlook the importance of Ink, which is so often the one thing that will make or mar his production. The best insurance he can have against turning out poor looking work is the quality of the Printing Inks he should use. Suitable Ink is always good insurance. We suggest CANADA INKS.

A Tide of Color

THE value of the color appeal to-day cannot be questioned. It has invaded our business and home life. We move amid a kaleidoscope of constantly changing color objects.

Not long ago "Mum" and I called on a young married couple who have set up their lares and penates in a very charming house of their very own. How proud they are in showing their friends all the comforts and conveniences they have introduced into the new home! Their dining-room is a really delightful place and full of color. The walls were covered with a small patterned, two-toned wallpaper of neutral shades, while the draw-curtains were of a beautiful shade of purple, not unlike our Tyrian Purple No. 603. The furniture was not by any means expensive, but was very attractive. It was built along plain and simple lines and was painted a willow green color. A really delightful change of treatment from the old-fashioned golden-oak stuff of our early married years. It was but another example of the spreading tide of color in our every-day living. The use of restful color schemes in the home tends towards beauty, happiness and greater contentment in life.

The "female of the species" enhances her beauty and appeal by a proper and harmonious color environment, which is reflected in her selection of happy colors in her home and personal appearance. Some of this desire for harmony of color in dress is largely due to the use of ensemble costumes in which dress, stockings, shoes, hats, bags, gloves and other accessories must synchronize or contrast happily. Perhaps we should emphasize the use of color in hosiery, which is being more shown and more appreciated.

The trend toward stabilization of coloring in automobile decoration and upholstery has been no less marked. "Eye appeal" has been a big sales factor. A woman can express her color individuality by ordering a motor with a certain tint of upholstery, and then have her costumes made to harmonize.

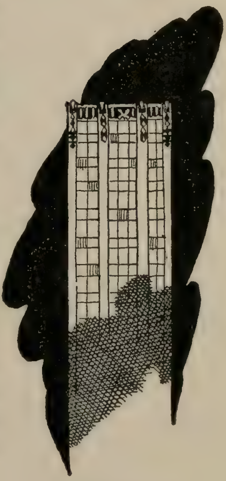
Color extends even into the agricultural products. Flour to meet customers' demands must be of a definite and constant shade of white. Corn is judged to some extent on its coloring. A strong effort is being made by the big baking and confectionery concerns to stabilize the color of bread. They are endeavoring so to regulate their ovens that every loaf shall have the same shade of brown on its top. Crackers, cakes and cookies also are being watched closely for color variations.

Candies depend on their uniformity and beauty of coloring for much of their sales appeal. The same applies to soft drinks, to ice creams and a score of other food products. Fruit is being graded according to color. The popularity of colored sheets, pillow cases and towels, of bright colored breakfast and luncheon sets, and the modernistic trend of furniture have established this color importance. The trend in the kitchen is toward colored cooking and kitchen utensils, and the sombre looking stove and the melancholy pots and pans have blossomed forth in spectrum hues. If it keeps up, royal red bath tubs and willow green furnaces or heliotrope garbage cans are not beyond the range of future possibility. Apropos of this a large department store recently featured a lavender bath, with accessories to match, in a model bathroom decorated in the ultra modern fashion.

Jewellers have always judged the fineness of gold and the metallic content of copper roughly by the colorings of those metals, while the development of new lacquers and paints, many of which are designed to be applied by the purchaser rather than by the painter, has brought new problems to the paint and varnish trade. The growing popularity of the "color appeal" caused the paint industry to start out finding "surfaces to beautify" instead of merely finding "surfaces to save." Typewriters, fountain pens, electric irons, and even golf balls are now appearing in gay apparel. The use of color to increase sales even caused one railroad to paint its train in an attractive color combination.

The new sixteen storey Concourse Building in Toronto, has a unique modernistic design of bright vivid colors and gold all around the outside top storey. At night this new beauty in architectural decoration is enhanced by searchlight illumination. It marks a new touch in skyscraper embellishment.

The importance of color has long been recognized in the textile lines and the looms of the country to-day are turning out fabrics with more designs and more intense colorings than ever before. Manufacturers are not giving all this attention to their products because of beauty of color. Not by an eyeful! The fundamental reason is because their sales are jumping skyward through this color influence. Sometimes trends become so over-emphasized that they turn into real sales boomerangs.



The Tearing o' the Green

NOW comes the time of the year when the sound of the niblick is heard in the land, and the wild and untameable divott shakes off its winter underwear and starts prowling around fairways and greens in search of easy victims. How the heart of the golfing fanatic rejoices at the approach of the season when he can once more pander to a depraved and peace-disturbing vice. Forsaking home, business engagements, devotional duties, creditors and blonde stenographers, he hies forth to an expensive hand-manicured sheep pasture located far "from the madding crowds ignoble strife"—and three miles from a street car. Donning the weird and outlandish garments of his calling and armed with a collection of strange, odd-shaped weapons, he proceeds to carve the hand-kept and segregated sod into varied geometric patterns, diverging occasionally to do a little tunnelling and excavating.

It is an eye-filling and humorous sight to see a middle-aged addict of the game—especially one plentifully endowed with prime leaf lard—"making ready" to whale the everlasting daylights out of a small whitewashed rubber pill. Weird and peculiar are his postures; strange and inexplainable are his antics, to say nothing of his language, which at all times is loose-jointed, descriptive and saturated with sulphur.

Placing the ball in a defenceless position, and seemingly with out the slightest provocation, he attacks it in a ferocious fashion as though to mar its usefulness forever. The ball eludes its assailant and leaping into the air, dives into the recesses of some convenient wrought-iron shrubbery and disappears from human ken or vision.

Now comes the supreme test of the game. To successfully track a malignant, demoniacal-minded and evil-intentioned golf ball, calls for woodcraft faculties of no mean order. The successful golfer must possess the unerring scent of a blood-hound, the tenacity of fly-paper, the hopefulness of an old maid, the reasoning of a Sherlock Holmes, and the ability to look placid and unperturbed whilst red, white and blue anarchy is sweeping through his *corpora callosa.*

The ball does not always successfully elude its pursuers. Cases have been known (principally in Scotland) where a golf ball has been located the same day—but this only after long and arduous searching.

Some attention should be directed to the costumes worn while playing the game. Many weird and outlandish sartorial absurdities are always seen upon the links, and patterns run the gamut through angles, squares, cubist, rail-fence and rattle-snake designs, horse blankets, Scotch plaids and other bewildering arrangements, all done—like Joseph's coat of old—in many odd and startling colors.

Too many regard "gowf" as a relaxation from business cares, a source of pleasure, an opportunity to temporarily evade bill collectors, or a chance to wear funny clothes; but this is not all of it. To painstakingly search for hours for strayed balls, to dig up acres of sod, to excavate caves and cellars in sand lots, to tramp for hours o'er hills and hollows beneath a blazing sun, while a small, undersized caddy staggers along under a shifting load of shelf and heavy hardware, calls for stamina, fortitude and endurance.

When darkness falls the golfer returns to his anxiously waiting family. With a pair of feet that feel like boiled suet puddings, a dose of poison ivy, half an acre of sunburn, a pint of gin under his belt and a pain in his vermiform appendix, he will claim it to be a perfect day. Emotional insanity appears to be on the increase.

◆

YOUR attention is particularly directed to our New Overgloss Ink No. 330, which has been used on one-half of the colored enclosure in this issue. It has been printed over our Fire Red No. 542. It is very free working, and easy to handle. Dries hard in about five or six hours from time of printing. Does not heat or cause sheets to stick together. Will run all day without drying on the press. Can be left standing for several hours. Useful for label work of all descriptions where a high finish is required. Only one dollar per pound. Special price in quantities.

◆

WHEN I arrived home the other evening our "sweet mamma" remarked "that two seed catalogues have arrived and that's enough to keep Dad quiet for the rest of the evening." "When the seed catalogues come, can spring be far behind?" They are always welcome for they herald the coming of a new season. When the March winds blow blustering around the home, they bring visions of glorious gardening days to come. More alluring than ever with their pictures and descriptions of luscious fruits and vegetables, and beautiful flowers, they might well be termed the world's greatest fiction. And the wonder of it all is brought about by the skill of the printer and engraver—and the magic of printers Ink.

The Day's Work

A COUNTRY printer writes: "We have more or less trouble with Gold Size, as the Bronze Powder does not stick fast enough. We are not heavy users, and the remaining Ink is replaced in Ink cupboard. The result is that when we want to use it again it has become heavy and sticky. Our practise is to soften with a little vaseline or other softener.

—Never reduce Gold Size with anything but No. 2 Varnish, which has length and binding qualities without being too tacky. Vaseline and other greasy compounds should never be used under any consideration.

◆

WILL you kindly inform us if it is always necessary to run a Gold Base before printing Gold Ink?

—It is not necessary to run a Gold Base first where you are using a coated stock. It is only on cover papers and soft-finished stock that it is needed. The Gold Ink Varnish is a rather thin liquid in comparison with Varnishes used in other Inks. The result, of course, is that it will be absorbed by the stock very readily. The function of the Gold Ink base is to fill the pores of the paper to prevent the Gold Ink Varnish penetrating the paper, leaving the Bronze Powder without the necessary material to hold it together.

◆

WE ARE sending two sheets of the same job of half-tone printing. One side of the sheet is perfectly dry, while the other side the black Ink rubs off very easily. Our pressman claims that Ink was too tacky and a little reducing compound was added to prevent "plucking." He claims that the same amount of reducer was used on both sides.

—We think that the cause of your trouble is in the different amount of compound used. There is often a tendency to use more reducer than is necessary. More exactitude is required and especially with "dopes" or compounds of a greasy nature. A little too much affects the drying properties of an Ink very quickly. An ounce may be just enough, while one-half or one-quarter ounce more would be too much and cause endless trouble.

A *PRESSMAN on a city daily is anxious to know "what causes the variation in quantities of Ink used. Some months records show an increase in Ink consumption without any increase in circulation. Their circulation manager had obtained figures from other papers, and was making some "comparison" in operating figures.*

—It is difficult to say accurately just what would cause a difference, as there are several factors that will exercise an influence. The chief cause is in the setting of the fountain, which is altered from day to day according to the type needs. Some offices run normally heavy while others may like a grey appearance to sheet and run more sparingly. The paper may vary in moisture content and absorb more Ink one time than another. The finish of the paper must also be considered. Then again the character of the advertising pages with their disparity in heavy type and heavy illustrations will be another factor. It is quite unfair to compare Ink consumption month by month without knowing the actual number of square inches of printing surface, or familiarity with the other causes. Monthly variations in some offices with the same Ink and apparently the same paper have often varied from 2 to 4%, largely due to the character of its advertising.

◆

WE had a 30 x 40 sheet of cartons—12 on a sheet—recently sent to us for criticism. There were three separate shades of Yellow on the sheet which was caused by faulty and irregular fountain adjustment. Yellow in carton printing is usually a solid ground-color. Any variation in quantity carried will not only be noticeable, but will affect the over-printing colors. It is absolutely essential that the ground colors on heavy surfaces be kept perfectly even.

◆

OFFSET Printing demands Inks of greater concentration than are probably necessary in other processes of printing. This is the most important factor in their selection—even more so than price. The film of color carried is necessarily light, and the more concentrated the color the smaller the amount that will need to be used. This reduces Ink cost and minimizes trouble. An Ink with great tinctorial strength, even at a higher price, will often prove to be the cheapest in operation. Our Offset Inks are made from the purest and most highly concentrated dry colors that are at present procurable.

The Noon Hour

One might add that golf is a game in which the ball lies every way and the player always.

◆

"Mother, there's a blind man at the back door."

"Tell him that we don't want any."

(Better read this again).

◆

One of the speaker's chief points concerned the modern, common-sense style of women's dress. "Do you know," she cried to her audience, who were nearly all of her own sex, "that our present style of sensible clothing has reduced accidents on trams, trains and busses by at least fifty per cent?" She paused to let this sink it. It gave a bright young man his opportunity. "You'll excuse me," he said, politely, "but why not do away with accidents altogether?"

◆

MISCUED

Bride (starting usual formula)—Thank you so much, Mr. Jones, for your splendid present. We'll think of you every time we eat out of it.

Guest—It's awfully nice of you to say so—but won't it be a little difficult eating out of a vacuum cleaner?—*Passing Show.*

◆

YUHAUTOREADTHIS!

He had choked her—

She was dead—there could be no doubt about that. He had listened to her dying gasp.

Now she was cold—cold as the hand of death.

Yet in his anger he was not convinced. Furiously he kicked her. To his amazement she gasped, sputtered and began to hum softly.

"Just a little patience is all it takes, John," remarked his wife from the rear seat.

SOME KINGS

The class composition was on "Kings," says the Boston Transcript, and this is what one boy wrote: "The most powerful king on earth is Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; one of the worst is Smo-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slyest, Win-king, and the noisiest, Tal-king."

◆

At some parties, now-a-days:

"P-st, s-sh-sh, have you —— —— —— ——"

"No, gimme a light and spring it."

"Well, it seems that there were two travelling salesmen —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——!"

"Ho-ho-ho! Haw-haw! 'At's a corker. Shall we join the men?"

◆

HER SUSPICIONS

Wife (at 2 p.m.)—If I only knew where you've been!"

Husband—"Honi soit qui maly pense."

Wife—"There you go. Whenever you come home in that condition you start using bad language.—*Opinion.*

◆

"What a sad looking store."

"Why? Because it has panes in the window?"

"No, the books are in tiers."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

◆

DRESSED IN STOCKINGS

Mother—What kind of a show did papa take you to see while you were in the city?

Bobbie—It was a dandy show, mamma, with ladies dressed in stockings clear up to their necks.

A man went to a South African newspaper office and complained that his death had been announced erroneously.

"Well," said the Editor, "we never contradict anything we have published, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put you in the Births column tomorrow and give you a fresh start."

◆

THIS IS NO JOKE

In these days of the high cost of living the following story has a decided point:

The teacher of a primary class: "What do you think is the most wonderful thing man ever made?"

A little girl, whose parents were obviously harassed by the question of ways and means, replied as solemnly as the proverbial judge:

"A living for a family."

◆

An Oriental paper, having an English section, printed the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border sombre. Staff has each been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

◆

Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch shorter;
The skirts are the same of mother and daughter;
When the winds blow, each one of them shows
Half an inch, half an inch more than she oughter.

◆

WHAT IT WAS.

The Customs Officer eyed the bottle suspiciously.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the passenger from the Continent.

"Oh, is it?" said the Customs Officer, taking a long sniff.

It was!—*Public Opinion.*

The stranger knocked at the man's door, and told him how a fortune was to be made.

"Uh, huh!" said the man. "But that will take considerable effort."

"Yes," said the stranger, "your days will be filled with toil, and many of your nights will be sleepless."

"Ah," said the man, "but who are you?"

"I?" asked the stranger. "Why, I am Opportunity!"

"Get out!" said the man. "You're a liar! I know you. You are just plain every day Hard Work!"

And he slammed the door.

◆

"Has she ever been here before?" inquired a City alderman when a woman was charged with drunkenness.

"Me 'ere before?" asked the woman. "Look at me, tremblin' like a haspen. Do I look used to it?"

◆

NO WONDER

A man was one day visiting a lunatic asylum and while walking in the grounds he met a patient to whom he said:

"Well, how did you get here?"

The man replied: "Well, sir, you see I married a widow with a grown-up daughter, and then my father married my wife's daughter, that made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and my father became my step-son. Then my step-mother, the daughter of my wife, had a son, and that boy, of course, was my brother, because he was my father's son; but he also was my wife's step-son, and therefore, her grand-son, and that made me the grandfather of my step-brother. Then my wife had a son, so my mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the son of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather. That's one reason I am here, sir."—*Answers.*

A COUPLE OF BOUQUETS

Hamilton, Jan. 15, 1929.

Canada Printing Ink Co. Ltd.,
Toronto, Ontario.

Attention Mr. Sharpe.

Dear Sir: —

I wish to express my appreciation for the excellent service you gave us on our order for special Milori Green last Thursday. It arrived O.K. on the 8 o'clock bus and our night staff was able to continue without a moment's delay.

It is indeed remarkable service—just four hours elapsed from the time we phoned you until the Ink was being used in our plant. We consider it especially good, in view of the fact that the green was a special mixture for us.

Thanking you and the boys in your plant for the splendid co-operation.

Yours very truly,
DAVIS-LISSEN CO.

◆

New York, January 26, 1929.

Canada Printing Ink Co. Ltd.,
15 Duncan Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

Gentlemen:

The September issue of *Canadaink* which you so kindly sent to the writer, has been commented upon so highly by various members of our organization that I take great pleasure in transmitting to you our compliments.

Not only is the style, typographically and decoratively speaking, most attractive and modern in the best sense, but the workmanship in the execution is superb.

The Inks on the cover have the luminous and flat appearance of water color and rank with the best specimens we have ever seen.

We extend to you our congratulations and wish you the business success such fine production deserves. It is a credit to both the printer and the maker of the Inks.

Very truly yours,
BLANCHARD PRESS,
by O. W. Fuhrmann.

Canada Inks

May be obtained from

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY CANADA LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

AND PUBLISHERS' NEWS INK
HALIFAX
SAINT JOHN
SCHOFIELD PAPER CO.

◆

Or direct from our factory
15 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO

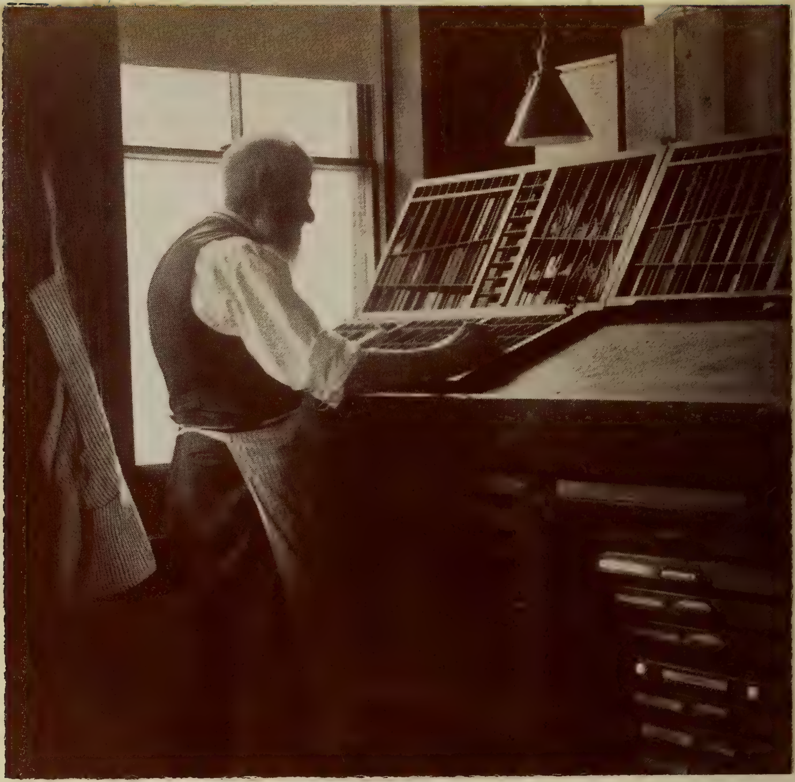
Agents for New Zealand
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, LIMITED, CHRISTCHURCH

Printed in Canada

WHER
THE
RAINBOW ENDS

CANADA PRINTING
INK CO. LIMITED

CANADAINK



An Old Canadian Printer

He made me think of Franklin as he stood
There at the case, keen-eyed and skilled of hand . . .
One of a great far-reaching brotherhood,
One of the many printers of our land.

CANADAINK

Being Issued Occasionally by the CANADA PRINTING
INK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, for passing
along Items of Interest to Users of Ink

JUNE, 1929 NUMBER 38

Bill says: "*A little encouragement is a good spur.*"

◆

THE U. T. A. Department of Education is serving the printing industry by lectures and literature that is inspiring and of practical benefit to the entire industry.

◆

PADSIT—a cold padding cement—does away with the messy and hot gluepot. A slight stirring and it is ready for use. Comes in quart sizes.

◆

COLOR printing is a powerful and dominant force in modern selling. It clothes the message in beauty—compels attention and increases sales. An appeal in color will prove several times more effective than the same appeal in sombre black. Use more color—Canada color.

◆

A MANUFACTURED product can be featured attractively by the use of a Half-tone Black that will bring out all the beauty of design in sharp, clean printing. Sterling Black is expressly made to give a quality appearance. Only one dollar per pound, but worth more. Special price in quantities.

◆

THE Craftsmen Club slogan of "Share Your Knowledge" will likely be exemplified when the International Convention meets in Toronto in August. We extend a cordial welcome to all brother Craftsmen and others, to visit our factory on Duncan Street and "Share Our Knowledge" on the making of Fine Printing Inks.

STERLING Half-tone Black has proven its worth and adaptability for all kinds of half-tone work. It is appreciated for the production of catalogues in "the better way." Special price in quantities.

●

BE proud. You represent a great craft, a great art. Don't approach a customer in the spirit of a peddler, but with the thought that your skill and your knowledge is akin to that of the lawyer or the physician. Aim to sell service, not merchandise, no matter what the customer's attitude toward you may be.—*Printing.*

●

A WELL-KNOWN firm of management engineers has recognized the following as being the six most important steps in a working programme for anybody who wants to do improvement work in the office or factory: (1) Analysis; (2) Elimination; (3) Co-ordination; (4) Standardization; (5) Organization and (6) Incentives. These are mentioned in the order in which they should be performed.—*Simplified Practice.*

●

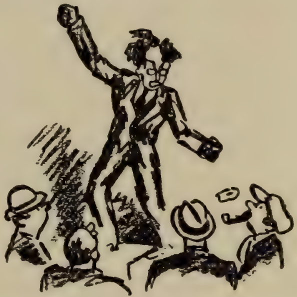
FOR some time past we've had a simmering idea that *Canadaink* ought to have a cover depicting some of the old romantic spots in our country's history—either in Montreal or Quebec. But the rub was, who could we get that would have the sympathetic understanding and needed ability to carry out our idea. Then someone sent us a Christmas card of a scene of rural Quebec life, bearing the artist's name of Paul Caron—and the problem was solved. On my next visit to Montreal I called on Mr. Caron. He's a delightful chap—slightly gray and about my own age—I liked him at once. He was just the very person to handle the cover we had in mind. He's a real authority, too, on the history of Old Montreal, and loves to talk about the ancient stone houses that date back to the seventeen hundreds and the people who lived in them. His subject for our cover is part of a very interesting locality—old Jacques Cartier Square—and he has given it quite a "summery" touch. Mr. Caron studied in Montreal under the late William Brymner, C.M.G., R.C.A., and Maurice Cullen, R.C.A. He is a member of the Arts Club of Montreal, the Canadian Society of Graphic Arts, the Society of Canadian Painter Etchers, and is represented in the National Gallery in Ottawa and gallery of Quebec Provincial Government. We hope to show other covers by him in the future.

The Great Agitator

Agitate—"To view in all respects; to contrive by mental deliberation; to consider on all sides."—Webster's Dictionary.

SUBSTITUTE the word *advertising* for agitation, and old Webster's definition immediately becomes apparent.

Advertising in all its phases is but an agitation—a mental deliberation—a consideration of all aspects—directed towards any object or objective.



The most of us are agitators in some manner or other. Every business man, every politician, every college professor, every minister, every printer, is working for some objective. Every sermon and address, every piece of printed matter, every movement of any kind, is the expression of a desire for a different direction of thought. It is a revision or consideration of a definite movement for progress. We live in an age of progress and accomplishment. We are ever striving for more and greater benefits, conveniences, enjoyments and results. The great force behind this advancement—the thing that makes it a living and forceful reality—is Printing Ink, for it is the one tangible medium by which the ideas and expressions of progressive effort can be multiplied and distributed.

It is the greatest power in the world to-day, not even excepting radio and movies, for the distribution of knowledge and entertainment.

Use more Printing Inks—CANADA INKS.

●

THE letterhead is the silent representative of a firm. It reaches many places that even the finest salesman may never reach. It, as a rule, goes direct to the head officials. A model letterhead should be simple and dignified and easily read. It should be well proportioned—and great care should be exercised in the selection of proper type faces. It is possible to convey a subtle suggestion of the firm's business by the use of suitable type, which should be printed in a dense black Ink that will convey the impression of refinement and quality. It is a little thing, but important.

"Old and Nippy"

CHEESE is a very old and very cosmopolitan article of food, for there are few, if any, of the civilized countries that have not contributed at least one outstanding native variety to the world's menu.

In this country it is made almost exclusively from cow's milk, but on the continent of Europe it is also made from goat's and ewe's milk; while in Arabia and parts of Russia it is prepared from the milk of the camel and the mare.

It has many stages of degeneracy in its decadent career, which are charitably referred to as "ripening." From its first appearance until its last dying gasp it leads a shameless and malodorous existence. It is an Ishmaelite among respectable food stuffs, for it is often without morals, manners or a sense of decency.

When it is young and fresh it is as ladylike and docile as a dish of blanc mange, but once it reaches maturity and has grown a few green whiskers, it becomes as ferocious and deadly as T.N.T. and should be approached with caution and respect.

In common with a lot of other careless individuals of low tastes, I have a confessed weakness for cheese, especially when it is in the state of health which our grocer describes as "old and nippy"—(and the older the better). I offer no objections even when it has passed into the final stages of putrefaction and decay and is ready for burial. The kind I shun is the flexible rubber-belting variety that looks like soap or putty—and tastes like helenall. That kind is an abomination and a worker of intestinal discomfort.

I have dallied with the densely populated Stilton, the gangrened Gorgonzola, the mortified Roquefort and the pre-digested-coffin-encased-tinfoil-shrouded Camembert without any apparent loss of social prestige. I have also flirted with the high-powered and odoriferous Limburger (with proper accompaniment) in the old Liederkranz days, without any protest from the Board of Health. Yet in spite of all this devil-may-care reckless disregard of social proprieties there is one variety that I have never had the courage or nerve to tackle.

The Isle of Orleans, in the River St. Lawrence below Quebec, is the lair of this pariah of the cheese family, and its fame is apparently confined to its native province, for which there is some cause for thankfulness. It is said an attempt was made some years ago to introduce it in quantity shipments to other localities, but owing to the rapid rise in the death rate among the railway employees it had to be abandoned.

It was evidently named by some person with a keen sense of humor, for its *nom de plume* is "fromage raffine"—or refined (?) cheese.

Along in early October, or about the time of the first frost, the frugal *bonhomme* who is responsible for its creation hies forth to the rear of his stable. An excavation is made in a pile of hot, fresh and fragrant animal excrement and the newly-made cheese placed there in solitary confinement for about six weeks. When it has grown a set of heavy woollen underwear it is taken out and chained to a stake in the stable to complete its education. It is pallid and lifeless when it goes into its Augean sepulchre, but, Holy Bull-dogs!—after it has become well "ripened" it is about the "ranksomest" thing that ever came down the pike. No container has yet been devised that is sufficiently air-tight to curb or confine its putrescent ambitions. A piece the size of a pica quad is strong enough to move a ton of coal, while one whiff of its foetid breath would throw a fertilizer factory into convulsions.

Some people claim that this edible disease is inhabited, but that is not true. Even the intrepid and mephitic microbe would flee from its presence as we would flee from a pestilence.

An old friend (usually truthful) told me of an experience he had some years ago in Quebec when he foolishly attempted to bring some of it home. The grocer from whom it was purchased was evidently familiar with its forty horsepower proclivities, for he carefully wrapped it in several layers of wax paper, parchment and heavy wrapping papers, finally encasing it in sheet lead, the same as used for lining tea chests.

My friend claims when he walked up the street with the parcel—held out at arm's length—that multi-colored fumes streamed out behind—that women and children at the first sniff ran screaming and panic-stricken into safety—that dogs fled howling from the scene, and that strong men, nerveless and shaken, leaned against posts and shop walls gasping for breath. Reeling and staggering, he finally reached his hotel, gave the parcel to the clerk and then collapsed. He claims that it took three shots of Scotch (a type of treatment which ought to be encouraged) to restore him to even partial normalcy. While this happened many years ago, he still clearly recalls the incident—and the treatment.

The milk from which cheese is made is materially influenced by natural and climatic conditions of air, water, soil and altitude—and this, with different manufacturing methods, has produced several distinct varieties of outstanding originality. Its chief claim to fame, however, rests upon the manner and amount of its ageing or curing. Whether that is done in a cottage, a cellar, a cave or a manure pile is a matter of preference.

While the habits of this caseous creation will always be suspicious and peculiar, it will likely retain its popularity among the masses as a suitable and favorite running-mate with bread and beer. Opinions differ as to its dietetic value. As its digestibility seems to vary with its age, its texture and its composition, it may produce different reactions on different individuals.

So what's the odds!

●

IN many pressrooms are to be found different kinds of varnishes, oils, greases, compounds, reducers and other "what-not and cure-all dopes," purchased with the bright hopes that their use would remove all the troubles and ailments often met with in pressroom activities. Only in rare instances will their use be of any real value, and then only when used sparingly and with discretion. Their presence is disturbing and their value is doubtful. A great deal of Ink dissatisfaction has been caused by the indiscriminate use of some of these "ready remedies." The tendency is always to use too much, rather than too little. Like the nigger with the pills. Instead of taking one every hour according to directions, he thought if he took them all at once he would get better that much quicker. No substitute should be added to an Ink without good reason. Hardly a week passes that we are not called on to remedy some trouble caused by the indiscriminate use of some wonderful (?) compound. The Ink maker sends out his goods to work under normal and average conditions and with the needed amount of dryer. They are made from tested ingredients. Any addition to their physical composition, without any knowledge of results, may prove disastrous. The Ink maker should be called in as a consulting physician if there is any printing illness.

Some Old Canadian Presses

THE first press in Upper Canada (now Ontario) was the one used by Louis Roy at Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) for printing the first issue of the *Upper Canada Gazette* in 1793. It is in the possession of the Ontario Museum at the Normal School, Toronto. Roy was the King's Printer and his equipment was imported especially from England in 1792. Among the items was two barrels of Printing Ink (likely made by Blackwell & Co., the first English Printing Ink manufacturer). About 1800 the *Gazette* was moved from Niagara to York (Toronto), where it is still issued as a Government journal.

In the town of Forest, Ont., where H. J. Pettypiece prints the *Forest Free Press*, is another old hand press of venerable age. It was the press used by William Lyon Mackenzie in printing his *Colonial Advocate* in 1824. During the riots centering around Mackenzie in 1837 (the year of the rebellion in Upper Canada), the *Advocate* office was wrecked by the mob and the press thrown into Toronto Bay. The old press was shipped down from Forest in July, 1927, and was used in a Confederation Day float by the *Toronto Daily Star*, depicting an early printing office.

Down in Halifax, in the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, stands the very press upon which Joe Howe printed the first copies of the *Nova Scotian* nearly one hundred years ago. On this press have been printed the papers that fought the battles for responsible government in two provinces. It has printed White's edition of the Bible, Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, Murdock's epitome of the laws of Nova Scotia and the immortal "Sam Slick" by Judge Haliburton. The press was also used by Edward Whalen to print the *Palladium* in Charlottetown, P.E.I. The *Chronicle* has been in possession of it for over twenty years.

●

BILL SAYS: "*Experience makes some folks wise and others only careless.*"

●

HIGHER standards of printing are demanding better Inks—different and suitable for many uses, but alike in distinction—for easy readable newspapers—for sales-compelling catalogues—for rich half-tone illustrations—for colorful treatments of covers and mailing pieces—made with care and attention for different stocks and purposes—Inks that are reliable in performance—CANADA INKS.

The Drift of Trade

THE past year brought abundant prosperity to Canada. There is bound to be a natural pride and satisfaction in knowing that the external trade was the largest in the Dominion's history, with an increased balance in our favor over that of the previous years. With this pride of growth and progress we may be inadvertently developing a trend in trade which may have both influence and significance in our relations with the Mother Country in the near future. In his recent address to the shareholders of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, the President, Mr. Geo. H. Gooderham, laid special stress on this definite tendency of trade development. He said in part:

"The aggregate of our sales to the United Kingdom increased by $36,000,000 and to other portions of the Empire by $45,000,000, while in return our purchases were greater by $18,600,000 and $13,600,000 respectively. Great Britain purchased from Canada $255,000,000 more than she sold to us, and other portions of the Empire took our goods to an amount exceeding our purchases from them by $291,000,000, an aggregate balance of trade against the Empire and in favor of Canada of $546,000,000. As against this, what was the position of our trade with the United States? Our unfavorable balance increased last year by $100,000,000 and reached the formidable sum of $333,000,000. While our sales to the United States were greater by $18,000,000, we increased our purchases from the United States by $118,000,000. As our imports from the United States consist to a large extent of manufactured goods, we consider this lop-sided situation an unfortunate one for Canada and for the Empire, which some concerted and persistent effort should be made to remedy."

It seems that it would be good business on the part of Canadian citizens to increase their purchases of goods from the United Kingdom and other portions of the British Empire, as well as articles of Canadian manufacture.

A Bit of Old Canada

THE cover subject of this issue of *Canadaink* is that romantic old spot in Montreal—Jacques Cartier Square. Around this ancient square are some of the oldest places in the city. On St. Amable, St. Therese and St. Vincent Streets are houses that were built over two hundred years ago. In the foreground is seen the Nelson monument, the oldest monument in Canada, which was erected in 1809. The panels around the base represent the battles of Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar. In the background is the old historic Church of Our Lady of Bonsecour. On the east side of the square may be seen the Chateau de Ramezay. It is a long, low, old-fashioned building, facing the City Hall, and was erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, at that time Governor of Montreal. It was occupied by him as an official residence for many years. In its vaults Fleury Mesplet set up a printing press and issued "The Gazette," which has had an uninterrupted existence to the present day. The Chateau has been used as a residence for governors, as departmental offices, as a court house, normal school, university and magistrate's court. It is today one of the most interesting of places, for it contains a unique collection of old pictures, prints, arms, coins and relics of every description. The old council chamber, kitchen and vaults can still be seen, the latter as perfect as when first built.

The Square on market days is a place of quaint interest, and is a typical lower Canadian summer market scene. The habitant farmers and market gardeners drive in on preceding days, and, taking up their allotted positions, sleep in, on or under their carts until sunrise, when trading begins. Here are to be found huge piles of fresh vegetables, bright-hued flowers, and all kinds of food stuffs in season, intermingled with home-made rugs, blankets and sox; chairs, baskets and bales of the ever-dominant and odoriferous native-grown *tabac Canadienne*. A stroll through the gesticulating and bargaining crowd is an interesting experience. As most of the conversation is in French, it takes on an old-world atmosphere.

The tides of time and progress have brought many changes to this quaint old spot, but here and there an old house still stands to remind us of those early days in our history when buckskin-clad trappers and *coureurs de bois* rubbed shoulders with the gayly dressed chevaliers and ladies of Old France.

Buried Treasure

NOT long ago I motored over three hundred miles along the south shore of Nova Scotia in company with a couple of as gentlemanly pirates as ever scuttled a crock of highland tonsil cream. One of the places we visited was the village of Chester. It is a beautiful spot, charmingly situated on St. Margaret's Bay. It has quite a large summer population—chiefly Americans—who have many beautiful homes on the islands and mainland shores. One of Chester's chief stock-in-trade tourist yarns hovers around Oak Island, where Captain Kidd, a notorious freebooter of the 18th century, is supposed to have buried an enormous treasure pillaged from rich merchantmen during his years of piracy on the Spanish Main.

All down the Atlantic seaboard and through the West Indies are to be found coves, islands and other places with old legends of rich treasure trove associated with Sir Henry Morgan, Spadebeard, Capt. Tench and other freebooters. Many of these places have been dug over scores of times by individuals and syndicates lured on by the magnet of "buried treasure."

What a fascination these words have for some individuals! Treasure trove—pieces of eight—gold moidores—jewels—gems—gold altarpieces—all the wealth of Golconda—can be conjured up by a lively imagination.

Yet richer hoards of treasure than ever pirates dreamed of are buried in the coves and islands of "printing." They are all around us—just waiting for far-seeing enthusiasts to dig up. The treasure is there—plenty of it. It's only a question of going after it the right way.

The printing trade, like some other industries, has been undergoing a metamorphosis (good word this) that has shown the possibilities of digging up some extra treasure by a greater volume of business through new methods of approach. There has been developed a realization that printing must be really sold, and that the day is past when customers sought out the printer to place an order.

Trade has to be sought after now-a-days, and the man who is selling must "know his stuff." Quality in workmanship always was and always will be a strong basis of appeal. But it is also true that this quality has to be marketed—at a profit for the printer and his customer. Co-operation is a necessary factor in present-day conditions. To do this the printer must know how to deal with customers, how to anticipate their requirements, how to advise them regarding printing expenditures, and be able to suggest new ideas that will enable his customer to sell more goods. He must also know how to "soft pedal" the price complex and prevent it from interfering with sales. The successful printer of to-day must be a good salesman as well as a good craftsman. He must not only be able to do good work—but he must be able to get work to do—not now and then, but all the year round. So often the blame of dull business has been placed on the season's vagaries—and there might be some truth in the statement, for the printer's business is but the reflection of all other business. Vacation periods, tardy markets, weather condition, banking perversities, etc., all exercise some influence on general conditions, and the printer will be affected in turn—if he lets it do so. It's up to him to plan a selling campaign in advance that will keep things going all the year through, regardless of all these alibis. This is just another attempt for "buried treasure" that should be productive.

●

NEARLY all the qualifications that a printer expects to find in a perfect serviceable Black have been embodied in our Sterling Half-tone Black. There is a realization that its splendid working properties and satiny finish points the way to producing profits.

●

COLOR is a very expressive factor in our daily lives. We say that a *gray* day makes one feel *blue*, and the future looks *black*. On another day when the *golden* sun bathes the *green* fields with *yellow* light it makes the future look "*rosy*." We speak of "seeing *red*," in a "*brown* study," *white* with passion, or *green* with jealousy. It is a scientific fact that harmony in color makes us react favorably and pleasantly, while dullness and lack of color has exactly the opposite effect. Pretty shades make us want to draw near them, while we instinctively shrink from inharmonious hues. We may create an atmosphere which will excite, stimulate, cheer, delight or soothe according to the selection of proper color harmony. Printing Inks with their wide range of hues offer splendid scope for creative expression and experiment.

The Day's Work

I AM enclosing two folders for your criticism, especially the one where the water is shown in orange and would like your advice as this or your suggestion as to a color scheme for the entire folder.

—We have yours of the 30th in connection with the reprint for summer resort folder. In our opinion a summer resort folder should be printed in the cool colors rather than in the warm ones, and we would, on this basis, say that your green combination on the smaller folder is far ahead of the orange and yellow, which are the two warmest colors, used on the larger folder. We presume the idea is that most people go to summer resorts to escape the heat and with this in mind we cannot help but feel that a color combination suggesting coolness will have better pulling power than one suggestive of extreme heat. We are returning your folders herewith and will be glad to have you return them to us when ordering inks.

•

CAN you tell us anything about the manufacture of Gold Bronze and what it is made from? Also what is meant by Lining Bronze and Dusting Bronze?

—Gold Bronzes are made from alloys of copper, tin and zinc in certain definite proportions. These are pounded into small particles and afterwards separated by blowing the pulverized metal into air-tight chambers, the walls of which have ledges or shelves to collect the particles. The bronze which lodges on the topmost ledge is the lightest in specific gravity, the coarsest naturally being on the lowest level. For many years Germany was the chief source of the world's supply. By reason of windmill power she was able to manufacture at a low production cost. The world war changed conditions and bronze is now being manufactured in several other countries, including Canada.

Lining Bronze is the finest in texture. It is lighter in specific gravity and more expensive in price. It is used for mixing gold Inks. Dusting Bronze is coarser in texture and heavier in specific gravity. It is used with Gold Size in bronzing machines or applied by hand with a pad of soft cotton. Gold Bronzes come in two shades—rich and pale gold.

Messieurs:—

Y a-t-il, une poudre ou une encre quelconque ou composition, afin lorsque nous faisons une impression nous pouvons avoir un travail semblable a de la gravure, nous voulons dire que lorsque l'impression est faite les lettres se trouvent soulevees plus haut que le papier. Nous ne voulons pas dire l'embossage, car pour avoir ce travail il faut un cliche, mais si la chose peut safaire avic des caracteres ordinaires.

—We have yours of the 18th of April and believe that what you are looking for is now known as "Thermographic Printing."

The job is printed in the regular way and the sheet immediately dusted over with a powder composed of resin, dammar and other gums. The sheet is then run through a heating unit, which melts the gum up into the Ink and produces a raised effect similar to embossing. There are several types of machines on the market for doing the work.

●

WE have been having considerable trouble with our rollers cracking, as you can notice from a sample we have sent you. This trouble is more noticeable when we are working on process printing. We have taken the matter up with our roller maker and he is inclined to blame the trouble on the kind of Ink we are using. We would be grateful if you could give us any information on this subject or if any other printer has had the same trouble.

—The consensus of opinion of several of the large consumers of process colors in this city seems to be that this peculiar roller cracking is more noticeable in those offices where the presses are in continual operation and where the rollers have very little, if any, opportunity to rest. Continuous washing of rollers with quick evaporating mediums and the chemical action of some colored Inks (principally red and yellow) has a tendency to harden or crystalize the surface of the roller. The entire roller warms up and expands under continuous working friction. As the outside skin has become brittle or hardened more than the balance of the composition, it is only natural that the surface would crack under this expansion. We are of the opinion that a great deal of this trouble would be obviated if two sets of rollers were obtained and changed every other day. No roller will stand continuous service, night and day, without showing sign of hard usage. Rollers for this class of work should be made only from the highest grade materials, without a particle of recast composition. In offices working under these extreme conditions a roller has only about three months' usefulness.

The Noon Hour

Mrs. S. (in restaurant): "Just look at that Scotchman eating over there."

Mr. S.: "I see the man, but what makes you think he is Scotch?"

Mrs. S.: "He licked his spectacles after eating his grapefruit.—*Clipped.*

●

"Stop the Presses!" commanded the constable as he drew up alongside of a roadside petting party.—*Judge.*

●

A young man and his bride on their honeymoon arrived at Monte Carlo. Upon their first night they strolled down to the beach in the moonlight and sat there gazing out over the water.

Presently the man quoted: "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!"

Whereupon the young bride grasped her husband's arm and exclaimed:

"Oh, Richard, dear, look—how wonderful you are—it's doing it!"

●

NOT FIREPROOF

"You have made your hero too inflammable, I'm afraid," said the critic to the young author. "To begin with, he has a lantern jaw. In Chapter II, his whole face is lit up; in Chapter III his cheeks flamed.

"He gave a burning glance in Chapter X; and after blazing with wrath and boiling with rage he administered a scorching rebuke in the last five pages."

●

SUMMER TIME

"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Johnny wants the Listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got halitosis."

CRAMPED QUARTERS

"Will you join me in a glass of beer?"

"I'd like to—but do you think both of us can get into a glass?"

●

SURELY NOT A PRINTER

"Hello Brown—I see you landed that big job last week. Did you get it at a fixed price?"

"Oh yes, the price was fixed alright, but I didn't do the fixing."—*Ex.*

●

MEOW!

Mrs. Brown—"Does your husband object to cats?"

Mrs. Smith—"He does indeed. He claims that I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay and have tea?"

●

A certain bishop was considerably agitated at receiving this note from the vicar of a village in his diocese:

"My Lord—I regret to inform you of the sudden death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute over the week-end?"

●

There was a young lady of Rhyd
Who ate green apples and dhyd.
  The apples fermented
  Inside the lamented
And made chydr inshyd her inshyd.

●

GOLF DEFINED

Farmer (to friend): "I hear, Bert, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"

Bert: "Well, it ain't bad. It's a bit harder than hoein' turnips an' a bit easier than diggin' potatoes."

WHOSE CAR?

When it's newly washed—Mother's.

When it's just overhauled—Son's.

When there's a dance on—Daughter's.

When it needs repairs, fresh paint, new tires and a tank full of gas—Dad's.

●

The doctor's little daughter was watching wide-eyed as he tested the heart and lungs of a patient. Suddenly she spoke: "Getting any new stations, daddy?"

—*London Calling.*

●

A colored woman went into a store to buy a collar for her husband.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"I done forget de size," replied the woman, "but Ah kin jes' manage to reach aroun' his froat wif mah bof hands."

●

A CLOSE BREED

LADY—"What kind of a dog is that?"

WIFE—"He's a water-tight dog."

LADY—"What do you mean, water-tight?"

WIFE—"His mother was a water spaniel and his father a Scotch terrier."

●

The Duke of Atholl told this story from the Highlands the other day.

"An aristocratic old lady in the Highlands," said the Duke, "hired a crofter's boy as page, and bought him a livery to be worn only on very special occasions.

"One day she gave a dinner party. As she entertained her guests in the difficult ten minutes before the meal was served, a tousled head was stuck into the dining-room and the voice of the new page asked:

" 'Please, ma'am, am I to wear me ain breeks or yours?' "

●

"I cannot understand," said the Vicar, "why so many of our congregation go straight from church to the public-house."

"Oh," said his lively curate, "that's what is known as 'the thirst after righteousness'."

The question on a history paper was:

"What do you know about Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh?"

The answer given was:—

"Queen Elizabeth rode through the streets of Coventry naked to save the town. She met Sir Walter Raleigh, who gave her his cloak and said, 'You look dam cold.' So Good Queen Bess said: 'Dieu et mon Droit'—which means, 'By —— you're right!' "

●

"I may be down," said the shirt to the underwear, "but I'm not out."

●

HER STYLE OF BEAUTY

"What sort of a looking girl is Miss De Rocques?"

"Well, she has the sort of face that makes it absolutely necessary for its owner to be wealthy or a good cook."—*Farm Life.*

●

The real estate agent was endeavoring to interest a fair prospect in a house of her own. "Why not," says he, "purchase a home?"

"Home!" says she. "I'll say not. Why, I couldn't use one. I was born in a hospital—educated in a college—courted in an automobile—married in church—we dine in restaurants—spend the mornings on the golf links—the afternoons over a bridge table—the evening in dancing or at the movies. And when I die I expect to be buried from the undertaker's. So, all we need is a garage, with maybe a bedroom above it."—*Hardware Age.*

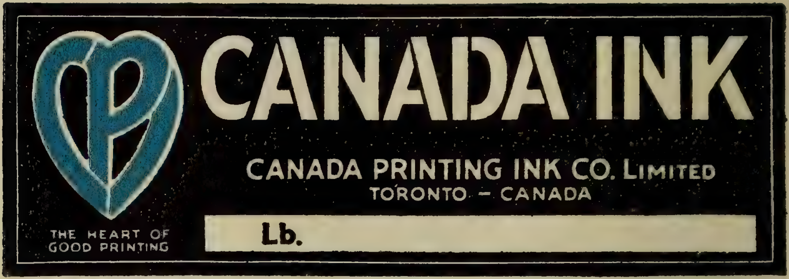
●

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

An Irish fireman, rescuing a woman at a blaze, lost his hold near the bottom of the ladder and landed heavily with the woman on top of him. A doctor hastily summoned pronounced Pat sound, though badly bruised.

"You are a brave gentleman," said the doctor.

"Brave, maybe, but no gintleman," returned Pat, rubbing his injuries, "or I'd a-let the lady go first."


CANADA INK
CANADA PRINTING INK CO. LIMITED
TORONTO – CANADA
THE HEART OF GOOD PRINTING
Lb.

Our New Label

IN future all tins of Canada Ink sent out from our factory will carry the new label pictured above. Application for registry of design has been made at Ottawa. The old label design has been in constant use almost since our company began operations about half a century ago. It has been a constant and welcome visitor in almost every Canadian printing office. During the long years since its first adoption it has witnessed changes that have practically revolutionized the industry. It has seen printing rise almost from the bottom of the trade ladder, until it stands to-day unrivalled in leadership and importance among those industries which contribute so much to the fund of human progress and happiness.

The old original was made by "wood engraving"—a process which is no longer in commercial use—and marked a style of lettering and arrangement in design much in vogue forty years ago.

But the world moves on—fashions come and go—and changes are not unexpected in these days of progress and development. The lettering and design of the new label has a more modern touch, and is more representative of the times we live in. It is another indication of our determination to bring everything we manufacture right up to the minute in quality, efficiency and appearance.

The color contents of each can will be denoted as formerly by the color of the main part of the label.

●

THE inks used on the cover of this issue of *Canadaink* were made to match the artist's sketch. We have special facilities for giving color service. Send samples of stock whenever possible.

Canada Inks

May be obtained from

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY CANADA LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

And Publishers News Ink

HALIFAX *and* SAINT JOHN
SCHOFIELD PAPER CO.

Or direct from our factory

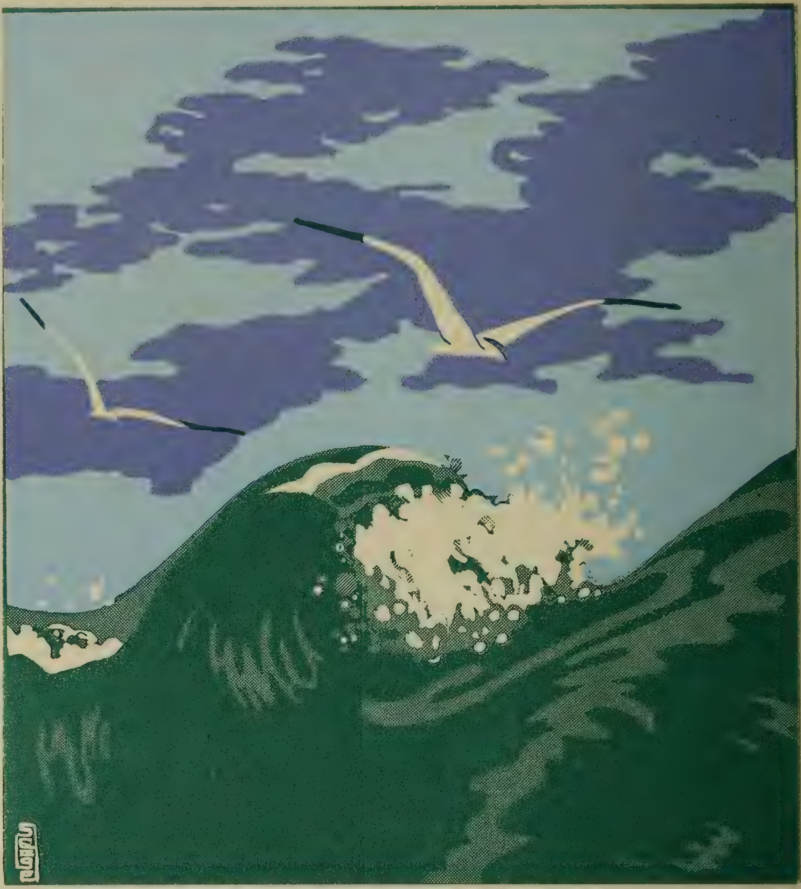
15 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO

Agents for New Zealand
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, LTD., CHRISTCHURCH

PRINTED IN CANADA

CONVINCE
WITH
COLOR

CANADAINK



A Simple Design with Flat Zincs and Ben Day
Printed with Water Color Inks

CANADAINK

BEING ISSUED QUARTERLY BY THE CANADA
PRINTING INK COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO
FOR PASSING ALONG ITEMS OF INTEREST TO
USERS OF INK

SEPTEMBER, 1929 NUMBER 39

Bill says: "*Printing Ink is both a commodity and a service.*"

◆ ◆

THE Craftsmen started "something worth while" when they invited others to "Share their Knowledge."

◆ ◆

JUST another little "memory jog" that Sterling Black is a very satisfactory Ink for catalogues and mailing pieces.

◆ ◆

COLOR has always lacked a clear, simple system of notation. Complete understanding of color problems has been handicapped by vague and indefinite terms. Music defines each sound in terms of three variables—pitch, volume and duration. Colors can be described and defined just as easily by Munsell's terms of Hue, Value and Chroma. We are giving special attention to Munsell's Notation of Color in our Color Room. Visitors are always welcome.

◆ ◆

WE have had a number of inquiries as to the identity of the old Canadian printer pictured in the last issue of *Canadaink*. It is that of Edward Johnston, of St. John, New Brunswick, who recently passed away at nearly ninety years of age. He was a remarkable old man and worked at the case until a very short time before his death. He was a very strong man in his younger days and stories are told how he would carry two forms of newspaper pages of solid type—one under each arm—and place them on the press. He was a native of the Maritime provinces.

USING CANADA INK is like sharing in the combined experiences of the leading practical pressmen for many years. These improvements in many cases were suggested by the needs of our clients who deal directly with us or through our distributing agents. The final results have been proven in practical experience before offered for general use. When you buy CANADA INK you not only get good Ink—but you get tested experience, which is of considerable value.

* *

JAMES E. BOYLE, Professor of Agricultural Economics at Cornell University, stated recently: "Canada is a country of vast virgin resources. The United States is sometimes spoken of as the richest country in the world, due to the immense progress of both agriculture and industry in that country. The fact is, however, that Canada is a country of large area, and of far greater wealth in natural resources per capita. With a balanced development of Canadian resources, coupled with an equally balanced growth of those two great arteries of economic life—transportation and banking—Canada is destined to be the wealthiest country in the world. Already her exports per capita have a value four times those of the United States."

* *

WE like the printing business. It is a good business—pleasant, respectable and honored.
It has a high place among the important industries of the world.
It is the greatest of the inventions of man, for without its assistance all other business would falter and die.
It is founded on the purest ideals. For over four hundred years it has been an outstanding force in uplifting the human race out of the sloughs of bigotry and ignorance.
It has wonderful traditions and legends woven around its history.
The world needs the printer and his product.
We are interested in the printer, in his work and his prosperity.
The printer buys our goods.
The printer keeps our factory going.
Oh, yes!
We like the printing business.

A Watercolor Ink Number

WHEN competition is clean and reasonable it is really a good thing for business, but the practise of price-cutting or selling commodities at cost or less is suicidal. Why some people persist in this kind of a policy is past comprehension. Nothing is so easy as to cut prices; nothing is so hard as to get them back when once they have been dragged down. Nobody really gets any benefit from price-cutting. The man who sells makes no profit and the man who buys soon discovers himself getting an inferior article. Every time a price is pared down it creates a doubtful impression in a customer's mind and undermines any desire he may have for a higher quality of work. A business should overcome competition by service and quality—and not by slashing prices till the blood runs. The man who reduces costs of production and improves selling methods, who studies his customer's needs and co-operates with him at every opportunity to increase sales, and who quotes a fair price and sticks to it, can make money and build up new business. He has little need to fear competitors whose only arguments are lower prices and inferior goods.

* *

Bill says: "*No man knows the meaning of responsibility until he has carried a silk hat at a church wedding.*"

* *

"WOT IS DE DIFFRUNCE!"

(From real life—not by Milt Gross)

"Hello! Is it de Kenetta Printink Kompnee I am esking?"

"Yes."

"Hum, jokes you making, huh? You send to me already a ken from poiple ink, and it is nut de same as poiple is, woteffer. It is much more as bleck is. It dunt make for me wot I want, and insted from bing satisfite wit de ink it will make me on de job a tuttle luss. Was somethink huffle!"

"What kind of stock did you print it on?"

"Dunt esk so foolish! Wot is de diffrunce such it makes—paper is paper—and poiple is poiple. If you should know, it vas on gulden rud." (Oohoo, nize baby, make us yet some more epple-suss.)

CANADIAN printers must be patient and long-suffering. They pay income, sales, excise, stamp and luxury taxes; and in addition there is a duty on paper, Ink, engravings, photographs and equipment. Foreign printers and publishers—coming into direct competition with them—flood the country with many publications that do not contribute one dollar to the Canadian treasury. A condition that calls for remedial measures of some sort.

* *

Bill says: "*Muscle can be hired, but you must use your own head.*"

* *

THE fifth hole of the golf course near our summer cottage runs alongside a small pine bush, where are still to be found a few stragglers of that vast army of Canada pine, which at one time practically covered the northerly section of York County. One lovely June day, a year or so ago, we were having a quiet twosome of golf. I had driven into the rough (a chronic habit) and, while hunting for the ball, my attention was caught by a bit of bright color just inside the rail fence which marks the boundary line. It was a lovely but lonely bit of our wild native Columbine (*Aquilegia Canadensis*) trying hard to grow in the poor sandy soil. Evidently the seed had been carried there by a passing breeze or dropped by the birds, and had taken root. I came back after the game and, lifting it without disturbing the root, carried it home and planted it in the perennial border behind the "shack." In its new environment it has taken on a new lease of life. This spring it was a mass of lovely bloom. When I walk in the garden in the cool of the evening I get a lot of pleasure from its beauty as it thrives and blooms—as though in gratitude—amid its more aristocratic neighbors. All it needed was a helping hand to give it a fresh start. There is a moral in this if we only think it over.

A Watercolor Ink Number

A PRINTER once in a country town whose honest face wore a woeful frown, looked at a sheet that had come from his press covered with ink in a smeary mess. The pressman said: "This is looking punk, but it's the best I can do with the awful junk that someone sold us as printing ink—the kind of stuff from which I shrink. Our rollers also are out of step, they have no suction, life or pep. They are badly shrunk and the ends are frayed and it looks like years since they first were made." The printer said, "It is really tough that we haven't materials good enough, for we simply can't neglect our sheet, or our families won't have grub to eat. I can't afford to gyp my trade for if I should that fickle jade that people often call success will pass me by or I miss my guess. We'll start right now to improve our sheet, so the folks will say, 'It can't be beat.' Order ink of a higher grade and have some brand-new rollers made." People to-day are keenly alive and after quality always strive, for whether it's printing or gasoline, they want it perfect, right and clean."

THE FABLE OF THE "KNOW-IT-ALL GUY"

ONCE there was a Small Town Bimbo with an Inflated Ego who condescended to Associate with a few other individuals in a Humble Way on a Country Weekly. He was the Original Pattern for the Wisenheimers and Imagined Himself the Whole Works. He Spurned all Sage advice as beneath his Dignity. His favorite Pastime was Pinning about Five Pounds of Lead Medals on his Shirt Front while Reciting, "I Am the Best I have Ever Seen." When this Bird had Scooped up all he could Hold he Hot-footed it for the Bright Lights to be near Some Easy Money. He found it Hard Running on the Big Track. He didn't have the Know-How to Put it Over and the Easy Fruit he expected Didn't Fall in his Lap. About this Time a Slick-Article with a Boyish Bob, a Prosperous Appearance and a Good Line Harpooned his Bank Roll, Punctured his Vanity and Left him High and Dry and Gasping for Breath. While recuperating after the Sore Touch he shifted Gears on His Superiority Stuff and now Listens to All Advance Information. *Moral: "Success is Built on Knowledge."*

THE FIRST CRAFTSMEN CLUBS

THE craftsmen societies or clubs are of ancient origin, in reality being descendants of the mediaeval trade guilds which flourished in England and parts of Europe during the early years of the Christian era—principally from the 9th to the 14th centuries—and whose membership was composed of artisans and skilled craftsmen of various trades.

The origin of these crafts or trade guilds is more or less shrouded with historical uncertainty. It is supposed that they originally had been private or secret organizations designed solely for the protection and development of their members' interests in all matters pertaining to a particular craft or trade. Some authorities claim that in their operations and practises there was a similarity to the trade corporations of the Roman Empire. The merchant or trade guilds were distinct in their aims and practises from the guilds of a semi-religious character which later developed into purely religious brotherhoods. The objects of the trade guilds were principally the maintenance of their privileges granted by charter, adherence to a standard of quality, protection for their members and freedom from tolls and private taxation.

By the 12th century they had become quite prominent and influential. In England and some of the Continental free cities they had become a semi-public body, possessing by charter, secured directly from the Crown, a monopoly or control of a trade carried on within certain defined boundaries. As they included in their membership the strongest and wealthiest trading companies and manufacturing firms, they became in many cases the governing body of the boroughs and were able to enact legislation which practically placed the entire trade under their own control or jurisdiction. Having many thousands of workmen as armed retainers, they were also powerful enough to protect themselves and their goods from the attacks of robber barons and other unscrupulous brigands, who openly practised highway robbery with little fear of legal interference. With the increasing demand for manufactured commodities and the development and growth of internal and foreign trade, the guilds became both wealthy and powerful.

In their inception the craft guilds admitted to their ranks only those who could exercise their trades with sufficient ability and skill. They sought to develop good workmanship and demanded that each craftsman should serve an apprenticeship. Selected officials of the guild supervised the process of manufacture to see that goods were of an established standard of quality and that no deception or substitution was practised. During the flourishing period of their existence, which was from the 12th to the 15th centuries, the craft guilds did much to advance the standard of workmanship and to provide and establish a satisfactory existence for their members.

Membership in the guilds consisted of master workmen, journeymen and apprentices. The master workman bought the materials, sold the finished product and conducted the finances. The journeymen and apprentices were under his care and control and lived in the master's household. Journeymen received a fixed wage for their services, which was determined by the guild officials. The apprentices were bound for a term of years (usually seven). In some trades the master accepted apprentices for a fixed amount and in return agreed to train them in all branches and practises of the trade as well as supplying them with their board and lodging. A certain line of moral conduct was also demanded from them during their servitude. At the conclusion of their term of apprenticeship it was customary for some trades to require a craftsman to travel from place to place, working in the different shops, in order to learn new methods of work; a practice which has been preserved through the centuries in the tramp printer (alas! now almost as extinct as the dodo). When a journeyman wished to become a master his request was considered by a board of guild officials. It was also required of him to submit or perform a piece of work as evidence of his skill and proficiency.

The guild customs and practices obviously exercised a beneficial influence on all industry during the Middle Ages.

WATERCOLOR INKS

THE discovery of a new process for making Printing Ink has given the printing industry another medium for the production of color work. It differs from other methods of Ink making as by its use it is now possible to more faithfully reproduce the soft flat effects and the cleanness and brilliancy of the watercolors used by artists. Printed colors have too often differed in tone value from those in the original drawings, especially in letter press printing. The same difference has not been so noticeable in offset lithography, as by this process it was possible to print with dull Inks on rough or antique stock and obtain soft flat effects.

There is no likelihood of their entirely supplanting oil and varnish Inks, but new uses will most assuredly be found for them in the future. As yet they are not suitable for outside display work, and should not be used on jobs that are liable to come in contact with water or liquids of any kind. They can be likened to the flat colors used in interior decoration from which beautiful inside effects are obtained, but which are worthless when used on outside work.

Watercolor Inks are undoubtedly going to be useful in a great many ways. Every day they are finding so many new possibilities for use that it is almost impossible to foretell their limitations.

This issue of *Canadaink*, (cover, tip-in and text) has been printed throughout with our new Simplex Watercolors. They are the result of nearly three years of experiment.

They differ from oil Inks in a number of important ways. Nothing like their soft tone brilliance has ever been used before in letter press printing. They can be obtained in both transparent and opaque bodies, making it possible, by the superimposition of colors to get many new and artistic possibilities in color combinations. They possess easy printing qualities and have a greater coverage than oil Inks. They can be printed on all kinds of stock, although best results are obtained from rough finished papers like antique, egg shell or offset surfaces. They set within fifteen to twenty minutes after being printed, which almost entirely eliminates danger from offset. Their rapid drying facilitates handling, cuts down the waiting time between forms, and speeds production.

While three or four color process printing has been successfully accomplished with them on certain suitable coated papers, it has only been in the nature of experiment to demonstrate their possibilities. Several beautiful effects have been produced, but whether their use in process printing will prove profitable is still a matter of argument. However, the use of almost any Ben Day screens suitable for printing on antique paper is a practical possibility. They are made from extremely fast pigments and will stand exposure to light fully as well as oil Inks.

The use of a protecting surface medium for rollers and faces of form obviates any necessity for special rollers or specially prepared printing surfaces. This means that type forms, zincs, electros, linoleum tint blocks etc., can be handled without extra expense. This in itself is a big factor in cost reduction. We believe that they possess advantages over most other watercolor Inks.

We are now marketing over twenty standard hues, and one black (in one pound tins) of full tinctorial strength, and two body whites (opaque and transparent, in five pound tins), under our trade name of "Simplex" Watercolors. A specimen book showing the full range of standard hues we manufacture is almost ready. We also expect to market these same colors in small containers for artists' use. This makes it possible for the printer to use the same colors or to mix colors in the same proportion and shade as used by the artist or engraving company. Small quantities of specials can be mixed more economically by the printer than we manufacture them. For the present we are only prepared to makes specials in quantities of 10 lbs. and upwards.

Inasmuch as there are basic differences between the new so called watercolors and oil and varnish Inks, it has been found necessary to give a course of instruction on their manipulation and working.

We will be pleased to answer all questions as to their usefulness or working qualities.

THE ARTIST IN COMMERCE

THERE is a saying that the history of France can be gleaned from the songs of its troubadours, for they extolled the happenings of their country's great national events. This could also be truthfully said of artists and painting in connection with any country. The great masters have not only given to posterity visible records of these great historical happenings (with the features of the makers of history themselves), but they left us evidence of the changing trend of fashions in dress, draperies and furniture.

Art may be defined as the expression of a people's desire for a higher standard of culture—for greater refinement—a determination for improvement. It is manifested in other ways than painting, for the sculptor, the composer, the musician, the poet, the author, all contribute to this advancement or movement. The artist, perhaps more than some others, has been identified as the outstanding exponent of this cultural uplift.

In past days, he was looked upon as an individual apart from his fellow men, and was commonly supposed to move on a higher plane than ordinary mortals. He worked for art's sake alone—without thoughts of reward or of privations—in order to perpetuate his ideals and his talent. In fiction and in the movies he is represented as a hungry-looking creature with a Vandyke beard, a long, flowing tie, a shabby velvet coat, badly in need of a hair cut, and living in a garret on the verge of starvation. These pictures are extremes.

The artist is intensely human and modern, and is no longer the blind slave of art patronage. He works in a broader field than the confines of an art gallery—with perhaps the appreciation of a few, attracted by his peculiar technique. While he occasionally "exhibits," he has gone far afield for a broader appreciation of his worth and a better and more regular monetary recognition. His clients are found in a million or more homes. He deals with mankind as a mass and there has been a response to his appeal for greater beauty, followed by greater dividends. He is related to modern, progressive business and its desire for expansion and prosperity. His skill is the new hand-maiden of advertising appeal. He has captured the imagination of his subjects by the magic of his brush. In other words, he has "made good." He has a keen understanding of modern humanity and is a student of psychology. He has brought his artistic instinct and originality to the marketing and increased production of many mundane commodities. Under the sublety of his brush strokes the lowly cake of soap has risen from its modest mission of "a dirt cleaner" to the proud position where it confers the matchless crown of beauty upon all who are devotees to its ministrations. In like manner has the cigarette, the deodorant, the breakfast food, the tooth paste, the razor, the shaving cream and dozens of other commodities become endowed with all the felicities that cater to a better existence.

The work of the artist has become necessary and the results profitable both in industry and business. Very few are the industries which have not benefited by his originality and imagination. The advertising field has been the largest and most lucrative field for his talents, but activities like decorating, furniture making, rugs and carpets, lighting fixtures and countless others have been improved and developed by his influence. Things of greater beauty have naturally resulted from the artists' co-operation and breadth of understanding.

The growing use of color and its appeal in the many beautiful and original treatments for mailing pieces, broadsides and other printed color effects, has brought new and increased business to the printer and Inkmaker. The credit for much of this prosperity is due to the artist and his sketches, whereby the customer has been enabled to visualize the finished effect. The printer has found it easier to sell his product, and the Inkmaker to please both.

THE DAY'S WORK

WHAT is a good, all-round reducing varnish for use in colored Ink?

—Some authorities (?) advise the use of "00" boiled linseed oil varnish as a reducer for heavy black and colored Inks. We, however, advocate our Excelsior Compound as it is more economical in use, requiring only half the quantity, which does not cut the color to the same extent.

* *

WILL you kindly send us quantity of process Inks as per numbers marked on the engraver's proof. We find it difficult to print this class of work and get the same results as the engravers. They use different stock, we know, but there must be other reasons. Can you give us any suggestions?"

—This question has always been a bone of contention between printers and engravers. In a way one cannot blame the engravers for a perfectly natural desire to have their work look as well as possible. Progressive proofs of process plates should not be used for comparative results. They are pulled under different mechanical conditions, with varying amounts of Ink and on different stock from the kind that the printer will eventually use. All this is simply placing a handicap on the printer. We know of a user of process engravings who supplied his own Inks and proving paper to an engraving company in his anxiety to equalize results. This also was a disappointment as the different methods of printing gave a variation in effect. There was also a variation between the shade of stock used for proving and that actually used on the job in question, and this despite the fact that it was supposed to be from the same run of stock. The same Ink cannot be used, as proof press Ink is heavy and full of color, while a different consistency must be used on presses with greater speed.

A Watercolor Ink Number

WE are submitting herewith a printed sample of a box top which was printed in what was supposed to be "fast" colors. On part of the job we used the deep color, full strength, and for the border some of the same color reduced to a light tint. The tint has almost disappeared, while no apparent change is noticeable on the full strength color. Will you kindly explain why the same Ink should vary so noticeably?

—The absolute permanency of any Ink under all conditions is questionable. The degree of permanency is directly proportionate to degree of strength and amount of Ink used. The weaker the Ink the more quickly it fades out. In this case there was only a very small amount of pigment used in making a delicate tint. It had little or no resistance when exposed to the full force of strong light. With the full body of color there was enough Ink used to resist any fading action. All printing Inks, even when made from the most permanent of materials, almost invariably show signs of change when exposed to the active violet rays in sunlight.

* *

WILL you kindly advise us which is the best dryer to use for general work and also for process Ink? We do not like adding dryer as we prefer to use Inks as they come from the factory. We find it necessary sometimes, especially in wet weather.

—While we have answered questions about driers in back number of *Canadaink*, we are glad at all times to answer questions of this character.

Japan dryers are mostly suitable for book Blacks of all kinds when used on soft-finished stock. Japan Dryer has a tendency to bring up the printed surface with a gloss and from that angle there is danger of offset, especially on papers with a hard finish, where the Ink cannot properly penetrate the surface.

Paste Dryers are the most satisfactory for half-tone Blacks and all color Inks. They are economical and effective. Process Inks are best left alone by the pressman, unless it is a short run or a hurry-up job. In this event a very small quantity of paste dryer may be used.

THE NOON HOUR

THE BIG EXECUTIVE

The Big Exec-
Utives are men
Who go to work
At half-past ten;
They live on charts
And wear plus-fours;
They cut down costs
And golfing scores.

—*Selected.*

✿

"Bill," the poet gasped to his friend, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the first verse with these words:

" 'My son, my pigmy counterpart.' "

"Yes, yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read", he blazed. "See what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

✿

Wife: "How did you get into this state?"

Hubby: "Bad company, m'dear."

Wife: "What do you mean by bad company?"

Hubby: "Well, there were five of us to one bottle of whiskey, and the other four were teetotallers."

—*Sphere.*

✿

AH, INDEED!

Minister (treating small boy to soda): "Now what do you say, my little man?"

Small Boy: "A-a-a-h-h!"

Minister: "Is that the proper way to thank a person for a gift?"

Small Boy: "That's what dad says when Uncle Jim gives him a drink."

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Those who have had experience with a certain type of "Good Samaritan" will appreciate this colored preacher's version of the well-known parable: "Dere was a traveler on a lonely road, robbed an' left wounded an' helpless by de roadside. As he laid dere, various pussons passed him, but none ob dem offered him any 'sistance. By an' by, howsomever, a pore Samaritan come along, an' taking pity on de wounded man, helped him on his mule an' took him to a tavern, where he ordered food an' raiment fo' de man, an' tells de tavern keeper to send de bill to him. Now, breddern an' sistahs, dis am a true story," concluded the preacher, "fo' de tavern am standin' to dis day, an' in de doorway is standin' de skeleton ob de tavern keeper, waitin' fo' de good Samaritan to come back an' pay de bill."

✿

An old farmer made a trip to the city and decided to startle the wife by appearing in brand new raiment. To save wear on the new suit he placed it in the back of the wagon. A few miles from home he took off his old clothes and tossed them off a bridge into the river.

He was surprized to see that the new clothes had dropped out of the wagon.

"Giddap, Maude," yelled the old man, pulling down his shirt tail as he realized his plight. "We'll surprize her anyhow!"—*Rice Owl.*

✿

Every time one man puts a new idea across he finds ten men who have thought of it before he did. But they only thought.

THE FLIVVER'S LAMENT

I come from haunts of nut and bolt,
Where I was put together;
Along the King's Highway I jolt,
In various kinds of weather.

I round a corner on two wheels;
I scare a pretty maiden;
I do enjoy her little squeals
With fearsome anger laden.

I hop, I skip, I run, I jump,
With many sharps and trebles;
I always hit the highest bump;
I rattle on the pebbles.

I bing, I bang, I bong, I bust,
I almost go to pieces;
I'm covered o'er with grime and rust;
My action never ceases.

I roam through all the countryside,
At night when darkness covers;
Beneath the moon and stars I ride
With young and happy lovers.

Although I hate like hell to crow,
So modest am I ever,
Big cars may come, big cars may go,
But I go on forever!—*Ex.*

◆

"I call my girl 'Hinges' 'cause she's something to adore." Whoops, Baby.

◆

If what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again—the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize.
—*Lord Houghton.*

◆

AN OPPORTUNE CALL

Maid: "The lady can't see you; she's in her bath."

Agent: "Oh, that's all right; tell her I'm selling soap."—*Life.*

◆

IN COMPETENT HANDS

"I will admit I haven't always lived as I should, but I do love your daughter sincerely, and if ever I should make her unhappy, I hope I will be made to suffer for it."

"Don't let that worry you; she'll attend to that."

EATING TO LIVE

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the calories count—
He ate because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he sat,
Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed every species of food,
Untroubled by worries or fears,
Lest his health might be hurt by a fancy dessert,
And he lived over nine hundred years.

◆

TALE OF A TWISTED TONGUE

Customer: "I want a pair of spec-rimmed hornicles—I mean sporn-rimmed hectacles — confound — I mean heck-rimmed spornacles."

Shopwalker: "I know what you mean, sir. Mr. Perkes, show the gentleman a pair of rim-sporned hectacles."—*Tattler.*

◆

EXPLICIT STREET-CAR INSTRUCTIONS

This is what an Irish conductor called over the heads of the strap-hangers at the rush hour the other night:

"Will them in front plaze move up so that thim behind c'n take the places of thim in front, an' leave room fer thim that's nayther in front nor behind?"

◆

CONSPICIOUS BY HIS COLOR

Woman: "I was to have met my husband here two hours ago; have you seen him?"

Floorwalker: "Possibly, madam. Anything distinctive about him?"

Woman: Yes, I imagine he's purple by this time."—*Life.*

Bill says: *"Thinking without acting is almost as bad as not thinking at all."*

* *

PUBLISHERS News Ink is a splendid Black for all weekly newspapers. We find our sales for it are increasing very noticeably. Its color and working qualities are "just right" for newspapers printed on flat beds.

* *

IT is the sincere policy of this organization at all times to give the very highest quality of material and workmanship and also courteous and helpful service. We realize that you, as a customer, are one of our chief assets, and we are anxious that you should be entirely happy in any and all dealings you may have with us. We thank you.

* *

THE foundation of successful business is almost entirely dependent on the basis of price making. No business can succeed and grow without a proper knowledge of the cost of manufacturing. "Guess prices" mean trouble and "right prices" satisfaction. Printing Ink is like many other commodities—it costs a certain amount to make a certain quantity and we must know to a cent the cost of that operation before a selling price can be computed. Our prices are fair and reasonable for their quality and are established on a thorough knowledge of manufacturing costs. We issue a printed price list with all prices indicated therein, as well as graduated scale for reduction in quantities. Write us for a copy.

* *

THIS number of *Canadaink* is a "Watercolor Ink" number. Our Simplex Watercolors have been used throughout on cover, tip-in and text. Stock on inside is Offset Book, while Huronic White has been used on cover. Type is Bookman. The design for cover and tip-in is the work of Miss Liversidge a young Toronto artist. We think this is a mighty good number, with some interesting information about the new Watercolor Inks.

Canada Inks

May be obtained from

VANCOUVER
SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT, LIMITED

MONTREAL
SEARS COMPANY CANADA LIMITED

HAMILTON
BUNTIN, GILLIES & CO., LIMITED

WINNIPEG
MILLER & RICHARD

AND PUBLISHERS' NEWS INK
HALIFAX
SAINT JOHN
SCHOFIELD PAPER CO.

*

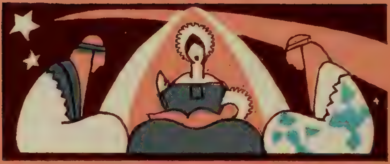
Or direct from our factory
15 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO

Agents for New Zealand
W. H. SIMMS & SONS, LIMITED, CHRISTCHURCH

Printed in Canada

CPI
CONVINCE WITH COLOR
CPI

CANADAINR



JESOUS AHATONHIA

HURON CHRISTMAS CAROL
CIRCA 1641
BY FATHER JEAN DE BRÉBEUF
English Interpretation by J. E. Middleton

◆

'Twas in the moon of winter time when all the birds had fled,
That Mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel choirs instead.
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wand'ring hunters heard the hymn:

"Jesus, your King, is born;
Jesus is born;
In Excelsis Gloria!"

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped His beauty 'round.
And as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high:

"Jesus, your King," etc.

The earliest moon of winter time is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on the helpless Infant there.
While Chiefs from far before Him knelt,
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

"Jesus, your King," etc.

O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heav'n is born to-day for you.
Come, kneel before the radiant Boy
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.

"Jesus, your King," etc.

The first Canadian Christmas Carol, in book form, illustrated in colors by Stanley Turner, and complete with the music and history is published by Rous & Mann, Limited, Toronto.

New Appointments

Canada Printing Ink Co.
Limited
15 Duncan Street, Toronto, Canada

FRANK H. HOUGHTON

Mr. Frank Houghton began his business career some years ago as a salesman. He joined our staff in 1922, and his new appointment is as Sales Manager of this Company. . . . .

CHARLES T. SHARPE, B.A.Sc.

Mr. Charles Sharpe is a graduate in Applied Science of University of Toronto, 1924, He has been connected with the Bell Telephone Co. of Canada for the past five years, and now joins our Company as Production Manager. . . .

CANADAINK

*Being issued occasionally by the Canada
Printing Ink Company, Limited, Toronto, for
passing along items of interest to users of inks.*

December, Nineteen Twenty-Nine ⁂ Number Forty

Bill says: "*Always make your next job your best one.*"

⁂

OVER fifty Craftsmen visited our Color Studio during the recent Convention of the International Craftsmen Clubs in August. Since then three delegations from outside cities have called. Visitors are always welcome.

⁂

WHAT a wonderful day is Christmas Day—a day when we forget cares and worries—when our hearts are filled with kindness and compassion—our tummies with roast turkey and plum pudding—and when we don't give a hoot if we're in debt up to the neck. There is no other day in the year that can effect such subtle mental transmutation.

⁂

THIS is *Canadaink's* Christmas number, and incidentally our tenth birthday. We have been able to print four issues every year since our first attempt. We were a trifle hesitant over that first number. "J. W." was alive then, and I well remember how we waited until he went South before "springing" a new house organ on our customers. We have managed to fill the pages with matter that we hope somebody has had the courage to read. We wish ourselves many years of this kind of literary (?) dissipation.

⁂

STERLING Black is an Ink for the particular printer who is desirous of producing better work at low operating cost.

DID you ever hear the one about the new nurse who thought a coma was some kind of a punctuation mark.

❧

STERLING Halftone Black is a beautiful bit of Ink. It has depth of color; is very clean working and dries with a lovely finish. Special prices in quantities.

❧

A CHRISTMAS FABLE

ONCE upon a time there was a married man who was taken by his wife on Christmas Eve to a party given by the Ladies Aid—and the man had a good time.

❧

ACHESON Opaque is the thinnest film known to science that is opaque to light. Useful for lithographers and photo engravers. Carried in stock at 15 Duncan Street, Toronto.

❧

DON'T let your stock of CANADA INKS run too low—better have a few extra pounds on hand than a lot of lost time waiting for some to arrive. A post card costs less than express charges.

❧

Bill says: "*Good enough is half spoiled.*"

❧

THE changing year-date on the calendar reminds us again that we are incurable optimists, as we eagerly imagine that bigger and better things lie just beyond the next milestone of life's journey. In the opening days of the New Year good wishes are being universally exchanged. Like comrades in some great adventure we cheerfully greet one another with wishes for future happiness and prosperity. In hope and expectancy it would seem that the year we are just entering is to be the most successful of all our years. It is our earnest desire that all our kind friends may equally share with us in those material and spiritual blessings which are a goodly part of our Canadian heritage.

THE HOUSE THAT "BILLBILLT"

FOR many years our family had been steadily increasing with what a friend once termed "almost indecent regularity." Indeed it had become a very serious problem to provide the necessary floor space which their augmented numbers and increasing activities demanded. When we were unfortunate enough to have an occasional visitor it was worse, for two of our girls had to give up their bedroom (under much protest) and bunk down on the living-room sofa. In a moment of reckless extravagance, we were guilty of putting all the flexible and loose currency it was possible to beg, borrow or otherwise lawfully procure into the building of a new home, big enough to accommodate us all, and allow for any possible future expansion.

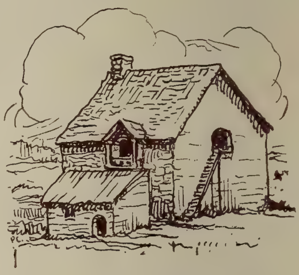
I'm not going to say anything about our many and annoying experiences with the various procrastinating building buccaneers. I would like to say, however, that I now have a wondrous sympathetic feeling for all those other poor unfortunates who have gone through some of the same experiences.

But we did find out two things of importance. One was that, when it comes to keeping promises, printers—in comparison with some of these modern Ananias—are mighty dependable.

The other was that getting results and satisfaction depends more on skill and taste than on price. The greatest satisfaction and the most gratifying results we got came from work that was not competitive. It seemed to us that in every instance where price was emphasized, there was a tendency to skimp the work. The architect had to be mighty careful that no cheap materials or slipshod workmanship were sneaked in. We didn't experience this trouble with any firm that was selected for the style and taste of their products or the ideas and skill of their workmen. We seemed to be more easy in mind. We didn't worry about cost, for we expected to pay the same prices as others. We mention this because there are some printers whose work stands out above those of their fellows by reason of these same qualifications. A good reputation is more frequently built up by giving quality and service than by building on price alone.

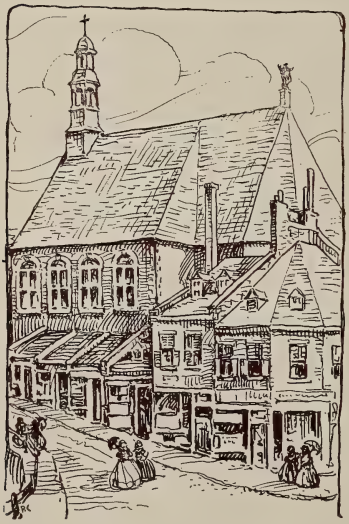
OUR CHRISTMAS COVER

DOWN in Montreal, just where Bonsecours Street joins St. Paul—and next to the market bearing the same name—stands the old, historic church of "Our Lady of Bonsecours." It has furnished the inspiration to Mr. Paul Caron, artist of Montreal, for his clever cover treatment of this issue of *Canadaink*.



This quaint old church is located in an environment that has been associated with a storied and romantic period of Canadian history. Around its grey, grim walls has eddied much of the stirring and changing happenings of Canadian history ever since the first founding of Montreal in 1642 by that little band of colonists from Old France. Its vaulted roof has echoed to the strains of the Midnight Christmas Mass for over two hundred and seventy years.

The original chapel was built in 1657 (only fifteen years after the founding of Montreal). The present structure was erected on part of the original stone foundation. Marguerite de Bourgeoys, a devout and wealthy French lady was the first patroness. She also built the first school-house in Montreal. [The marginal pen and ink sketch was taken from a pencil sketch made at the time (1657) and which is now in the possession of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame]. In 1675 the chapel was rebuilt, and increased to its present size (see illustration). This was destroyed by a disastrous fire in 1771, when the present building was constructed. It suffered a reconstruction with additions some years later.



The interior of the Church contains an interesting collection of models of little ships which hang from the ceiling by wires above the pews. Many of them contain continually burning candles. They are mostly from sailors in expression of gratitude for safety from perils at sea.

On the left-hand side of the picture is seen an old house built about 1730, which was occupied by a French chevalier who was in the government service. Directly across the road is the house in the lower part of which lived Louis Joseph Papineau, the patriot (or rebel) of 1837.

This old church stands to-day as a glorious monument to the memory of those intrepid colonists who braved the dangers of Indian savagery, starvation and other unspeakable hardships that a new land might be given to posterity. The stories of their fearless courage and daring deeds of heroism will live as a pride and inspiration through all the years to come.

⁂

Bill says: "*Be sure—don't guesstimate.*"

⁂

THE date of the first Canadian Christmas carol, reproduced on our tip-in in this number of *Canadaink*, is given as 1641, just a few years prior to the building of the old Church of "Our Lady of Bonsecours," in Montreal.

This carol was written by Father Jean de Brébeuf, a Jesuit Priest, who preached Christianity to the Huron Indians near Penetanguishene, Ontario, from 1626 to 1629 and again from 1634 until his death in 1649, when along with Father Gabriel Lalemant, he was tortured and burned at the stake by the Iroquois.

Father de Brébeuf a famous French scholar and linguist, learned the difficult Huron language during his first stay at Penetanguishene and wrote this beautiful carol in the Huron tongue.

Following is one stanza of the Indian version:

Estennialon de tson8e Jes8s ahatonhia
Onna8ate8a d'oki n'on8andask8aentak
Ennonchien sk8atrihotat n'on8andilonrachatha
Jes8s ahatonhia.

A century later the carol was written down, as heard, by Father de Villeneuve, S.J., who was stationed at Lorette, Quebec, (1747-1794) where the few Hurons, who escaped the fierce Iroquois raid in which Father de Brébeuf was killed, had settled, about 1650.

Ernest Myrand, in his book "Noels Anciens de la Nouvelle France," published the first French translation and we are indebted to J. E. Middleton, Esq., of Toronto, for the English interpretation here given.

THE CARRIER BOYS' ADDRESS

ONE of the unique indications of Christmas which emanated from the country printing office of long ago (and does yet so far as I know) was the perpetration of a typographical atrocity known as the "Carrier Boys' Address." This poetical and highly- bedizened *objet d'art* was used during the Yuletide holidays and served as a subtle reminder of the Carrier Boys' expectation of financial recognition for faithful services (?) rendered throughout the year.

I speak of its influence and operation with both respect and knowledge, for in common with Mark Twain, Ex-President Harding, Walt Whitman, Bill Smith, Alex. Corbett and hosts of other famous characters, I began my climb to fame, fortune and a soft white moustache, by way of a paper route and a "hell-box." My newspaper career may not have been very remunerative, but by heck, it was comprehensive. I started at the very bottom, for back in the early eighties—a year or so before I became acquainted with the whimsicalities of "type lice and italic quads."—I was connected with the leading one of our three home-town papers in the peripatetic capacity as the accredited official distributor of its weekly issues. It was my duty, at a fixed (very fixed) honorarium of 25c, paid weekly (and weakly), to visit the homes of our town subscribers and personally deliver a copy of the paper containing the local and foreign news as gathered and arranged by the foreman and staff—with a little help from the editor.

In this responsible undertaking I was assisted, on a sixty-forty percentage basis, by my brother Tom, who at that period in his career had little idea that he would one day be in a pulpit, with D.D., M.A., and other portions of the alphabet dangling at the end of his name (or that I, for that matter, should be writing this kind of nonsense).

Animated by a very high sense of duty, plus an urgent need of extra pocket money, we would drag our reluctant feet away every Friday afternoon from the natant delights of Packham's swimming hole, or the wintry pleasure of "shinny" on the creek in Fallis' flats. For fifty-two weeks a year, in rain or shine, in wind, sleet or snow, we regularly trudged our rounds, for people, then as now, wanted their news "hot" from the press.

The Riel Rebellion was in full swing at that time and when the despatches came in during the week (prior to publication day), about the battles of Fish Creek and Batoche and the capture of Poundmaker, the news was immediately set up and run off on a

6 x 9″ sheet on a platen press. These were delivered to the homes in the evening. It marked the beginning of "special editions" and was considered an outstanding instance of progressive journalism by the "home-town" folks. The carrier boys got some extra "pickings" out of these, for we used to quietly sell a few extra copies to non-subscribers at a slightly increased rate.

The early days of the year saw the paper nonchalantly tossed over the fence or onto the verandah, or even stuck between the pickets of the front garden gate. As the days grew nigh to the festival of charity and largesse the papers were more carefully delivered, until a month or so before New Years, the front door bell would be carefully rung and the paper personally delivered into the hands of some member of the family, with kindly enquiries after their personal well-being.

The end of the year saw the carrier boy preparing to reap his monetary harvest. Using the "Address" as an alibi he avidly indulged in a form of lady-like piracy or genteel larceny on the victims of his yearly ministrations.

The "Address" was usually in the shape of a small folder or gold-edged card, containing a few verses by the local poet (of which nearly every community had one). This was printed in the printer's highest idea of typographical adornment *a la mode*. It was usually plentifully plastered with gold bronze and printed in many vivid hues, and usually included either French Carmine or Royal Purple Inks, which in those days came in small white porcelain jars at (Oh! shades of Henry Perkins) $32.00 per lb. As our office was the proud possessor of ¼-lb. jar of each color, it gave us quite an edge on our less fortunate contemporaries. For weeks previous the foreman would occasionally work on the design, its progress being watched with almost bated breath by the apprentices; for this was the master-job of the year and was supposed to represent the office's best efforts. What a "wow" some of these jobs would be in comparison with present-day styles.

On New Years morning, as early as it was deemed polite, a call would be made on every patron. We gratefully accepted everything that came our way—whether in coin or cake. I well remember one little old motherly lady that always invited us into her cottage and gave us fruit cake of her own making. On departure she would slip into my pocket a dozen or so of those old-fashioned round, hard peppermint lozenges (the kind our grandmothers gave us to stop fidgeting in church). I have felt extremely grateful a great many times to that dear old lady for this early acquired taste and familiarity with the breath-disguising properties of peppermint. The knowledge has since proven very helpful in camouflaging from my wife the many and sundry surreptitious visits to "thirst parlors" on our way home from daily toil. Thus do early acquired habits return us benefits a hundred fold in later life.

I haven't seen a Carrier Boys' Address for years. I may never see one again, unless some printer who reads this sends along a copy of his own to prove that the papers of to-day are capable of producing poetical appeals that will have the ring of true poesy and the financial persuasiveness of the following *chef d'œuvre* which actually appeared many years ago:

The year has drawn to a close,
The carrier boy is at your door,
The devil of the Weekly News
Whose cry is ever "more."

⁂

SOME very brilliant and artistic color effects are being obtained with our Simplex Water Color Inks. They possess intense tinctorial strength and are very fast to light exposure. We are now supplying them to printers in London, Kitchener, Hamilton, Toronto, Peterborough, Oshawa, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver. Write us for information. Here is what one customer says in part:

> I am enclosing herewith a copy of the cover of the ——— Booklet which is the first job we have turned out with Simplex Water Color Inks. We are very proud of this job and our customer has expressed his entire satisfaction also.
>
> We have still the inside to print in oil Inks. I will send you a completed copy later.
>
> We experienced practically no difficulty to speak of in producing this cover. We consider that this cover was one of the severest tests possible for water color printing and thought that you would be interested in the results obtained.
>
> We take this opportunity of thanking you for having Mr. Simms call on us as we not only found him to be a very high type of gentleman but we have also found, through experience, that all the statements he made regarding Simplex Process Water Color Inks were not exaggerated one iota.

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DIXIE Black is a low-priced book Ink that gives high-priced results. Suitable for M.F. and S.C. book papers.

A PRAYER

LET ME DO MY WORK each day and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.

May I still find the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempest of the changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and from sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit.

Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamour of the world, but walk calmly in my path.

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am and keep forever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope.

Though age and infirmity overtake me and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me yet to be thankful for life, for golden memories that are good and sweet and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.—*Selected.*

"CARTES DE VISITE"

THE visiting or calling card—that very necessary symbol of polite society—seems to have been practically unknown in England until about the middle of the eighteenth century. Prior to that time a visitor, who found a lady "not at home" left his written name on the back of a card, which was more than likely to have been an ordinary playing card. That this was a common practice is reasonably true. A writer in "Old and New London" stated that some years ago when an old house in Soho was being repaired, four or five visiting cards were found between the glass and frame of an old mirror. They had evidently slipped down after being placed there for safe-keeping (a practice which is still common). They were found to have belonged to people who lived in the eighteenth century, as the dates ranged mostly between 1770 and 1780. The names and dates were all written on the backs of old playing cards.

Gambling in gaming clubs and private houses was as fashionable a pastime then as now. The "bucks" of those days regarded "skill at gaming" as part of their social accomplishments, and packs of playing cards were necessary adjuncts to their wardrobe. Punctilious in their observances of social proprieties they used their "calling cards" whenever necessary.

Students at universities and law courts were not so particular or refined, for their practice was to knock a piece of plaster out of the wall with the key of their room, and with this scrawled their names, and also scurrilous messages on the doors of their friends. Some were refined enough to carry a piece of chalk in their pockets.

By the end of that century visiting cards began to come into general use. Many of them, however, were very coarse and thick, and the names engraved in large ungainly italic and roman letters. They were of all sorts, shapes and sizes at first, according to the fancy of the individual. Some of the *ultra monde* even had their portraits engraved on them, but this practice soon fell into disfavor.

During the years of use, the fashion in cards has passed through many and various changes. Round corners, gilt or bevelled edges, and even edges of lace have all been the vogue. Eventually the sensible and serviceable cards as used at the present day took hold on public taste, and the neatest and plainest have remained in fashion.

HARRY H. WELLS

President, Canada Printing Ink Co., Limited
Died October 31st, 1929

WITH feelings of sorrow and regret we chronicle the death of the President of our Company, which occurred on Thursday, October 31st, 1929. He had been confined to his bed for fifteen months previous and hopes for his recovery were held until a short time before his passing away.

Mr. Wells had been actively associated with our Company for over thirty years, and was well-known among the trade as a skilled pressman and an ink maker of outstanding ability.

He was associated with many activities outside of his business, being a member of the Toronto Board of Trade, Canadian Manufacturers Association, Toronto Canoe Club, Lakeview Golf Club, Toronto Bowling Association and a Past Preceptor of Geoffrey de St. Aldemar Preceptory, Knights Templar.

We, who have been associated with him in business activities, mourn the loss of an earnest and conscientious associate. —*The Editor.*

THE DAY'S WORK

WE find it very difficult to put light colors on rollers which have been previously used on black. We sometimes wash them three or four times, but the color works out of the pores. How do color printers manage this condition?

—Any printing office doing much color work should have a couple of extra sets of composition rollers. These should be used exclusively on color work. It is almost impossible to throughly clean rollers for color when they have been previously running on black ink. The surface may be clean but the pores contain black which works out when the press is in operation.

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WE had occasion recently to print some butter wrappers in black ink. As the quantity was small we didn't bother sending in for a special black but used a good grade of halftone black we had on hand. We got a complaint from the customer that the butter showed a decided blue stain. Can you account for this?

—The fault is with the kind of black ink used. Halftone blacks and nearly all the high-grade blacks are toned with a blue or violet aniline toner. This intensifies the black. Coming in contact with moisture or grease it will easily stain. Have an ink company supply you with tested butter wrapper inks.

⁂

WE would like to ask you why one printing of gold ink usually rubs off highly glazed or coated stock, and also can one add additional dryers?

—Gold ink rubs off a coated stock because too much of the gold ink varnish has been absorbed by the coating of the paper. Gold ink that rubs off with one impression will hold firm if two printings are used. This not only helps to bind the gold ink but produces a much better finish on the printing. It is not safe to add anything whatever—either dryer or reducers, to gold ink. We make a gold ink that we think is second to none on the market but from all our experience we can say that gold ink does not work by rule but by experiment.

WHY does the same ink show different working properties sometimes within a few days. This is more noticeable in the fall months?

—Once the changeable, fall weather begins, Ink-makers invariably receive a flock of criticisms about inks either "drying too slow" or "drying too fast." Now the funny part of it all is that these contrary conditions really exist. Inks do vary in extreme weather conditions and "I'll tell you for why, Elmer." The principal influences at work are temperature and humidity. A sudden drop of the thermometer will send the temperature of a pressroom down as much as 20 to 30 degrees from normal. Artificial heating then follows which drys out the humidity or moisture content of the air. Inks under these conditions will dry too fast. Then we may have heavy fall rains which cause an excess of moisture and increases the humidity percentage anywhere from 20 to 40 degrees in a very short time. Paper stock absorbs this excess moisture and slows up the drying properties of inks. These radical changes in weather have a decided bearing on the working conditions of all inks, and are the cause of offset and variation in productions and other pressroom annoyances.

Changeable temperatures and humidity are prevalent in every pressroom in every part of the country. Some effective method of controlling these conditions is necessary. While several companies are now manufacturing apparatus to maintain relative humidity conditions, they are expensive for the average pressroom. Opening a pet cock of a steam radiator, sprinkling the floor, or pans of water placed around the room will be of great assistance when humidity is too low.

Standard inks are made to work under average or normal conditions, of about 70 degrees temperature and about 60 degrees humidity. Any noticeable deviation from these averages is bound to develop new problems.

⁂

OUR News Ink production has been speeded up by the addition of another new mill, in order to keep pace with the growth and demand for more and bigger papers.

In the first six months of 1929 Canada produced 1,311,474 tons of newsprint, an increase of 152,751 tons or 13 per cent. over the first six months last year.

THE NOON HOUR

ARTIFICIAL CELEBRATION

MRS. HAUGHTEE (to her sedate butler)—James, to-morrow is Christmas Day and I want you to turn on the electric refrigerator and make some snowballs for Master Bertram to throw at you.

⁂

I HATE my woolen underwear!
  I'm mad enough to bawl!
It itches here, it itches there!
  The darned itch seems to crawl!
And when I start to scratch somewhere,
  That ain't the place at all!

⁂

MONOLOGUE

"DOES your wife let you have the last word in an argument?"

"There is never any question on that point," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife talks there is no argument."—*Washington Star.*

⁂

GOSSAMER

SMALL Brother—Say, sis, can I hang up one of your stockings Christmas?

Big Sister—What on earth do you want to hang up one of mine for?

Small Brother—So's I can see what's in it without getting out of bed.—*Transcript.*

⁂

MODERN granddaughter—"But Grandmother, in your days the girls used to set their caps for men!"

GRANDMOTHER—"Well, dearie, maybe so, but certainly not their knee-caps."

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

JUST before Christmas I was purchasing a couple of neckties. I suddenly remembered they were to be Christmas presents for two different friends.

"Wrap those in separate parcels, will you please?" I asked the clerk.

"Yes, certainly," he replied absent-mindedly, "which one would you like in a separate parcel?"

⁂

GRAMMAR NEEDED

LADY of House—No! We don't want no books, nor we don't want no calendars. We don't want no nothing.

Hawker—What about a cheap grammar?—*Good Housekeeper.*

⁂

THE CENSOR

BUTLER—The post, m'lady.

Mrs. Uppish — Ah, Christmas cards, I suppose, Jenkins. Well, look them over, will you? And if you consider any of them too familiar, just destroy them, Jenkins.—*Punch.*

⁂

A MAN'S MEASURE

ONCE an important but very egotistical personage passed away. One of his acquaintances, in discussing the event with an editor of a daily paper, asked:

"Poor fellow, is he worth much?"

"Um," said the editor, musingly, "Not more than a couple of 'sticks.'"

CHRISTMAS JOY

THIS is the time when the grey old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes wear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth;
Oh, then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning
When we love and bless the hands we press,
When the Christmas log is burning.

—*Cook.*

⁂

SHE—"I guess you played around with all the French girls while you were in Paris."

He—"No, not all of them. I was only there for two weeks."

⁂

"I HAD something loose in my car last night."

"Gosh, did you get her telephone number?"

⁂

THE morning sun filtered in through the iron bars across the window of a small cell-like apartment, and fell across the haggard features of a man, sleeping on a low pallet bed. A sound of voices was heard outside the door. "Is he awake yet?" said a stern voice. "No," was the reply, "Let him sleep a while longer, poor devil, it's his last chance." "I cannot" said the other ruthlessly, "duty is duty." Entering the room he vigorously shook the sleeper's shoulder. "Come," he said, "there is only an hour left, Better brace up a bit, lad." After eating breakfast, the victim left the room with his guard. A few minutes later he entered a low stone building. With shoulders squared he walked fearlessly down between the rows of morbid spectators to meet his doom like a man. The marriage ceremony followed immediately after.

NO SECOND-HAND GOODS

"THESE are very nice ones, miss," said the clerk, "satin bloomers."

"Oh! No," said the sweet young thing, "I want some that have not been used before."

⁂

THE demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her childlike eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a flower pot," she said.

⁂

NOT UP-TO-DATE

A TRAVELLING salesman found himself in a village hotel dining room when a heavy downpour of rain set in. Addressing the waitress, he remarked: "It looks like the Flood."

"Like what?" the girl inquired.

"Like the Flood. You've read of the Flood and how the ark landed on Mount Ararat, haven't you?"

"No, sir. I haven't seen a newspaper for three days," confessed the waitress.

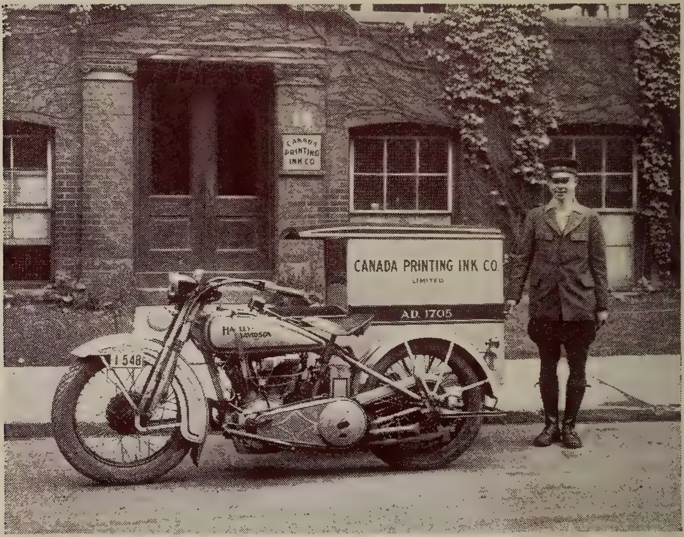
⁂

TWO boon companions were on their way homeward from a Christmas Eve party. They had dined and wined well and were quite jovial. They came to a postal box. "Pardon me, old top," said one, "I mush try thish machine." He dropped a dime in the slot. Then gazing at the city hall clock, said in horrified tones, "Migaud, I've losht twelve pounds since yesterday.

E. HAM G. BROWN F. HOUGHTON T. GIBBONS W. WHITNEY

SOME CANADA INK SALESMEN

* * *



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